

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

The Red Forester.

One fine day in October three children were merrily at play on the outskirts of one of the grand old forests that are found on the Baltic shore. The pretty red and yellow leaves under their feet afforded them immense delight as they massed them into a pile, upon which the 3-year-old Elsa was seated in great contentment, making the bright things fly in all directions with the stick in her hand.

The eldest child, a boy of 10, had a kind thoughtful face; the other, a happy and light-hearted boy of 8, did not rest until he, too, had found a good stout stick, with which he aided his sister in scattering the fluttering leaves to the four winds.

Suddenly the air about them was darkened, and over their heads a great bird came flying low with flapping wings and dismal croak. Down it came on the pile of leaves beside the little one. Its eyes were keen and piercing, and the child gave a scream of terror as it looked into her face with a hoarse cry. In a moment the older boy had caught up his brother's stick and, aiming two or three stout blows at the bird's head, laid it lifeless.

As he took Elsa in his arms and soothed her the younger boy examined the raven. "Oh, Hans," said he, "I fear that was one of the Red Forester's birds, it is so large and its look is so evil. Old Walther says sorrow comes to any who molest them."

"Mother says old Walther is not always truthful," answered Hans. "We must not mind his stories. Leave the bird, Otto. Come, the wind is cool, and mother will look for the baby now."

Two or three hundred yards from where the children played might be seen the straw-thatched roof of their little home, and from the sand bluffs before the cottage one had a view of miles of seacoast. To-day the waves rippled and danced in the sunlight as if no storms could ever disturb their calm. At anchor near the shore lay a number of fishing boats, making a pretty bit of color with their copper-hued sails; and the white, sandy beach was covered for a long stretch with the nets hung out to dry on the endless frames, showing plainly the general occupation of the breadwinners of that pretty village nestled between the forest and shore.

Fisher Muller and his wife, although simple folks, were superior to the people with whom their lot was cast. In his youth the fisher had hoped to attain to some better station; but the military service of his country held him the best years of his life, and he returned from service to find the only means left him of procuring a livelihood was to follow his father's calling, and so he continued to be a fisherman.

Frau Muller was gentle and thoughtful, and, as the little home was well tended and snug, they were content and only longed for something better for their children.

The mother met the children at the door, and, taking Elsa and Hans, asked the reason of her cry. The boy eagerly told the story of the great bird that would have eaten Elsa's eyes, but that Hans gave him a whack in time. "Mother," said Hans, "Otto says the Red Forester will punish me. Old Walther told him so."

"What did Walther tell you about the Red Forester?" said the mother.

"Have you not heard of the old red man?" asked Otto.

"What about him?" said Frau Muller, as she clasped Elsa close in her arms and pressed her lips to the rosy cheeks.

"He has a castle in the wildest and darkest part of the forest, but no one ever returns that seeks it; and if one kill his favorite bird, the raven, sorrow will come—bitter sorrow."

As the boy told his story darkness had come on and the wind began to moan round the house.

The mother sat quiet, with her baby asleep on her knee. "Mother," said Hans, troubled at her silence, "you don't speak; do you believe old Walther's story?"

"No, Hans," said the mother; "but you should have tried to frighten away the bird before killing it."

Poor Hans. He felt sad and heavy-hearted. His mother's face wore a troubled look, he was sure. And this was true; for the entire force of fishermen were out at sea, and old Walther had called to tell her a heavy storm was brewing; many shooting stars had been seen the night before, showing clearly from which direction to expect the wind. Did she not recall the woe the last October storm had brought to three families?

Indeed, she remembered it only too vividly. The wind as it blew stronger sounded more and more dreadful to her. If, as last year, they were driven as far out, it would be days before all could return; until then what terrible anxiety! The sight of a great pair of boots in the corner made her shudder, for she knew they were the fisherman's doom. Weighted down by these heavy rubber things, which are buckled securely about the legs and loins, there is no possible chance for a man to save himself in the water. And thus it is that none of the fishers learn to swim, preferring the drowning agonies to be over as soon as possible.

