

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B.

OUR FAIRY PAGE

The Young Artist



Perhaps you'd call me just a girl;
But I'm an artist, too.
And if you don't believe me, why,
I certainly will show you.

Just look upon my little slate;
I've drawn a great big bear,
And also a long-necked giraffe.
With spots all in his hair.

And I can draw your picture, too;
Just wait and you shall see.
But where's my pencil—long and sharp?
I've lost it—goodness me!

—Annie James.

Game for Children's Party

The game called "Autograph" is very amusing and jolly, and requires only a few minutes to play. Give to each boy and girl present a small pencil pad, with pencil attached. Let the hostess of the party call time. When the signal, "One, two, three, write!" is given the guests mingle, all laughing and talking at once in their eagerness to obtain the greatest number of autographs from their party. When the five autographs have been obtained, the hostess calls time. The boy or girl procuring the greatest number of autographs in the given time is presented with little prizes—something very simple, of course. To the girl may be given a bouquet of flowers or a dainty pin-cushion. The prize for the boy may be a pocket pencil-holder or a pocket watch-case. The prizes should never be expensive or large.

The smallest inhabited island in the world is that on which Edystone lighthouse stands. At high water the light-house, whose diameter at the base is 28.34 feet, completely covers it. It is inhabited by three persons.

Jack, the Real Culprit.

BY MAUD WALKER.

Jack was his name, Jack Bennett. He was red of hair, freckled of face and determined of mind. Also, Jack had a generous disposition and a deeply sympathetic heart. Jack was only 10 years old, but Jack was as capable in many ways as a boy several years his senior.

Jack's parents belonged to the well-to-do class; therefore Jack seldom knew what it meant to be denied anything he wished for. But he was such a sensible little chap that he never asked for things unobtainable, as many another child often does, and consequently never knew what disappointment meant.

One day as Jack was on his way from school he decided to make a short cut home, going through an alley a part of the way. He was fond of finding new roads to and from school, and knew that part of the city lying between his home and the schoolhouse pretty well. But in this alley he found new sights. In a dingy window of a dingy old house was the sweetest face framed in soft, fair hair, looking out at him, a smile such as no innocent child will greet another innocent child with. Jack stopped and nodded his head, a smile changing his plain freckled face into one of almost beauty. The little girl nodded in response and placed her palms against the cold and dingy window pane, question in her great blue eyes. Jack stood wondering whether or not he should go to the door and knock for admittance, asking to be allowed to play a while with the pretty little girl; but he refrained from doing so, for he knew his mother would be looking for him. So, smiling and nodding a goodbye to the pretty little face at the window, Jack hurried down the poverty-stricken alley toward the better part of the town where he lived.

The following day Jack took the alley route to school that he might again see the strange picture of the beautiful child's face framed in the grimy window pane. As he drew near to the weather-beaten house he looked in vain for the sweet face of the little girl that had so attracted him on the previous evening. Instead he saw an aged woman with snowy hair standing at the window looking into the street. Her face bore the signs of illness and suffering from poverty. As she glanced at Jack her face brightened and she smiled at him. Jack's cap was off in an instant, his red head bowing low in reverence to the aged woman at the window. Jack had always felt the deepest respect for the aged, but especially did he revere this poor old lady with the snowy hair and saddened face. He knew that in some way she was related to the beautiful little girl whom he had seen at the window.

To his surprise the old lady beckoned to him to come to the door. He hastened to obey, and stood with cap in hand, waiting for her to appear. She opened the door and beckoned in a gentle voice, a voice very much like his own dear old granny's. "My little boy, your face is so bright, so kindly, that I am going to ask

a small favor of you if you have time to grant it. I have been ill and fear to go out in the snow and my only companion is a little granddaughter of eight, a child so beautiful and so innocent that I hesitate to send her out on an errand. We are much in need of some food, and I am going to ask you to take this money and go to the bakery in the block below and buy for us a loaf of bread. You see, here is a dime, and five cents of it will get the bread. With the other five cents please stop at the little grocery beside the bakery in the block below and buy for me a pound of sugar. If you can do this for me, I shall thank you a thousand times."

