

Our Young Folks.

WORK AND PLAY.

When the fish is brought ashore,
And the boat is at the quay :
When the nets are hung to dry,
And the light has left the sea ;
When our toiling men and boys
Well have earned a time to play,
Then the workers with light heart
Laugh a pleasant hour away.

When the women's busy hands
Heavy household tasks complete ;
When the tiresome worry ends,
And the home is clean and neat ;
When the children gather round,
Lessons learned and duty done,
Then to young and old alike
Comes the time for rest and fun.

In the plan of human Life,
Toil should yield betimes to play ;
Though our Father bids us work,
He is glad to see us gay ;
Glad to give us simple joys,
Glad to see us taking rest :
Not all labor, not all sport,
But a part of both is best.

—JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

ALONE ON A SINKING SMACK.

A (TRUE) STORY FOR BOYS.

A touching story is told of a boy named Lill, who was on board the Brixham smack Ruby when she was run into. Lill, who is 14 years of age, told his rescuers that when the collision occurred it was very dark, with a misty rain and strong wind from the southwest. The boy tried to get on board the barque, but was knocked back senseless on to the smack's deck. When he came to all was still. He called for his uncle (who formed one of the crew), but got no answer, and after searching the cabin realized that he was alone on a wreck, perhaps slowly sinking. He had a good cry, and then set to work at the pump. The rizenmast was broken off under the deck, and the water was running down the hole. This he covered up as well as he could, and pumped away again. About 2.30 the following morning he observed a steamer's lights, and he kindled a flare-up light in the hope of drawing the attention of the lookout. But the steamer passed along, giving no sign, and leaving the despairing boy to his fate. After another good cry he again manned the pump, and at daybreak saw another steamer approaching. Fearful that this one would also miss seeing the smack, the little fellow got an axe and chopped through the trawl warp, so that the smack would drive towards the track of the steamer, and again resumed his station at the pump. The steamer proved to be the Desideratum, and, although there was a high wind and short choppy sea, the boat was launched, the skipper and chief engineer going in her. They could see the little fellow still pumping away, and the boy's belief in the pump saved his life. As the boat drew near Mr. Rust saw the boy mount the rail of the smack and prepare to jump into the sea. Captain Rust, however called, "Don't jump. You are sinking ; go to the pump." The boy at once obeyed, and was still pumping when the boat got alongside.

MAMMA'S LITTLE STORY.

"I don't want to go to church," said little Amy, looking discontentedly at the fur-trimmed coat and cap and the little dogskin gloves : "I want to stay at home and play with Dora Cora Water-pine."

Mamma looked sad. Of course Amy must go to church, but she did not want to make her go unwillingly ; it seemed strange and ungrateful for anybody to go to the house of God with a lagging step and an unwilling heart.

"I am sorry you don't want to go," said mamma ; "I had a little story to tell you on the way."

"Oh, have you, mamma?" said Amy. "Well, I believe I do want to go," and on went the snug wrap and cap, while ten little fingers wriggled themselves quickly into the ten places made for them.

The church was in the village, half a mile away, so mamma had time for quite a story while they walked across the snowy fields. I didn't hear the story, so I can't tell you all the things that happened to the heroine, but I know she was one of a large family, and lived in a beautiful house, and had a dear, kind Father, who loved her devotedly, and gave her everything that it was safe and good for her to have ; indeed, He gave her more than some of His other children, and far more than she deserved to have.

"But why didn't she deserve to have it, mamma?" interrupted Amy ; "wasn't she a good little girl?"

"I hope so," said her mamma, doubtfully ; "but I have one very strange story to tell you about her : when the other children gather around the Father to thank Him for the new gifts He was constantly giving them, this little one wanted to go off and amuse herself, and not thank Him at all!"

Amy looked startled. "Do you mean?"—she began to ask, but they were at the door of the church, and mamma only smiled silently at her as they went in.

The meaning must have come to Amy while Mr. Frost was preaching, for she asked no more questions, but giving mamma's hand a squeeze, on the way home, said, "I thanked Him too, mamma."—*Presbyterian Witness.*

SOCIETY AND THE COLLEGE GIRL.

Too often the college girl feels out of touch socially, writes Anna Robertson Brown, in the fourth paper of her admirable series of papers on "The Girl Who Goes to College," in the October Ladies' Home Journal. It is hard for her to find her exact place. Yet the College woman, of all others, should be a leading social power, since she ought to be able to add much to current life. There is also a vital responsibility involved, for a college girl not only returns, in some instances, to a home where social leadership is hers by right, but when she marries, her husband is, in many cases, a man of distinct prominence and wide influence, and she should be adequate for the new position which she holds as his wife.

