

Our Young Folks.

TWO PUSSY CATS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I.

THE PET CAT.

Dainty little ball of fur, sleek and round and fat,
Yawning through the lazy hours, some one's household cat,

Lying on a bed of down, decked in ribbons gay;
What a pleasant life you lead, whether night or day.

Dining like an epicure, from a costly dish,
Fed with catnip tea if ill, what a lucky fate!

Purring at an outstretched hand, knowing but
caresses.

Half the comforts of your life, pussy, no one gusses.

Romping through the house at will, racing down
the hall,

Full of pretty, playful pranks, loved and praised
by all,

Wandering from room to room to find the choicest
spot;

Favored little household puss, happy is your lot.

Sleeping on my lady's lap, or dozing by the grate,
Fed with catnip tea if ill, what a lucky fate!

Loved in life and mourned in death, and stuffed
may be at that,

And kept up on the mantel-shelf—dear pet cat.

II.

THE TRAMP CAT.

Poor little beggar cat, hollow-eyed and gaunt,
Creeping down the alley-way like a ghost of want,
Kicked and beat by thoughtless boys, bent on cruel
play;

What a sorry life you lead, whether night or day.

Hunting after crusts and crumbs, gnawing meatless
bones,

Trembling at a human step, fearing bricks and
stones,

Shrinking at an outstretched hand, knowing only
blows;

Wretched little beggar cat, born to suffer woes.

Stealing to an open door, craving food and heat
Frightened off with angry cries and broomed into
the street;

Tortured, teased and chased by dogs, through the
lonely night;

Homeless little beggar cat, sorrow is your plight.

Sleeping anywhere you can, in the rain and snow,
Waking in the cold, gray dawn, wondering where
to go;

Dying in the street at last, starved to death at that,
Picked up by the scavenger—poor tramp cat.

—Independent

FLASH, THE FIREMAN.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

He wound up by saying, "One good turn deserves another;" and, as our late lamented friend often helped to benefit others, so we, in turn, are met to-night to benefit those belonging to him. Our programme is a long and a very varied one; but variety's charming, as the poet says, so will proceed at once with the first item. Miss Kate Donald will sing us that very appropriate sentimental song, 'The Orphan Boy.'"

The pianist took his seat. One glance at him told you he was another victim of the drink. In build and stature he was a Hercules. His head was a magnificent one. What possibilities lay behind that massive, intellectual forehead! It was whispered, indeed, that only a few years before he had moved in the most brilliant circles. He had a thick mop of fair hair, which was parted in the middle, and was worn long, hanging down over the collar of his coat, with a curl inward towards the neck. His eyes, his lips, his face, all told of the tale of his fall; and, just at first, the long fingers of his comparatively small hands trembled upon the keys.

Miss Kate Donald now stands forward, music in hand. She is handsomely dressed, though the handsomeness is of the loud type. She makes her bow; and, waiting till the storm of applause, which greets her, has been stilled, she sings in music-hall style:—

'Stay, lady, stay, for pity's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale.'

Who can describe all the incongruities of that concert, when viewed in the light of the object for which it was given, and the circumstances attending the death of the man whose friends were to be benefited (?)

There were comic songs, in which the whole mass of people took up the chorus and extolled the drink and its virtues. There were songs so full of double meaning, and of such a general 'shady' character, that it seemed a marvel how the many young and—apparently—highly respectable girls present could join

in them so freely, and even hilariously, accompanying the singing with many a wink and nudge to companions.

There was, of course, the usual quota of sea songs sung by deep-voiced men, and echoed again and again: 'Here, a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,' and 'All in the Downs the fleet lay moored,' with 'Aboard of the saucy Arethusa,' and many others.

But the most appropriate item of the programme, and that which met with the wildest applause and thunders of 'Encore! encore!' was a song sung by a little club-footed, hump-backed man. His face and form were so tiny, so babyish, that it seemed almost impossible he could possess a voice that would reach to the end of that long room. But it did! His voice was, undoubtedly, a fine one; and he was evidently well known, and a favorite.

The chairman announced, 'The song of the evening, ladies and gentlemen, will now be sung by our old friend, Mr. Wilfrid Winter—' 'The Fireman.'

Then the rich notes rolled forth in the following words:—

"Tis not alone on battle-fields
A hero's name is won,
Nor is it on the foaming seas
Brave deeds alone are done.
There's glory on the land to win,
In peace as well as war;
In his home may shine resplendent,
The brave man's conquering star.

