

## Our Young Folks.

### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Endeavor to be,  
Not merely to seem;  
Endeavor to do,  
Not idly to dream;  
Endeavor to think  
High thoughts pure and good;  
Endeavor to work,  
As a real Christian should.  
Endeavor to plan  
What is wisest and best;  
Endeavor to leave  
All doubt and unrest;  
Endeavor to speak  
Glad words, sweet and true;  
Endeavor to give  
As God prospereth you.  
Endeavor through love  
To sweet sympathy show;  
Endeavor to hate  
All things mean and low;  
Endeavor to hope  
For the triumph of right;  
Endeavor to trust  
In life's darkest night.  
Endeavor in patience,  
Your task to fulfil,  
Endeavor by prayer,  
To do always God's will;  
Endeavor in peace  
Your life to pursue.  
Endeavor by faith,  
To live it all through.  
Endeavor to make  
Each day a glad whole,  
Forgetting yourself  
In helping some soul.  
Thus Endeavor will be  
The Keystone of your life,  
And your crown of rejoicing  
When, freed from the strife  
And temptations of earth,  
You shall hear from the Son,  
"Well done, faithful servant,  
Endeavor has won!"

### AN AGED SUNDAY SCHOLAR.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

'You would be interested in an old woman who is in the kitchen,' said my hostess; 'for, although she is over seventy, she still goes to the Adult Class every Sunday morning regularly, let the weather be what it may. She is a capable old woman, too, for no one can clear furniture or brighten a stove better than she can. She lives in one of the almshouses.'

I found the old scholar sitting by the fire comfortably eating her supper. There was soup going in my friend's kitchen, and she had come to fetch some for her almshouse companion—'our old lady,' as she called her. While she talked to me, a young servant, her fair, fresh face forming a picturesque contrast, stood beside her. The old eyes glowed, and a pleasant smile lighted her face, 'I'm pretty well, thank you,' she said; 'but I can't work as I did,' and she held up her hands, knotted with rheumatism. 'The doctor says it's the chronic that's the matter with 'em; and sometimes I have the satie (sciatica) very bad; but I musn't grumble. I've had good health all my life, and lots of pluck, so I could work and pay my way. And I have never wanted for anything, though the times have been when I have come to my last shilling, and now and agin to the last bit of bread; but thank God I had that to go on with, and when I was real hard up somebody was sure to bring me a bite or a sup, or send for me to do a bit of work. Me and our old lady—she's six months older than me—treats wessens to a fourpenny pork chop on a Sunday, and that's all the meat we ever buy; and on Saturday nights we have half a pint of beer between us, and it lasses us over Sunday.' Why pork? I wondered. Was it not indigestible? But I was told that there was more of it for the money than there would be of mutton. 'We used to have a rice pudding till the milk got so dear.'

'How old do you think I am?' she asked. I guessed sixty, and she laughed.

'I'm just twelve months older than the Queen, only I were born in April, and she were born in May. April, 1818, were my time, and I can prove it by my christening paper.'

'And you really go to Sunday school still?'

'Oh yes, I never miss. I shouldn't like to stop away. I haven't missed a dozen times in twelve years.'

'When do you go? In the mornings?'

'Yes. The 'Dult School begins at eight o'clock in the mornings, and I'm there.'

'So early?'

'It isn't very early. And I get prizes for being regular. I shall have a first-class prize at Christmas. I've chose it, but I shall have to pay sixpence more for it, because it's such a big, beautiful book. It's a bound magazine. They call it *Harper's Young Folks*; and it has lots of cuts.'

'And can you read it?'

'Yes; I can read, and I know whether it's right or wrong. I read my verse when it comes my turn in the class, though sometimes there's so many on us we read the verses altogether. I couldn't read at all till after I was married; then I picked up a bit through hearing my master read, but I must 'a bin fifty before I could read a chapter in the Bible. I read a chapter to our old lady, because I'm the best scholar; but she won't come to the 'Dult Class. I shall go after I'm eighty, if I'm alive. Next Sunday morning we are to go up stairs and join the men's class, to learn some Christmas carols. The teacher asked me if I was willing, and I am. He says it sounds so much better with some female voices—and so it does—and I like singing. I go to the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon, too. That is a big class. Sometimes the chapel is crowded.'