Frau Muller rose at length and put the little one to bed, not dreaming that Hans was watching every look.

Old Walther's forecast was indeed true, and before morning the sea was terrific to look upon. The rain fell in sheets, and the beautiful leaves of yesterday lay sodden and colorless when the children looked in dismay from the windows. Could things change so quickly?

The next day the storm grew still more furious. The mother's heart became as lead. Her husband had gone from his home young and strong. Was he never to return? She would not, could not believe it.

The second night of the storm she was startled by a cry of pain from Hans, and running to his bedside she found him sitting up, white with terror. "Mother, the raven wants my father's life or mine. It came to me in my sleep."

"My child, pray for your father's life; he needs all our prayers," she answered, full of her sad forebodings.

The boy was in despair; did his mother really think he had brought trouble on his home? Would the Red Forester demand an equivalent?

The little fellow spent the next day in a dazed condition. His mother was too full of anxieties to notice that he neither ate nor spoke. One thought grew stronger in his mind as the storm increased. He would find the abode of the Red Forester. What was his life if only his father was saved to the rest.

As the third morning dawned the storm was lessening; but when no boats came in all was gloom and sorrow. The old men shook their heads as they looked on the sea. No doubt some had gone out who would never return.

The little fellow's brain was distracted. It was still early morning. The mother slept worn out with care. He must go at once. Putting on his old jacket and looking his last on all he loved, the little fellow made his way into the wildest and most unfrequented part of the wood. He was a good walker and strong enough for his age, but his condition of mind for the last three days had brought on a feverish state; for he had neither eaten nor slept save to dream of horrors.

Hans had not walked far in the cold, damp place before his limbs began to fail him. A few hours found him in a strange, lifeless condition, with only one idea before him, to go deeper and deeper into the black untrodden wilds.

By and by the fever took possession of his reason, and began to mutter as he walked: "Oh, my father, my life for yours; spare my father!"

Hours went by and still he walked on, not knowing how he moved. The darkness came on early, and the boy began to fail in his weakness.

All at once he found himself in a clear space, in the middle of which a great fire was burning. Had he indeed found the Red Forester? Yes; it must be so. A man in a red gown and a golden cap was feeding the fire with a fierce delight.

He would be burnt alive. That would be his fate. But what did it matter? He could not suffer more than he had done. He made an attempt to attract the red man's notice, but could not. His strength was gone, and, tottering nearer the dread being with the cry, "My father, save my father!" Hans fell down beside the fire unconscious.

It was a most surprised old gentleman into whose presence the boy had tumbled. Lovingly and tenderly he carried the child into a warm, pleasant room where all was done to restore him. His wet clothing was removed; and although Hans felt the comfort of a warm bed, still, all night long he tossed and cried in fever: "My father, oh, Red Forester, my father!"

It was into a hunting lodge of one of the royal family that Hans had wandered. The old gentleman, who looked so fierce in the glare of the fire, was a most benevolent and gentle doctor of eminence, a friend of the Prince. The gnats had troubled him so during the day that a fire had been made to attract them from the lodge.

"I shall never be thankful enough that I made that fire," said the doctor, as he worked over the child. "Thank God, too, I have my medicine chest; what could the child mean about his father? Well, had he lain out there all night no mortal help could have saved him."

By morning the doctor had done much to reduce the fever, and when Hans opened his eyes at last to consciousness the red man stood at the door looking out. The child glanced around. What had come to him? What place was this, so warm, so beautiful, yet fearful? The skins of animals hung everywhere; not only skins but heads with eyes, living eyes glared at him. All kinds of terrible, gleaming weapons shone on the wall. Oh, what a horrible place! Yet there were flowers in the windows, and the bed was so soft.

As he tried to move, the man in red turned and came to his side. The child clasped his hands and cried, fearfully: "Red Forester, take my life, but not father's. Mother could not live without him, and what would we poor children do then? Your raven gave Elsa such fear, and I did not know that you loved him so."