"Of noble deeds a record grand,
Upon the scroll of fame,
Shall be emblazoned brightly.
The fireman hero's fame;
The terrors of the raging flames
He all undaunted braves,
The rich man's wealth, the poor man's life,
Alike his courage saves.

"And should he fall, as well he may,
Such awful dangers near;
Fighting against the elements
Which men must build in fear.
A hero's grave will welcome him,
And grateful tears will fall
From a mighty country mourning
O'er bravery's honored fall."

Some things would have sadly impressed any sober onlooker. He would have noted that as the evening advanced, and the drink was more freely partaken of, the singing became decidedly wilder—more out of time and tune. He would also have observed that the accompanist swayed about a great deal on his stool, and seemed to play more and more recklessly, while the chairman had greater difficulty in securing order in the company. Between each item of the programme, the waiter passed to fro, repeating in short, sharp, professional tones, 'Give your orders, gents, the waiter's in the room.'

This man had certainly a marvellous knack of remembering the many and varied drinks asked for by the ever-increasing number of customers. Though the names of these would be Greek to the uninitiated, he grasped the whole range of them quite readily, and rapidly repeated the orders as they were given. 'Irish, cold, y's, sir; cherry an' lem', right; six cheroots an' bottle of pale for you, sir; two of port wine negus, thank you; give your orders, gents—coming, sir! White satin for the ladies, certainly; two or four out glass, ladies! Two? thank you! Scotch hot lem' and sweet, y's, sir.'

So it went on till the clock was nearing eleven. The chairman rapped with his hammer, and wild "Shs, shs" passed around the room. Forms that swayed almost helplessly in the chairs endeavored to sit up, and looked with bleared eyes and dull senses, towards the platform, attempting to listen to the chairman's closing words calling for votes of thanks.

Then came the concluding psalm of this demon worship,—

'For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny.'

It was sung amid the wildest confusion, in thick, husky tones, and with many a hiccough.

Who was the 'he' thus apostrophised? Was it the poor Ted Wheeler? Was it the generous (?) landlord who had reaped a rich harvest out of the free loan of his room? Or was it that other he, the drink-bend himself?

The widow and her eldest girl had been present all the evening, and had been constantly plied with free drinks. Now, as farewells were being said at the door, both came in for a good deal of promiscuous kissing. Mother and daughter were both considerably

muddled and excited; and received and returned maudlin caresses, from which, in perfectly sober moments, they would have shrunk as indecent.

There was abundance of the coarse chaff and free language which often mark these semi-drunken farewells after such orgies, and which have frequently made an open door to later license and liberties that have wrecked many souls.

When all was settled up at a later date, and the widow received the amount realized through the concert, she would be a few pounds better off in cash. But what if tastes were acquired, and associations formed, that would cause sorrow and sadness after days?

Flash was spared the pain and difficulty of refusing to be present at the benefit, by being unable to leave duty that night. None of the family were present, for the good seed was working in that home in Goldsmith Row.

The people who help and subscribe towards these benefits, from their point of view, mean well; but in all that is connected with the drink there is danger, sin, and death to be looked for.

Those who thus trifle with it sow gladly, bountifully, but it is to the wind, and they too often reap the whirlwind.

Public opinion is doing much in our land to make such scenes as these, at least, a little less frequent. But much yet remains to be done.

CHAPTER VII.

ANXIOUS DAYS.

"There are diseases that men must endure,
Diseases death, and only death, can cure:
But *that* disease, not skill, not doctor needs.
The remedy is easy, simple, sure—
(The prophet-counsel seemed but low and mean
To him, the leper-servant of the king,
Wash seven times in the Jordan, and be clean.)
'Tis 'TASTE NOT, TOUCH NOT' THE ACCURSED
THING."

Another fire and another serious accident to Flash! The newspaper version of the affair, so far as it regarded our hero, ran thus:—

'We regret to state that an alarming accident, which was at first thought to be fatal, occurred at this period of the fire. A brave young fireman, whose acts of manly daring and heroic self-devotion on many previous occasions have called forth special remark, fell from the burning ruins, and was taken up apparently dead. He had been showing amazing address and skill in assailing the fire at a certain difficult point, when suddenly he was seen to lurch. Twice he partially recovered his balance, but failing to do this completely, he fell from a considerable height to the ground below. Just as we go to press, we learn that though he is still in considerable danger, the hospital authorities give hope of his recovery.'