'What made you go to the Adult Class first?'

'It were my master. He went, and it made such a difference to him, so when they started one for women I went. Me and Mrs. ——— was the first to go.'

'What caused your husband to become an adult scholar?'

'Well, you see, there was a lot of men going, and they asked him. He wouldn't go at first, and one day he went up to the place, and wouldn't go in. But at last he went in, and 'twas soon the making of him. He used to like a drop, and our home wasn't happy, but he got converted at the 'Dult School, and I hope I shall. He lived twelve years after that and they was the happiest years of me life. He was a sweep. He had the handling of the money; before he went to the 'Dult School I had to ask him for every penny, and he gave me a shilling or two on a Saturday night—not near enough; but afterward he used to give me half a sovereign, and he says, 'Take this now, and do the best ye can with it, and when it's gone you can have some more.' He were very saving after he were converted. He were a good speaker, and he used to pray and speak at the 'Dult School; and he came to the Baptist chapel with me. I were baptized fifteen years ago; and my master was above sixty years old when he was baptized.'

'I am glad you had twelve happy years together before he died.'

'Yes, they was happy. You see I couldn't go agin that 'Dult School, because of my master. When he died, he was only upstairs a month, but he wasn't well before that. Often when he was getting up he'd put one stocking on, and have to sit on the bed to cough. It was a dreadful cough. I says, 'Get back to bed, and let somebody else go and do the work;' but he says, 'No, I don't like to disappoint 'em; they trusten me,' and so he went to do the job. But the doctor said he hadn't ought, and he was so bad I had to send for him agin. It were the assemer (asthma) that he had, and bronchitis. The doctor says, 'I'd as soon not doctor ye if ye don't do what I tell you,' and my master says, 'I will.' Then the doctor says, 'You must stay here in this room till I tell ye to go down,' and he did till they carried him down. Doctor sound-ed him, and he says, 'Well, I can't put a new inside into ye, and medicine won't do you good, not mine nor nobody else's,' and he beckoned me down, and I went, and he says, 'He won't go jest yet, but he won't get over this bout; he's what I call travelling very gently home.'

'It was very beautiful for the doctor to put it in that way.'

'Yes; and it was true.' And the old woman cleared her throat, and went on. It was evident that she liked to talk about her 'master.' 'I owed two shillings to the Scotch draper, and he called and he went up. My master says, 'Give him a shilling,' but he wouldn't take it. 'Never mind about that,' he says: 'I ain't afraid to wait.' But next week his man came, so my master says, 'Give him the two shillings,' and I did; so after he

was gone, nobody could say to me, 'Your master owed me a penny,' for he didn't. Ah! he were a good man after he got converted at the 'Dult School. His end was peace. I thought he was near, that day he died. The perspiration stood on his forehead, and I wiped it off.' The old woman's voice grew soft. 'He was very handsome; he had beautiful albin hair' (and my friend interpolated: 'Yes; he was a good-looking man, with auburn hair and fresh colour'), 'and his face was full of peace and joy. I remembered what he said, and he said it twice: 'Lord Jesus, come and fetch a servant quick to be at home with Ye in peace!' and it was answered, for he shut his eyes and he shut his mouth, and so he died.'

'His end was peace?'

'That was what the minister said. He says it were the most beautiful corpse he ever seed, and it were a shame to bury him. And he says, 'Have ye got the money for burying of him respectable?' and I says, 'Yes, sir; for he paid threepence a week to the insurance, and there's enough coming to bury him comfortable without any help from the parish or any body.'

'What a good thing that was? And do you belong to an insurance society yourself? I learnt that her weekly income is four shillings.'

'Yes, I pay fourpence a week, because I was older, and when I die I shall have six pounds, and that will be enough to bury me very comfortably indeed.' Then she suddenly remembered, and said, with a curious reluctant smile, 'Leastways, my daughter will have it, of course, but it will be for me, so it'll be all the same.'