"My child, before I hear another word," said the doctor, "you must eat this good soup I have ready and drink

a glass of cordial. My old red gown has given your mind a twist, I fancy; so off it goes." Hans looked up from his food and saw a fine old gentleman in a black coat with a face kind and winning as a child's. In the most loving manner he drew the story of the boy's trouble from him. "My dear child, your father's life is in the hands of One who rules all things for the best. The storm has been a dreadful one, but we will not think of sorrow. Think only that you are safe, and sleep again so that you will be able to return to the mother, who must be bearing more trouble on your account."

In a few moments Hans was again sleeping, content and almost happy. The prince and a number of his friends came in to look at him as he slept, and to them the doctor told of the mental and physical suffering the little fellow had undergone. The gentlemen were deeply interested.

"That boy will grow to be a fine man if he only has the right training," said the doctor.

"You cannot do better than train him yourself," said the Prince. "You are without family. In the meantime if sorrow has come to the home we must help that mother. How soon will he be able to return?"

"As soon as he awakens I shall drive him home," answered the doctor.

A sleep of some hours almost restored Hans. He was lifted into a comfortable carriage, with the doctor by his side; and in a long drive that followed Hans was taught in the pleasant way the folly of believing the silly stories so common among the people.

A drive of a few hours brought them in sight of the shore and the home Hans had left in despair the day before. The boy was still weak; but as the sea, now calm and still, came in sight, he sprang up and gave a long look at the boats at anchor. A shout of joy burst from him. The doctor also sprang up. "My father's boat!" he cried, pointing to one of the number. "My father is safe!" and the tears and sobs came fast.

The Herr Doctor found himself blowing his nose and wiping his eyes as well.

In a few moments the boy was in his father's arms, the doctor himself telling his story; and then Fisher Muller related how they had been blown far out the first night of the storm and had taken refuge on the Island of Rugen, where a benevolent Danish lady of title has built a refuge for fishermen, who find there warmth and food awaiting all who are driven on that shore; and many there are who bless this good woman for their rescue from the horrors of exposure.

The good language and clear intellect of the man, his honest bearing and the neatness of the simple home won the doctor's heart. "Give Hans to me," he said. The father and mother did not speak.

"Forgive me, that is not right, you must all come to me; I have long needed someone honest and true to take an interest in my comfort and home. Hans can still be with you; we will share him together." So after a time all was arranged.

The doctor never repented his interest in the Muller family to the end of his life, for they remained his devoted and trusty servants. Hans studied the profession of his beloved friend and teacher, becoming his right hand truly. To-day his name stands first among the eminent and benevolent men of his time.—[The Independent.

"It isn't always sure that a young man is religious because he goes regularly to prayer meetings. It may be the girl who is the religious one."—[SOMERVILLE JOURNAL.

Waiter! Beefsteak, Ham and Eggs, for One.

"God gave us meat, but the devil sent us cooks," is a trite saying. From bad cooking, fast eating and overeating comes a whole train of diseases—indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, catarrh of the stomach, headache, dizziness, and the like. God also gave us a brainy man, who compounded the "Golden Medical Discovery," a corrective of all the ills resulting from overeating and bad blood. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, has furnished in the "Discovery," a great desideratum in America, where all are in such a hurry to make money, they have no time to eat, and scarcely any time to live. It invigorates the liver, cleanses the blood and tones up the system.

Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Book of particulars, 10 cents in stamps, mailed sealed in plain envelope. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Agnes—Well, I want a husband who is easily pleased. Maud—Don't worry, dear; that's the kind you'll get. —[Elmira Gazette.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

A colored man was bragging about his horse. "Why, bless you, man," he said, "dat ar hoss kin kick yo' collar button off widout ebber tichin' yo' neck!"

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Just for Fun.

It is sad to see family relics sold at auction, but the most painful thing under the hammer is your thumb-nail.