"Certainly, ma'am," said Jack, bowing and smiling as he took the dime. Then his legs became wings, and within a very few minutes he had returned to the dingy house with bread and sugar. And this time he got a peep into the miserable first floor room, where the aged woman lived alone with her little granddaughter. How cold and bare of furniture it was! An old stove showed the barest glimmer of fire, and sitting on the floor on an old rug played with a rag doll was the beautiful little girl. She glanced up from her play to smile and nod to Jack.

All that day Jack's mind kept reverting to the incident of the morning, and the more he thought of it the surer he became of the need, the cruel poverty and helplessness of the poor old woman and little girl. He decided that if he could do for them, he would. "Granny is upstairs to see a sick woman what lives over us," she explained. "But I know they had laid in molasses and tobacco in an old box in the closet, of use to no one."

"They were made to wear," said Jack, taking the box in his arms. "They shall be put to the use for which they were intended." About 8 o'clock the fair-haired little girl sat beside the stove listening to her granny reading a letter from the hospital doctor. The sick one was improving rapidly after a very serious attack, and would soon—perhaps within a week—be with his mother and daughter again. "Oh, much good news, isn't it, little one?" said the aged woman. "But I'm wondering how we'll manage to live till the dear son and father returns to work."

There were so many wicked boys and girls about here playing in the gutter. "Well, your granny is right," declared Jack. "And you just always mind her. Are fairies, really and truly fairies, and what is more, one will bring you something tonight. You just keep listening and listening, and when you hear a little tap, tap, tap on the window pane you sit just as still as you can and don't say a word. Count 10, and then go to the door and see what there is on the step. A fairy always leaves goodies on the step, you know. And now, I must go. Tell your granny that I was here and that I'll stop tomorrow to see if there's anything she wants me to do for her. But I'd advise you to say nothing—mind you, nothing—to granny about the fairies till you see whether they come or not. Sometimes if too many people talk about them it frightens them away. So it would be better for you and me to keep it a secret—that is, a secret for a while."

Jack entered and sat down beside the stove. "Stay, little girl," he asked, "do you and your granny live alone all the time? Where's your mother and father?" "My mamma is—in heaven," whispered the child while a great tear gleamed on her eyelid. "And my papa is sick in the big place they call a—"

"Hospital?" asked Jack, supplying the word that was too much for the little one to articulate. "Yes, that's the place," she said. "He was took sick a long, long time ago, and he's been in there ever since. We had some nice things, then, but it took all the money papa gave granny to pay the rent. So we had to move into this place—it's cheaper. Then papa got up too soon and went to work. He was taken much sicker again, and then went to the—"

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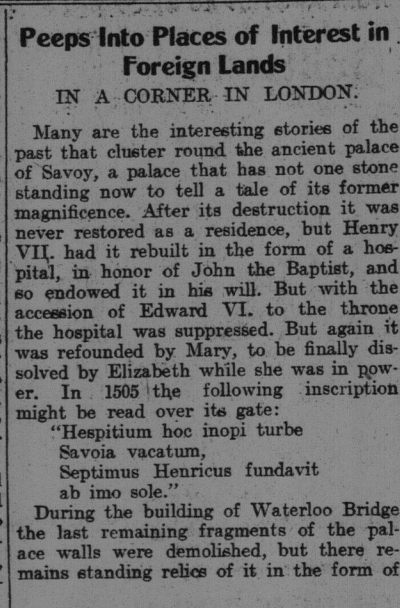
In a dingy window of a dingy old house was the sweetest face he had ever seen.

Peeps into Places of Interest in Foreign Lands IN A CORNER IN LONDON.

Many are the interesting stories of the past that cluster round the ancient palace of Savoy, a palace that has not one stone standing now to tell a tale of its former grandeur. After its destruction it was never restored as a residence, but Henry VII. had it rebuilt in the form of a hospital, in honor of John the Baptist, and so endowed it in his will. But with the accession of Edward VI. to the throne the hospital was suppressed, and the site was sold to the Earl of Arundel, who was finally dissolved by Elizabeth while she was in power. In 1585 the following inscription might be seen over its gate:

He spium hinc inopi turbe
Savioa vacuum,
Septuaginta Henricus fundavit
ab uno sole.

