

## Our Young Folks.

### A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,  
And his face as clear as the sky;  
And whoever he meets, in lanes or streets,  
He looks him straight in the eye.  
With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,  
Though he bows like a little knight,  
Quite debonaire, to a lady fair,  
With a smile that is swift as light.

Does his mother call? No kite or ball.  
Or the prettiest game can stay  
His eager feet as he hastes to greet  
Whatever she means to say;  
And the teachers depend on this little friend  
At school in his place at nine,  
With his lessons learned and his good marks earned,  
All ready to toe the line.

I wonder if you have seen him too,  
This boy, who is not too big  
For a morning kiss from mother and sis,  
Who isn't a bit of a prig;  
But gentle and strong, and the whole day long  
As merry as boy can be;  
A gentleman, dears, in coming years,  
And at present the boy for me.

### FLASH, THE FIREMAN.

DRUMMOND'S TRACT DEPOT, PTIRLING.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### A STIR IN GOLDSMITH'S ROW.

"They drink at all times, take it cold or hot,  
When they're in trouble, and when they are not,  
When they're in health, or when sickness brings  
Distress and woe upon its shadowy wings;  
At marriage, birth, or death, when friends they meet,  
Or partings sore, they wend their willing feet  
To where the drink-fiend gladly greets with smiles,  
And hides his purpose left with glittering wiles."

"Oh! oh! oh my! Just look at that Ted!  
I declare he'll have his heels through that  
looking-glass in a moment. Well there I be  
only just missed doing it. I do believe boys  
must be among the plagues that ought to have  
been mentioned in the Bible, only they were  
forgotten. I'd sooner have forty girls than  
four boys."

As Mrs. Foster spoke she made a feint of  
striking the boy who had given her such a  
scare, and had caused the above apocryphal  
assertion.

The delinquent was a merry-faced lad of  
about fifteen, who, in an excess of joy and  
excitement, had suddenly stood upon his head  
on a chair-seat in such close proximity to the  
mantelpiece and the large mirror above it,  
that at one moment his heels were certainly  
near enough the latter to endanger its safety.

If the truth must be told, all the occupants  
of that room were considerably excited at the  
news which has just been received. The  
company consisted of Mrs. Foster; Ted the  
irrepressible, who has already introduced  
himself to the reader heels uppermost;  
another lad about seventeen, Hedley by  
name; and "Little Patty," as she was usu-  
ally called.

Poor Patty was nearly nineteen years old,  
but certainly did not look more than thirteen.  
She did not come up above Ted's shoulder;  
her figure was sadly, strangely twisted; her  
head was always on one side, and so deeply  
sunken into her shoulders that she seemed as  
if she had no neck at all. But her face!  
what a rare face it was! Often people would  
turn to look at it as they passed her. It was  
always white, and there was an expression  
upon it which arrested attention. Her skin  
was singularly fine, and shone almost like  
wax. Her sad, pale features were as per-  
fectly classical as if they had been cast in  
some lovely mould. And many a high-born  
lady would have pledged her jewels for such  
a head of hair as Patty's. It was a glossy  
black, with a beautiful natural wave in it.  
Yet, with all her beauty of face and head,  
there was always an indescribable *drop* about  
her. She seemed to have to *drag* her poor,  
twisted body about; and an almost settled  
look of melancholy rested upon the girl.

But the reader must pardon us for keeping  
him so long waiting to learn the cause of this  
sudden demonstration of joy in the family of  
the Fosters, of which we have spoken. Just  
as they had finished dinner, the postman had  
brought a letter, which, as it is short and ex-  
plains all, we had better give in full:—

"Portsmouth, Monday Night.

"Dear old Mum,—

"Turn out the guard! Run up the  
bunting! Get the guns loaded for a salute!

Clean wood and brass-work! Scrub decks!  
All hands rig in their best togs! In fact, do  
everything you can think of to mark the  
horse-pitch-us occasion, as the boys said  
when they fell off the old mare's back into the  
pond.

"Then if any one asks you what all the  
stir means, just say that I'm done with the  
navy, and that I shall be home on Wednes-  
day night by the 8.22 train at Waterloo.  
Yes, I'm glad to say my ten years are up. I  
shall now be a free man. I have quite decid-  
ed on my future; and, if I can succeed in  
passing, I shall join the Fire Brigade. I have  
saved out of my 'compo.' about £20, and  
shall have nearly another £20 to draw; so  
that we can all have a bit of a spree when I  
come. Of course some of you will meet that  
train at Waterloo? How is my dear little  
Patty? If she is well enough, be sure to  
bring her; only I won't have her walk. If  
the 'busses don't run right, then take a cab,  
for her sake. So long!—till Wednesday.

"Your own dear boy,

"FLASH.

"P.S.—I have written to Tilly to meet me."

Yes, this was the cause of all the sudden  
excitement: 'Flash' was coming home!