A TANGLED OPENING.—A minister once prefaced his sermon with "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin." This is like the man who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

An honest mistake was that of a colored man in the South, whose former master had allowed him the use of a piece of land on condition that he, the owner, should receive one-fourth of the crop.

When the corn was ripe the laborer hauled three loads to his own house, and none to that of the white man. Then he went innocently up to the great house to return his landlord's wagon, which he had used in the hauling.

"Well, Frank," said the gentleman, "where's my share of the corn?"

"You aint got none, sah," was the sympathetic reply.

"Haven't got any! Why, wasn't I to have a fourth of all you raised?"

"Yes, sah, but dey wa'n't no fourth. Dere wa'n't but jes' my three loads!"

In Illinois and some other States, says the Green Bag, there is an old law on the statute books to the effect that in criminal cases the jury is "judge of the law as well as the facts." Though not often quoted, once in a while a lawyer with a desperate case makes use of it. In one case the judge instructed the jury that it was to judge of the law as well as the facts, but added that it was not judge of the law unless it was fully satisfied that it knew more law than the judge.

An outrageous verdict was brought in, contrary to all instructions of the court, who felt called upon to rebuke the jury. At last one old farmer arose.

"Jedge," said he, "weren't we to jedge the law as well as the facts?"

"Certainly," was the response, "but I told you not to jedge the law unless you were clearly satisfied that you knew the law better than I did."

"Well, Jedge," answered the farmer, as he shifted his quid, "we considered that point."

Some business is best done quickly and with few words. Other business, of a more delicate nature, is commonly entered upon in a more leisurely manner. Now and then, however, a man is found who makes no such distinction.

Farmer Jones sought an interview with Widow Brown. He had long prided himself upon his short-horn cattle; she was in her way as proud of poultry and pigs.

"Widow Brown," said he, "I am a man of few words, but much feeling. I possess, as you know, between 300 and 400 head of cattle. I have saved up \$300 or so, and I've a tidy and comfortable home. I want you to become my wife. Now, quick's the word with me; I give you five minutes to decide!"

"Farmer Jones," said Widow Brown, "I am a woman of few words—I'll say nothing of my feelings. I possess, as you know, between 300 and 400 head of poultry, and about ten score of pigs. I have nigh \$1,200 well invested—my late husband's savings and my own earnings. I tell you I wouldn't marry you if it were a choice between that and going to the scaffold. Sharp's my word, and I give you three minutes to clear off my premises!"—[Exchange.

DEAFNESS COMPLETELY CURED.—Any person suffering from Deafness, Noise in the Head, etc., may learn of a new, simple treatment, which is proving very successful in completely curing cases of all kinds. Full particulars, including many unsolicited testimonials and newspaper press notices, will be sent post free on application. The system is without doubt, the most successful ever brought before the public. Address, Aural Specialist, Albany buildings, 39, Victoria street, Westminster, London, S. W. 14ui

AN AMBIGUOUS NOTICE.—This ambiguous notice adorns a ladies' cabin in a Hoboken ferryboat: These seats are for ladies. Gentlemen will not occupy them until the ladies are seated.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold, which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

"Did you hit Smithers when he insulted you?"

"No. He's smaller than I. He only weighs 180. I weigh 181."

Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has worked wonders for dyspeptics, and we don't think there is a case of Dyspepsia to be found that it will not cure if the directions are followed. Mr. C. E. Williams, druggist, Wingham, says: "The Vegetable Discovery is selling well, and I know of one bad case of Dyspepsia that it has completely cured."

CURE YOUR COUGH

With Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—the most prompt and effective remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It cures bronchitis and croup, relieves asthma, removes hoarseness, promotes expectoration, soothes and heals the inflamed mucous membrane, and induces repose. If taken in the first stages of consumption, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral prevents further progress of the disease, and even at a later period, it relieves many of the distressing symptoms. Mrs. L. I. Cloud, Benton, Ark., writes: "I have been a life-long sufferer from weak lungs, and, till I used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, was scarcely ever free from a cough. This medicine always relieves my cough and strengthens my lungs, as no other medicine ever did. I have induced many of my acquaintances to use the Pectoral in throat and lung troubles, and it always proved beneficial, particularly so in the case of my son-in-law, Mr. Z. A. Snow, of this place, who was cured of a severe cough by its use."