During the building of Waterloo Bridge the last remaining fragments of the palace walls were demolished, but there remains standing relics of it in the form of the chapel and churchyard of the Savoy.



the little chapel and burial ground which belonged to the palace. The church is of quaint architecture, having a low, square bell-tower. A damaging fire in 1850 caused much of the interior of the edifice to be rebuilt, but in general appearance the chapel remains much the same as it was during the time of the first Savoy residents, who worshipped within its walls. It was during the residence of John of Gaunt at the Savoy palace that the poet Chaucer was married there to Philippa de Roet. A picture of the churchyard of the Savoy is reproduced here.

Answer to last week's proverb puzzle: All is well that ends well. Answers to last week's beheadings: (1) Sash—ash. (2) Stable—table. (3) Brick—rick. (4) Trill—rill.

Answer to last week's letter enigmas: Puzzle.

"Oh, I'll never say a word about the fairies coming," cried the little girl, happy in anticipation. "I do hope they'll come, though, and bring some goodies to eat. We are very hungry, granny and I."

That evening Jack ran into the sitting room in quest of his mother. He had something to say to her very privately. But to his sorrow he was not by the cook—a cross-grained German woman—with the news that his mother had been called away by a telegram. Jack's grandmother was very ill in an adjoining town and his mother had gone to her.

"And papa—where is he?" asked Jack. "Has he come in from his office yet?" "Yes, but he left word that he had to attend a business meeting this evening, and would have supper down town. So he'll not be home before late bedtime." Then the cross-grained cook left Jack to his own meditations.

After a lonely supper Jack crept into the pantry while the cook was busily entertaining some of her company at supper in the kitchen. There on the pantry shelf stood a great cake, one, doubtless, baked that day. Jack took it in his arms and hurried to his own room with it. A little later he returned to the pantry, and when he left he had another armful of prepared food.

"And something to take the place of that muff," Jack said to himself after depositing the pantry supplies on his bed. And Jack put his hand on his own forehead, then touched his heart. It didn't take Jack long to explain the strange matter, and it didn't take his mother long to understand him. "But you might have taken papa into your confidence," his mother said. "Then I would have been at cook's mercy," declared Jack. "For you know, mamma, that man has no rights in his own house when the cook is left in charge. And that would have meant that cook would have looked things away from me, knowing who it was that was raiding her pantry so often."

And then Jack and his mother paid a visit to the old lady and the beautiful child in the dingy house in the alley. And after that there was no more suffering in that room, which was made comfortable enough for them to live in till the convalescent one should return, well and strong, to take up her work again and to make them another and a better home.

And Jack and the little girl of the blue eyes and yellow curls became the best of friends, the little girl declaring that "fairies are re-headed and freckled-faced, for that she had seen one."

To say that Granny was surprised at what was found on the doorstep expressed it mildly. Being a bit deaf she had not heard the fairies' signal, and was only roused from her second reading of the letter bearing the good news by her little grand-daughter crying: "Oh, granny here's a big basket and two boxes. The fairies must have left them."

And not only once did the tap, tap, tap, come on the window that week, but three different times. And each time the aged woman and the beautiful child found food and clothing, and once a nice rocking chair.

And during the same week a great excitement prevailed in the home of Jack. The cook was wild over the fact that her best cakes, tarts, bread, jellies and cold meats were daily missing. In vain they watched for the burglar. At first Jack's father thought the cook and her company were responsible for the shortage of food, but when he voiced his suspicion to Jack, that young man declared that cook was entirely innocent of the thefts, and that he could not for an instant allow his father to think her the culprit.

Then Jack's mother returned home to be told of the awful food theft. She arrived at an hour when Jack was in school. As soon as he came home and found his mother there he threw his arms about her, crying: "Have they told you of the culprit, mamma?" "Yes, and to think that my cherished old friends are missing, and my favorite rocker, in which I sit to sew, is gone! What a bold thief!"

"Don't say that word, mother, mine!" cried Jack. "The real culprit is—here!" And Jack put his hand on his own forehead, then touched his heart. It didn't take Jack long to explain the strange matter, and it didn't take his mother long to understand him. "But you might have taken papa into your confidence," his mother said. "Then I would have been at cook's mercy," declared Jack. "For you know, mamma, that man has no rights in his own house when the cook is left in charge. And that would have meant that cook would have looked things away from me, knowing who it was that was raiding her pantry so often."

