

Our Young Folks.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

Peace to thee, dear, and gladness,
Sweet hopes and solemn joy,
And may no thought of sadness
Thy natal day employ.

Glean from the past its treasures,
Its love and noble gain,
Dream o'er again its pleasures,
Forget its grief and pain.

Drink in the present beauty,
And list the music sweet
That lies in the path of duty,
To comfort weary feet.

Let not the sin oppress thee;
There was many a victory won,
Many rise up and bless thee,
For many a deed was done.

Best to me here that's given,
And oft a prayer I frame,
Because one day from heaven
A little maiden came.

W. H. M.

A STORY OF A LITTLE BOY WHO STAMMERED.

'Whatever you do, do with your might,
Things done by halves are never done right.'

'I can't get it, mamma, and there's no use trying,' and Frank threw down his pencil, laid his head on his hands and sobbed aloud.

Now Frank was a brave little boy, who hardly ever cried, so his mamma said, 'Why, son, what is the matter?'

'I can't get this sum and I am tired trying.'

'How many times have you tried, Frank?' asked mamma.

'Oh, ten times, I guess.'

'Ten, times, Frank?' said mamma.

'Well, four or five times, then; and I'm not going to try any more.'

'Put your slate and pencil away, Frank, and I will tell you a story.'

'A long, long time ago, Frank, there was a little boy who lived in a beautiful country by the sea, called Greece. He was not a very strong boy and of course his voice was weak, and, besides, he stammered. He heard some of the great men of his country speak and he made up his mind that when he grew to be a man he would be a great speaker too. Now in order to be a great speaker you must have a strong voice and speak distinctly, and you know his voice was not strong and he stammered.'

'As I told you, he lived by the sea, and every day he would go down to the seashore and put a pebble under his tongue and recite aloud. In this way, it is said, he cured himself of stammering; but his voice was not strong enough—it could not be heard very far—so he used to go on stormy days and shout as loud as he could to try and hear his voice above the sound of the waves. Of course every day his voice became stronger and at last he could hear it above the roar of the waves. He kept on and on until in time he became one of the greatest speakers— orators, we call them—the world has ever known. He never could have been that, Frank, had he given up trying.'

'What was his name, mamma,' asked Frank.

'It is a long, hard name for a little boy to pronounce, Frank. It is Demosthenes.'

Frank sat very still for a few minutes, then he said, 'Mamma, I will get it now.'

He took his slate and worked and worked. Suddenly he shouted, 'I've got it, mamma,' and brought his slate to show her. *Harper's Young People.*

SIT UP STRAIGHT.

Nothing is more abominable in a young person than the habit of stooping, and, except when caused by malformation or actual weakness, nothing is more inexcusable. A slouchy, stooping habit of carriage always suggests laziness, and often stealth and dishonesty. Carry your head erect, expand your chest, throw back your shoulders, or you will never possess grace or a commanding presence.

The Creator 'made man upright.' Round shoulders and bow-shaped spines may be avoided by watchfulness during youth, and an erect figure retained in maturity without an effort.

If you bend over too much in your studies, get a lower seat. Saw the legs off an old chair, and then sit down so low that your chin will come just above the table; make the hind legs a little shorter than the fore legs, and then read and write with your arms on the table, and it will take out some of the crook from your back.

One mother, whose daughter was getting the habit of stooping, used to have her lie flat on her back, without a pillow, for an hour each day, while she read to her out of some interesting book. In a little while she was straight as need be, and a picture of health and strength.

In some countries the women carry pails, tubs and heavy loads on their heads—this keeps them erect. Throwing back the arms is another means of keeping straight. Remember, you may add years to your life by standing up straight; and you may have not only a longer life, but a stronger, broader, happier, and more useful life if you go about with head erect, chest expanded, and lungs well developed, with rosy cheeks and fresh complexion, than if you go about bent over, cramped up, stooping, flat-chested, sailow, nervous and miserable.—*Blue and Gray.*

THE MARGAY.

The Margay, or American tiger-cat, is a little smaller than the ocelot, and not quite so handsome. The legs and feet are spotted in true leopard fashion, but the shoulders, sides and back are plentifully besprinkled with small irregular rosettes, or else big black blotches, which on the shoulders are lengthened into semicircular bands. The ground color is bright tawny above, and lighter below. A specimen in the American Museum of Natural History, measures twenty-four inches in length of head and body; tail, ten inches; and height at shoulder, ten-and-one-half inches. Of all the American *Felidae* the Margay Cat approaches nearest the domestic cat in temper and habits. In South America, where it is commonest, it is often tamed, and allowed the freedom of a house, because of the rats it exterminates. It is said to make, when caught young and well treated, a very docile animal. In its wild state, however, it is death on poultry and young pigs, and wherever a house stands on the edge of its jungle home, it makes itself a great nuisance. I once shot a bold and audacious specimen on the Essequibo River, in South America, about mid-day, as it was in the very act of carrying off a duckling from a spot within thirty yards of the house.

The home of the Margay Cat is in the heavy, low lying forests of tropical America, from the State of Vera Cruz in Mexico, southward through the whole of Central and South America to Paraguay. Even hunters seldom see it save along the margins of watercourses, a very favorite resort for forest-dwellers generally.—*W. T. Hornady, in March St. Nicholas.*

A POINTER FOR BOYS.