I did not tell the old scholar, that she was being interviewed, and I hope no one else will. I was told that she will not have her name put in the prizes, so that she may be able to give them away; but she says she must soon begin saving them up for her grandchildren. I wished her a merry Christmas; and she replied, 'I shall go to the Watch Night Service if I am alive.'

### A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A WELL-KNOWN BRANT COUNTY LADY.

Suffered for Two Years With Sick Headache, Dizziness, and Dyspepsia—How She Found Relief—What Well-Known Chemists Say.

From the Brantford Expositor.

Mrs. S. W. Avery lives on Pleasant Ridge, about four miles out of the city of Brantford, that being her nearest post-office and where all her trading is done. Mr. and Mrs. Avery have always lived in that neighborhood, and he is the owner of two splendid farms, the one where he lives consisting of 160 acres and the other lying near Brantford comprising 100 acres. They are highly respected residents of the community in which they reside, and every person for miles around knows them. Having heard that Mrs. Avery had been cured of chronic dyspepsia and indigestion, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter called there recently and asked if she was willing to make public the facts concerning the cure. Mrs. Avery replied that she had benefited by the use of Pink Pills, and was perfectly willing to give her experience for the benefit of those who might be similarly suffering. 'For the past two years,' said Mrs. Avery, 'I had been greatly troubled with a very sick headache, dizziness, and a cough which I believe were the symptoms of dyspepsia and indigestion, and I could find nothing to relieve me although I tried several different medicines. I could not even find anything which would relieve my cough, which at times would be very severe. Early last winter I read in the Expositor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as the symptoms mentioned were somewhat similar to mine I was thus induced to try them. I procured a supply from Messrs. McGregor & Merrill, druggists of Brantford. Before I had used two boxes of the Pink Pills I felt so much better and relieved from my distressing symptoms that I thought it would be best to continue taking them through the winter, and I accordingly got another supply and used them with the result that I have been totally relieved. I have not once since had the severe

headaches which formerly made my life miserable and my cough has entirely disappeared'. I strongly recommend Pink Pills to anyone who suffers similar to what I did, from dizziness, headaches, indigestion, etc., and I believe they will derive great benefit from their use.

Mrs. Avery's statement was corroborated by her husband, who was present during the interview, and who said that without a shadow of a doubt Pink Pills had accomplished more for his wife than any other medicine which she had taken.

Messrs. McGregor & Merrill were interviewed, and in reply to a query as to the sale of these pills, Mr. McGregor said: 'We have sold in the neighborhood of 5,000 boxes during the past twelve months and there is no remedy we handle gives better satisfaction to our customers than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I have every confidence that Pink Pills are the best on the market and something the people can depend upon.' Mr. Merrill, the other member of this well-known firm said 'I have more pleasure in selling Pink Pills than any other medicine we handle, because it is rarely there is any disappointment in them, and the people who purchase them unanimously express themselves as well satisfied. I am well acquainted with Mrs. Avery and I know that all her statements are reliable, and I have watched the improvement Pink Pills have made in her case and have seen a great change for the better. Many other druggists recommend some preparations, sometimes their own, to be equally as good as Pink Pills, but we cannot conscientiously say so, knowing that as a system tonic Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand unrivalled.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink.) Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you. The public are also cautioned against other so-called blood purifiers and nerve tonics, put up in similar form and intended to deceive. They are imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other courses of treatment.

With a view of utilizing existing local charities in New York where a hungry man may be able to get a meal, a committee has been formed, with Oliver Sumner Teall as chairman, the members of which propose to locate such charities, and divide them into geographical districts, to which the police can direct persons who apply to them for temporary aid. The plan might be observed with advantage in other large communities.

I WAS CURED of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Sydney, C.B.

C. I. LAQUE.

I WAS CURED of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yarmouth.

CHARLES PLUMMER.

I WAS CURED of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Burin, Nfld.

LEWIS S. BUTLER.