Harry Foster had always been the joy and  
pride of the whole family. When he was  
only four years old he had received 'Flash'  
as a pet name; because, as his fond father  
said, he was 'like a flash of sunshine.' And  
ever since, under all circumstances, he had  
truly been 'Flash;' for he had brought sun-  
shine to them all. He had received a fair  
amount of education; but beguiled by the  
exaggerated descriptions of the sailor's life,  
given in various penny books for boys that he  
had borrowed or bought—many of them full  
of printed lies—he had taken the sea craze;  
and, when fifteen years old, had joined the  
Royal navy. In accordance with the general  
rule, he had served ten years after he was  
eighteen; and now, on the completion of  
this term, at twenty-eight years of age he  
claimed his discharge.

It was an excited party that stood waiting  
upon the Waterloo platform on the Wednes-  
day evening. Besides the four members of  
the Foster family already introduced to the  
reader, there was a tall, fair girl—the 'Tilly'  
referred to in the postscript of the letter. She  
had a nice, fresh fair face, which just then was  
very bright with loving expectancy; but it  
could not be said that there was anything  
striking in her features. Still she was a girl  
who would command some attention; for she  
was tall, had a well-made figure, and posses-  
sed that indefinable air which we call lady-  
like. She dressed, too, with great taste;  
and it was only when she spoke that a stranger  
would have discovered the class of society to  
which she belonged.

We need hardly explain that Tilly was en-  
gaged to Flash; and it was doubtless, in the  
first place, the natural tendency to love what  
he loved which drew her to the sad-faced  
sister of her lover. Be that as it may, there  
was a singularly strong bond of affection be-  
tween Tilly and poor, deformed Patty, whom  
she had daily come to love more and more  
for her own sake.

At last the train rushes into the station,  
slows up, stops; and the lively voice of Ted  
shouts, 'Come on, all of you; here he is,  
here he is!'

How they do rush along that platform!  
And we dare not attempt to record all the col-  
lisions made with the stream of passengers  
who, having alighted, are hurrying away in  
the opposite direction to our party.

There are one or two points in the greeting  
of Flash, which, as we watch him, cause us  
instinctively to think well of him. As he  
meets the group, though he takes Tilly's hand  
as well as his mother's, he kisses his mother  
first. Then, while he whispers loving words  
to Tilly as he kisses her, his eyes are seeking  
the pale face of his deformed sister. One arm  
is presently put around her, and she comes in  
for the next embrace.

After his greetings to his two brothers were  
over, he said, 'Well now, I must slip it a  
minute. I guess they have broke hold and  
are discharging cargo, so I must look slippery  
or I'll lose the run of some of my tackle.'

The porters all know a 'homeward bound  
Jack,' and one of them now came forward  
with the inquiry, 'Any baggage, sir?'

"Ay, ay! my dandy! Piles of it."

Then, putting a two-shilling piece in the  
man's hand, he pointed out the packages, and

bade him get them collected together, so  
to be ready for placing in a cab when, as  
Flash put it, 'we've had a wet.'

A minute or two later the whole party were  
outside the station and filling the tiny square  
of a public-house bar compartment marked  
'Private.' Everybody seemed to be talking  
at once, and the smiling barmaid had to wait  
a moment or two before she could take the  
order.

'D'ye'r, master Ted, hold yer jaw a min-  
ute. I declare a fellow can't hear himself  
speak while you keep that mouth of yours  
open, and your tongue a-wagging nineteen to  
the dozen,' said Flash.

Ted laughed at this sally, and was on the  
point of making some reply, when Flash,  
bowing with mock deference, continued,  
'Mouth, did I say? I beg your pardon, sir:  
it is something more than a mouth; why, if  
you only hung out a notice, 'To Let,' some-  
body would be sure to take it for a music hall  
or a mission hall.'

Even the bar-maid laughed at this some-  
what broad humour. Stopping abruptly,  
Flash said to her, 'I beg your pardon for  
keeping you so long; then, turning to the  
group he said, 'Now, mother, what are you  
going to have?—a drop of brandy, eh?'

'No, thank you, Flash; I'd rather have a  
drop of good gin.'

'Right you are, old daisy picker, so you  
shall!' Then, addressing himself to the bar-  
maid, he said, 'A quarter of the best white  
satin, please, for the best mother as ever wel-  
comed home a sailor boy from sea.'

Having coaxed Tilly to take some sherry  
and lemonade, he gave this second order to  
the smiling attendant, saying, with an odd  
mixture of assumed gravity and rough  
humour,—

'That's for my young lady here: of course  
you are very sorry she is; but, then you see,  
I couldn't help it. I saw her before I did  
you.'

Accustomed to chaff of a lower and much  
coarser kind than this, the barmaid took all  
in good part; and remarked, laughingly, as  
she handed Tilly her 'mixture,'—

'He is not a bad sort, is he? So I'll let  
you have your bargain, and I'll wait till some  
one else comes along.'

Nothing would tempt Patty to do more  
than just sip a little of the sherry and lemon-  
ade from Tilly's glass. Flash himself took  
rum shrub; Ted and his brother, a pot of  
stout; and very soon time, place—all were  
forgotten as they drank and talked.