"In the winter of 1885 I took a severe cold, which, in spite of every known remedy, grew worse, so that the family physician considered me incurable, supposing me to be in consumption. As a last resort, I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, in a short time, the cure was complete. I am never without this medicine."—G. W. Youker, Salem, N. J.

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Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

War, Famine, and Pestilence.

Mr. Gladstone is often quoted as the author of that saying that temperance is productive of more misery than the combined scourges of war, famine, and pestilence. As a matter of fact, the celebrated Charles Buxton, at one time a noted brewer in England, was the author. Many years ago he wrote a very earnest and thoughtful paper for one of the leading English reviews on temperance and the remedy, which attracted a great deal of attention and was extensively republished. In that paper he wrote:

"Add together all the miseries generated in our time by war, famine and pestilence, the three great scourges of mankind, and they do not exceed those that spring from this one calamity—drunkenness."

Some years later Mr. Gladstone quoted it in a great speech in the House of Commons with the remark that "to our shame that statement holds true in regard to this country," and gave as a reason that the drink scourge was more continuous than any of the others named. The statement is certainly a very startling one, and ought to set every thoughtful citizen earnestly thinking what can be done to remove the evil.

Temperance in Schools.

One of the reasons, we think, of the growth of temperance principles among the young people of Canada is that good wholesome temperance instruction is now given in nearly all our schools and a large proportion of the teachers, in Ontario at least, are deeply interested in the work. Here are some of the excellent advantages of teaching scientific temperance in the schools:

1. Universal total abstinence from alcoholic liquors would solve all phases of the liquor problem.

2. Such abstinence, to be permanent, must be the result of intelligent and early choice.

3. A knowledge of the real nature and evil effects of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics is a prerequisite for such intelligent choice.

4. To be timely and effective such knowledge must be acquired before the taste for such substances is formed.

5. The public school is the institution which reaches humanity in the largest numbers, before habits are formed, and at an age when the mind is as wax to receive and granite to retain. The public school is therefore the medium for the rapid and universal dissemination of the warning truths revealed by modern science concerning the nature and effects of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics.

SUGAR AND THE TEETH.—The common experience of decay in teeth from too much candy is explained by a professor of physiology, who is an eminent dentist, on the ground that sugar prevents the proper assimilation of the lime salts, and thus interferes with the nutrition of the teeth and other bony tissues.

—A German consular report states that the breweries in the Transvaal Republic in South Africa produce a weak fermentation beer, but cannot compete with the malt liquor imported from Europe.

Street Car Accident.—Mr. Thomas Sabin says: "My 11-year-old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the street railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' ECTRIC OIL, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for any emergency."

Father—The cat made a dreadful noise in the garden last night.
Son—Yes; I think that since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specially upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell, P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

In Far-Off Countries.

—The beer produced in the breweries of the city of Vienna, Austria, and the vicinity amounted in 1892-93 to 3,023,527 hectolitres, against 2,784,910 during the preceding year.

—The British consul in Brazil reports a heavy falling off of late in the imports of English bottled beer in that country, which he attributes to the bad condition of business, the increased duty and the growing competition of the local breweries, whose numbers are steadily increasing. There is a marked tendency in favor of the lightest kinds of malt liquor imported, the heavier brews being less in demand than formerly.

—The Toronto Mail says: "Whatever success has attended the Gothenburg plan of controlling the liquor traffic, it has certainly not satisfied the Protestants of Sweden. They are now agitating for a local option prohibitory law, and their demand has been endorsed by the Swedish Liberal party, which has for its leader the greatest political orator of the country. In Sweden, therefore, the struggle is for what we in Canada have, and value very lightly, namely, a local option law."

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