'There is a science in doing little things just right,' said a down town business man to a reporter for the New York Sun a few days ago, 'and I notice it in my office. I had two office boys there whose main duty it was to bring me notes or cards that were sent in to me, or to fetch things that I wanted to use. One of those boys, whenever I sent him for a book or anything heavy, would walk rapidly by my desk and toss it indefinitely toward me. If it happened to miss me and land on my desk it was all right. If it fell on the floor the boy always managed to fall over it in his eagerness to pick it up. Then if he had a letter or a card to deliver he would come close up to the desk and stand there scanning it over with minute care. This being concluded he would flaunt it airily in my direction and depart.'

'The other boy always came and went so that I could hardly hear him. If it was a book, inkstand or box of letters he would set it quietly down at one side of my desk.'

'Letters and cards he always laid—not tossed—right where my eyes would fall on them directly. If there was any other doubt in his mind about whether he ought to lay a letter on my desk or deliver it to some other

person in the office, he always did the thinking before he came near me, and did not stand annoyingly at my elbow, studying the letter. That boy understood the science of little things. When New Year's came he got \$10. The other boy got fired.'

LADY MAUD.

Kitty was a little girl who liked to have her own way, and always thought she knew better than any one else what was best for her, and so she was often in trouble. One day her father said he would take her to the creek to fish, and Kitty said Lady Maud must go too.

Now Lady Maud was a beautiful wax doll, with lovely yellow curls, and she was dressed in pink silk. Kitty thought a great deal of her, for she was a birthday present from an uncle she loved dearly.

'I think you would better not take the doll Kitty,' said her father; 'young ladies don't go fishing dressed in pink silk.'

But Kitty would not consent to leave the doll at home. When she reached the creek she put the doll down on a stone under a tree near the bank, and she was sure Lady Maud was safe. But a little later she heard a loud grunt, and looking around saw a wild hog rooting near the stone on which the doll sat. Kitty jumped up with a loud cry, and the hog rushed away; but in passing the stone it knocked the doll down the bank, and Kitty saw the water close over her darling.

The creek was deep at the spot, and Kitty's father had to fish a long time for Lady Maud. When he drew her out from the water at last, her wig was soaked off, the paint was all washed from her face, and the pink silk dress was ruined.

Kitty cried until she was almost sick; but it was a lesson for her. She learned, through the loss of her doll, that her father was wiser than she after all.—*Florence B. Hollowell, in Sunday-School Visitor.*

RELIEF AT LAST.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A LONDESBO RO YOUNG LADY.

A Victim of Severe Pains, Dizziness and Watery Blood—At Times Could Not Go Up a Step—How She Regained Health and Strength.

From the Clinton New Era.

Miss Kate Longman is a young lady of about 22 years of age, who lives with her mother in the pretty little village of Lonsdale, six miles from the town of Clinton. Both are well known and highly esteemed by their many friends. The New Era having learned that Miss Longman had been a great sufferer and had recently been restored to health by the timely use of a well-known popular remedy, despatched a representative to get the particulars of the case. In reply to the reporter's inquiries Miss Longman said that if her experience might be the means of helping some other sufferer, she was quite willing that it should be made public. 'For a long time,' she said, 'I was very poorly. I was weak, and ran down, and at times suffered pains in my back that were simply awful. My blood was in a watery condition, and I was subject to spells of weakness to such an extent that I could not step up a door step to save my life. I doctored a great deal for my sickness, but without avail. At last, after having frequently read in the New Era of cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I determined to give them a trial. The result was that my health soon began to return and the pains and weakness left and I was again restored to strength.' At this moment Mrs. Longman entered, and being informed who the visitor was and what was his mission, said: 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest medicine known. My daughter was so sick that I feared she would die, and she continually grew weaker until she began the use of Pink Pills, and they have cured her, as she has not had a recurrence of the trouble since.' Miss Longman is now the picture of health, and declares that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are entitled to the credit. The New Era knows of many others who have benefitted by this remarkable remedy.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitis' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of influenza, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all

forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. 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' Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company from either address.

NOTHING STANDS AS HIGH,

as a remedy for every womanly ailment, as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Here is the proof. It's the only medicine for women so certain in its effects that it can be guaranteed. In every case, if it doesn't cure, your money is returned. Can anything else, though it may be better for a tricky dealer to sell, be "just as good" for you to buy?

"Favorite Prescription" is an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a complete cure for all the fundamental derangements, painful disorders and chronic weaknesses peculiar to the sex.

For young girls entering womanhood; for women at the critical "change of life"; for women approaching confinement; nursing mothers; and every woman who is "run down," tired, or overworked—it is a special, safe, and certain help.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, piles, biliousness, indigestion, or dyspepsia, and headaches.

On great occasions it is almost always women who have given the strongest proof of virtue and devotion; the reason is, that with men the good and bad qualities are in general the result of calculation, while in women they are impulses springing from the heart.—*Montholon.*

A GOOD APPETITE

Always accompanies good health, and an absence of appetite is an indication of something wrong. The universal testimony given by those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, as to its merit in restoring the appetite, and as a purifier of the blood, constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

The mere power of saving what is already in our hands must be of easy acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Lord Bacon may show that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances every day prove that the humblest may practice it with success.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Toronto, 43 Charles street,

April 2nd, 1894.

Dear Sir,—"I have much pleasure in stating that your 'Acetocura' remedy has been used for the past fifteen years by our family. We have derived so much benefit from its application that I can heartily testify to its beneficial qualities.

"I have recommended its use to many of my friends, who also speak very highly of it as a very effective and simple remedy.

"Yours truly, Wm. PENDER."

Courts & Sons.

It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops.—*Burton.*

I WAS CURED of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Oxford, N.S.

R. F. HEWSON.

I WAS CURED of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

FRED COULSON,

Yarmouth, N. S.

Y.A.A.O.

I WAS CURED of Black erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Inglewille.

J. W. RUGGLES.