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Disobedient Gracie.

BY HELENA DAVIS

It was Gracie's birthday. She was just eight years old. She had been promised a party, with a big cake (on which were to stand eight lighted candles), all the ice-cream she and her little friends wanted and hours and hours in which to play and play. And at the very last moment Gracie's mamma had been taken very ill and the little party had to be postponed.

Grandmamma explained it all to Gracie, telling her that just as soon as mamma became well again the party should be given, but that for the present there must be no unnecessary excitement or noise in the house, as the doctor insisted upon perfect quiet.

Now, of course, Gracie loved her mamma very, very dearly; but the party had been uppermost in her mind for so many days that it was a great disappointment to her when grandmamma told her it must be put off for a few days. She pouted and began to cry, or, as grandmamma put it, she "whimpered and acted very ugly."

Then, after grandmamma had returned to the room of the sick, mamma Gracie ran off into a corner and began to think herself the most injured little girl alive. And it was all because her party had to be postponed. She sat down on the floor and continued to pout and fret.

asked grandmamma of naughty Gracie. "If you do love her you'll behave like a dear little girl. If you don't love her you'll do all you can to make her suffer, and perhaps cause her to become more ill."

"I do love mamma," declared Gracie, stamping her feet. "But I want my party so I do. I want my party today. I don't want it next week."

Grandmamma took the little girl's arm and led her into the kitchen, thus getting her just as far away from the sick room as it was possible to do in the house. And there she gave the little miss quite a severe reprimand for her ugly behavior, to which Gracie only pouted and looked defiant. "I want my party today," she kept saying in a most exasperating way.

"Well, when papa comes home he shall be told of your conduct, my child," promised dear old grandmamma. "And doubtless he'll say you shall be deprived of the party this year. You shall have to be punished for being so naughty, you know. But papa shall determine just how to decide in your case. In the meanwhile, don't you return to the sitting-room till you can go to bed in a spirit of consideration for your poor, sick mamma."

"Then I'll run out in the snow and catch cold," said Gracie. "I don't want to stay here in the poky old kitchen, where only Bridget is cooking luncheon." "No, you must not go one step out of doors," said grandmamma. "You remain in the kitchen till you behave nicely. Then go into the sitting-room and play till papa comes home. Now, see that you obey Gracie, my little girl." And in another moment grandmamma was out of the room and on the stairs leading to her sick daughter's apartment.

pantry for something, Gracie, her lips pouting and her little head nodding emphatically, said to herself: "I'll just do what I please, so I will." And it pleased the naughty miss to go out of doors and sit idly on the big porch that was cold and wind-swept. And there she sat, stubbornly refusing to obey the warning of the biting wind and the occasional flakes of snow that were wafted in on her.

Half an hour later Gracie's papa found his little girl shivering before the great fire in the library, her face flushed and her eyes unusually bright. And in the afternoon she was put to bed, so ill that she forgot all about the postponement of the party which was to have taken place that night.

And all the next day and the next, and still days to follow, Gracie lay burning with a fever, her mind wandering from the scenes about her. One day she opened her eyes to see her grandmamma beside her, then she fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed that her own dear mamma had died; that she (Gracie) had insisted upon having the birthday party, and that her mamma had so exerted herself—being really so ill—that she should not have left her bed—that during the very most exciting time of the party she had swooned away to never open her dear eyes again. And then Gracie, in a fit of weeping, had wakened from her terrible nightmare, finding grandmamma bending over her, trying to soothe her fears.

"I want my mamma!" cried Gracie, still believing that her dream had been a reality. "I have killed my mamma by having the party. Oh, I want my mamma! I don't care about parties—nor birthdays! I just want my dear mamma."

"Why, my dear little child, mamma has been beside you all the morning and has just now gone to lie down to rest a bit. She's not very strong yet, you know. She was very sick when you were taken sick so suddenly. And now do be very quiet and sleep. You have been very, very ill, dearie; but the doctor said last night, today, you would be getting well today; so be Gracie's own little girl and lie very quiet."