(To be continued.)

A REMARKABLE CASE.

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF WM. R. HALL,
OF ALDERSHOT.

He Was Thought to be at Death's Door, and the Medicines of a Continent had Failed—A Final Effort to Regain Health was made, and he is to-day Alive, Strong and in Good Health.

From the Hamilton Herald.

One of the most attractive places in the county of Wentworth is the little village of Aldershot, situated on what is known as the Plains road, about five miles from the city of Hamilton. One of the best known residents of the village and surrounding country is Captain Hall, who has represented the Township of East Flamboro in the Municipal Council for a number of years, and who, with his family, is held in the highest esteem by all who know them. Recently a reporter of the Herald visited the home of Captain Hall for the purpose of investigating a story to the effect that one of the captain's sons had been restored to health in a wonderful manner after having suffered since boyhood from apoplectic fits. On arriving at his destination, the reporter found the genial captain, his wife, daughter and three sons constituted the family. Of the three stalwart young men it was impossible to pick out the one who had for so many years been such a sufferer, but the captain settled all doubts by referring me to

"Will." William R. Hall, more familiarly known as Will, presented the appearance of a hearty young man about 30 years of age. His story is briefly related as follows: He had been a sufferer from fits from his sixth birthday, a childish fright being supposed to have been the original cause. For years he would fall down anywhere without being in the least able to help himself, the Doctors from Hamilton and various distant points were in vain called in attendance. Medicines were procured from numerous sources in Canada, the United States and even from England, without avail. The boy became so utterly helpless, that seven years ago he was compelled to keep his bed, and until a year ago was completely helpless. The fits sometimes came on him so severely that he would suffer from as many as fifteen in one day, and at such times it was so difficult for him to get his breath, that his nurses had to wash him with liquor. At this time he was so low that the neighbors who dropped in to see him expected to hear of his death almost any moment. This continued until about a year ago, when the newspaper articles relating the wonderful cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills induced Mr. Hall to give them a trial, and to the great satisfaction of himself and his friends he began to mend not long after beginning their use, and in three or four months was sufficiently recovered to be able to go out of doors. He continued taking the pills, and for the past six months has been as strong and about as well as either of his brothers, and has attended to the stock and done his share of the work on his father's farm and fruit garden. Before Mr. Hall began taking the Pink Pills he was so thin and light that one of his brothers could carry him upstairs without the least difficulty, but he has since gained fifty pounds in weight. He has not taken any other medicine since he began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although a fit of a very mild nature occasionally comes on him now, he is so nearly cured that his father took great pleasure in giving the information here recorded. "It is over a month since I had a spell," said William as the reporter was leaving, "and even when I do have one now it is not nearly so hard as before I began to take the Pink Pills. The neighbors look surprised to see me drive over to Hamilton as I frequently do, for they all thought I would die long ago. I am pleased at the wonderful progress I have made, and am very glad my experience is to be published, as it may be of value to some one else."

Every statement in this article may be verified by a visit to the home of Captain Hall, ex-councillor of East Flamboro, who has resided on the Plains road for the past eighteen years, and whose word is as good as his bond among those who know him. The reporter also had a conversation with several of Captain Hall's neighbors, and the story of William Hall's recovery was verified to his full satisfaction.

Such well verified cases as the above prove the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the treatment of all diseases of the nervous system, and stamp the remedy as unique in the annals of medicine. St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, chronic erysipelas, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, and all diseases depending upon a depraved condition of the blood, speedily yield to a treatment with the great medicine. By restoring the blood to a healthy condition, and rebuilding the nerves they speedily drive out disease and leave the patient in the enjoyment of vigorous health. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to women, and soon bring the rosy glow of health to pale and sal-low cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in troubles arising from overwork, mental worry or excesses of any nature.

The public are cautioned against imitations and substitutes said to be "just as good." These are only offered by some unscrupulous dealers because there is a larger profit for them in the imitation. There is no other remedy can successfully take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and those who are in need of a medicine should insist upon getting the genuine, which are always put up in boxes bearing the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If you cannot obtain them from your dealer, they will be sent post-paid on receipt of 50 cents a box, or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.