An hour later they crossed again to the  
station for the luggage, Flash declaring he  
had got 'stu'n' sails set both sides, as he  
sailed along—rather unsteadily, it is true—  
with Tilly on one arm, and Patty on the  
other. Mrs. Foster, who was now very talka-  
tive, followed between her two other boys.

It was quite evident that one cab would  
not take them all, with the luggage; so, hav-  
ing seen his mother, Patty, and the two boys  
safely inside a 'four-wheeler,' and the lug-  
gage piled on the top, Flash and Tilly stepped  
into a hansom, and the procession started.

'Where to, sir?' inquired the driver of the  
hansom.

'Goldsmith's Row, Hackney Road! Have  
a cigar, cabby?' replied our hero, handing a  
couple of four-penny Havanas through the  
call-flap to the driver.

Heavy with the stimulants taken, and rock-  
ed by the roll of the cab, Tilly and Flash were  
soon fast asleep.

This 'welcome home' had been carried  
out very moderately—very mildly, as things  
go at such times—by the discharged sailor.  
It is true we have held our pen and our  
thoughts in tight rein, that nothing might  
enter this narrative that would unnecessarily  
hurt or offend any who might read it; but we  
should have been false to our principles and  
to our subject if we had not shown just a little  
of the folly, and worse than folly, of drink's  
doings on such an occasion as this.

No pen dare record—no publisher dare  
send forth the real story of all the abomina-  
tions that have sometimes characterized the  
home-coming of 'British tars,' when Drink  
and his attendant demons have been allowed  
full sway.

Who can tell the power and blessing that  
those loving-hearted women have been and

are, who seek, by 'Strangers' Rests' and  
'Sailors' Homes,' to prevent such scenes as  
these? They have taught our land that—

'Soldiers and sailors may be led to think  
Their deadliest foe, in war or peace, is Drink:  
The social bane; the moral blight; the curse  
That palsies discipline, the fatal nurse  
Of crime, its prompter, that dishonor brings  
To men of honor, faithful, loyal, true,  
Worthy of trust and faith in other things.'

(To be continued.)

### THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE.

WONDERFUL ADVANCES MADE IN THE LAST  
FEW YEARS.

Mr. John McGovern of Toronto Relates an Ex-  
perience of Deep Interest—Utterly Helpless and  
Suffered Greatly Before Relief Came.

From the Toronto Globe.

Very little is heard by the general public  
of the great discoveries in medicine, and the  
countless scores of lives that are saved by the  
advancing knowledge of medical science.  
People who a few years ago were left to drag  
out a miserable existence as hopeless invalids,  
or helpless cripples, are now, thanks to the  
advances medicine has made, restored to the  
fulness of health and strength. Mr. John  
McGovern, who resides at No. 2 Alpha avenue,  
in this city, has good cause to appreciate the  
truth of the above statements. Mr. McGov-  
ern was formerly an agent for agricultura  
implements, and is well known in different  
parts of Ontario. A Globe reporter who had  
heard that he had been restored to health, after  
an illness which threatened to leave him a  
hopeless cripple, called upon him at his resi-  
dence recently, and was given the following  
interesting account of his case:—

"My trouble first began," said Mr. Mc-  
Govern, "two years ago when I was living in  
the Village of Bolton, in the County of Peel.  
The trouble was all in my elbows and knees,  
and the doctors thought it was rheumatism. I  
couldn't walk a block without wanting to sit  
down, and even to walk down stairs was hard  
work. It afflicted me terribly. I was all right  
in other ways but for this terrible weakness.  
For a year and a half I suffered from this, but  
by sheer force of will held out against it, and  
managed to get about; but six months ago I  
broke down completely, and had to give up my  
business. I then removed to Toronto, and for  
three months after this I was in terrible  
shape. I was almost always confined to my  
bed, being able to come down stairs for a little  
while, perhaps once a day. I suffered all the  
time from a terrible soreness in the joints, and  
at this juncture my appetite began to fail, and  
I was only able to eat the lightest food, and  
not much of that. I could find nothing to help  
me or give me relief. All this time I was un-  
able to do anything, and had I not fortunately  
had a little money laid by which enabled me  
to go on, I would have been dependent upon  
my family for support. Well, while I was in  
this terrible shape, my eldest son prevailed  
upon me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and  
early in last July I began to use them, and I  
took them steadily during that month and the  
two following months. Before the first box  
was finished I began to get relief, and from  
that out I steadily improved until I was able  
to discontinue the use of the Pink Pills, feel-  
ing that I was fully restored to health. I am  
satisfied in my own mind that had it not been  
for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have still  
been helpless and suffering, and I have much  
reason to be thankful that my son persuaded  
me to use them. Thanks to Pink Pills I am  
now a new man and intend soon to resume my  
work."

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 the  
tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la-  
grippe, diseases depending upon 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  
the 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.

Bear in mind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are  
never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hun-  
dred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in  
this form is trying to defraud you and should  
be avoided. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams'  
Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all  
imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had from  
all druggists, or direct by mail from the Dr.  
Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.,  
or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box,  
or 6 boxes for \$2.50. The price at which  
these pills are sold makes a course of treat-  
ment comparatively inexpensive as compared  
with other remedies or medical treatment.