"But my mamma—my mamma—is she really and truly alive?" wailed Gracie, tears flowing down her cheeks. "Yes, my dear child, she is as well and here to see her own Gracie." And in another moment Gracie felt her mother's hands stroking her forehead, her dear hands stroking her hair, which was so funny plaited in two little side pig-tails. A few days later Gracie was allowed to sit up, and to chat chummily with her Mamma.

As soon as little Gracie was well enough to be taken to the party," said Mamma indulgently. "I was so sorry to be obliged to disappoint her on her birthday. But she knew how ill mamma was, and that the postponement was unavoidable, didn't she?"

Gracie's lips trembled and she sat silent for a minute, deeply thinking. Then, taking her mamma's hands in her own she said: "Mamma, don't give me a party bed—that during the very most exciting time of the party she had swooned away to never open her dear eyes again. And then Gracie, in a fit of weeping, had wakened from her terrible nightmare, finding grandmamma bending over her, trying to soothe her fears."

"Do you really and truly think so, mamma?" asked Gracie, drying her eyes. "Yes, at the very moment when you decided to confess the whole thing to mamma, to make a clean breast of your naughtiness, you banished selfishness from your heart." And her mamma kissed her gently. "And now we must call dear old Gracie in and tell her all about it. She told me the other day that you had behaved very naughtily toward her on your birthday, and after you were taken so ill she attributed your fretfulness to your being so unwell. But you must tell her the truth of the matter, and how it happened that you brought your own sickness on yourself."

"And I shall ask her to forgive me for disobeying her," said Gracie. "And how happy we shall all be then, mamma, dear."

RIDDLE AND ANSWER.
Come read me this riddle without any bother;
Five legs on one side and three on the other;
Two eyes in my forehead, and four on my back;
One tongue that is silent and two that can clack.
(A horse carrying a man and woman on his back.)

Chapel and churchyard of the Savoy.
the little chapel and burial ground which belonged to the palace. The church is of quaint architecture, having a low, square bell-tower. A damaging fire in 1850 caused much of the interior of the edifice to be rebuilt, but in general appearance the chapel remains much the same as it was during the time of the first Savoy residents, who worshipped within its walls. It was during the residence of John of Gaunt at the Savoy palace that the poet Chaucer was married there to Philippa de Roet. A picture of the churchyard of the Savoy is reproduced here.

Why, you'd be snatched as shiny-bald
As any baseball bat,
And wouldn't it be awful cold
With no hair 'neath your hat?

M. W.

Little Billy goes boots
Down the street does go,
He can walk most anywhere,
E'en through drifts of snow.

His boots are warm and cozy,
His feet inside like toast;
For it's Billy's Big Boots
Are his Biggest Boast.

TIM TURNIPS.

When are men's countenances like fruit in the autumn?
When falling.
When is a fence like a farmer's daughter?
When rustic.
Why is a stocking on the foot like a carpenter's apron?
It has nails in it.

OUR PUZZLE CORNER.
WORD BEHEADINGS.
(1) Behead a word that is used to describe lightning and leave a whip.
(2) Behead the name of a heavenly body and leave that which is used both as a medicine and machine lubricant.
(3) Behead an article that is worn on the hand and leaves a feeling of deep affection.
(4) Behead the value placed upon silver for sale and leave a well-known food.

PROVERB PUZZLE.
A well-known proverb is hidden in the following six sentences, one word of the proverb being contained in each of the sentences and appearing in their rightful order:
We are prone to judge others by our own.
Do not put off till tomorrow that which should be done today.
Think not evil of others lest you be brought evil.
In yore olden time people had a greater reverence for the truth than they have today.
Be wise as a serpent, but meek as a dove.
Let all men be charitably judged.

LETTER ENIGMA.
My first is in star, but not in moon;
My second is in sun, but not in noon;
My third is in candy, but not in eat;
My fourth is in shoes, but not in feet;
My fifth is in heart, but not in flutter;
My sixth is in milk, but not in butter;
My seventh is in knot, but not in bow;
My eighth is in fire, but not in glow;
My whole spells a blessing.

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"I don't want to stay here in the poky old kitchen, where only Bridget is cooking luncheon."