The social difficulties of college girls usually arise from one of two causes. In a few cases they do not care for society, and scorn it outright ; others do care for it, but are so alarmingly earnest, and (from the ordinary point of view) so intimidatingly learned, that they are somewhat unmanageable socially ; between them and the world at large there is an awkward constraint. The girls of the first sort are making a serious mistake personally. More than that they are selfishly casting discredit on their training, and are making life hard for all other college girls. One unkempt, brusque, eccentric college graduate does more harm to her college than many of her delightful classmates together can do good.

SPEAKING SLIGHTLY OF WOMEN.

When a young man habitually speaks slightly of women one may feel reasonably sure that a moral blight rests upon his own character. A scathing rebuke was once conveyed to a man of this class, who, at a public dinner at which no ladies were present, was called to respond to the toast, "Woman." He dwelt almost entirely upon the frailties of the sex, claiming that the best among them are little better than the worst, the chief difference being in their surroundings. At the conclusion of his speech one of the guests arose and said, "I trust the gentleman in the application of his remarks refers to his own mother and sisters, not to ours."

This young man in his low estimate of women unconsciously verified a sententious saying by the author of "Youth": "The criterion of a man's character is not his creed, religious, intellectual or moral ; it is the degree of respect he has for women."

As a contrast to the light and flippant tone in which too many young men of the present day speak of the other sex is the noble tribute from an eminent clergyman, who says : "I am more grateful to God for the sense that came to me through my mother and sisters, of the substantial integrity, purity and nobility of womanhood than for almost anything else in the world."—*Congregationalist.*

THE GRIPPE EPIDEMIC.

A SCOURGE MORE TO BE DREADED THAN CHOLERA.

Medical Science, Powerless to Prevent its Spread—It is Again Sweeping Over Canada with Great Severity—How its Evil Effects Can Best be Counteracted—Only Prompt Measures Can Ensure Safety.

It is stated on high medical authority that an epidemic of la grippe is more to be feared than an outbreak of cholera. The latter disease can be controlled, and where sanitary precautions are observed the danger can be reduced to the minimum. But not so with la grippe. Medical science has not yet fathomed its mysteries, and is powerless to prevent its spread. Three years ago an epidemic of la grippe swept over this country, leaving death and shattered constitutions in its wake, and now once more it has appeared in epidemic form ; not so severe, perhaps, as on the former occasion, but with sufficient violence to cause grave alarm, and to warn the prudent to take prompt measures to resist its inroads.

When, a few months ago, it was announced that cholera had broken out in Grimsby, one of England's important seaports, it was feared that it would reach this continent, yet this once dreaded scourge was checked and exterminated with a loss of not more than half a dozen lives. That la grippe is more to be dreaded than cholera is shown by the fact that in London last week upwards of an hundred deaths were due to this trouble, and medical science is powerless to prevent its spread, and can do nothing more than relieve those stricken with the disease. At the present moment thousands of Canadians are suffering from la grippe and the misery it is causing would be difficult to estimate. Even when the immediate symptoms of the disease disappear it too frequently leaves even the most robust constitution shattered. The after effects of la grippe are perhaps more dangerous than the disease itself, and assume many forms, such as extreme nervousness, distressing headaches, pains in the back, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, shortness of breath on slight exertion, swelling of the limbs, an indisposition to exertion, a feeling of constant tiredness, partial paralysis and many other distressing symptoms. In removing the after effects of la grippe, or for fortifying the system to withstand its shock, no remedy has met with as great success as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They rebuild the blood, restore shattered nerves, and place the sufferer in a condition of sound health. In proof of these statements we produce a few letters speaking in the strongest and most positive terms as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of la grippe or influenza.

Mr. George Rose, Rednersville, Ont., says :—"I am well to-day and do not hesitate giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the credit of saving my life. I had three attacks of la grippe and was so reduced in flesh and strength I could hardly stand alone. I had no appetite. I could not sleep because my legs and feet became badly swollen and cramped. The pain was at times so violent that I could not refrain from screaming, and I would tumble about in bed and long for day to come. If I attempted to get up and walk I was apt to fall from dizziness. I took medicine from the doctor, but it did not help me, and I was so discouraged I did not think I could live more than a few months, when one day I read in the paper of the cure of a man whose symptoms were like mine. I sent for a box of Pink Pills, and by the time it was gone there was an improvement. I continued the use of the pills, found that I could now get a good night's sleep, and the cramps and pains—which had formerly made my life miserable, had disappeared, and I felt better than I had in four years. I know that it was Pink Pills that brought about the change, because I was taking nothing else. I have taken in all seven boxes, and I feel as good now as I did at forty years of age."

Capt. James McKay, Tiverton, N.S., says :—"I had la grippe about three years ago and that tied me up pretty well. I wasn't fit to take charge of a ship, so sailed south as far as Milk River, Jamaica, as nurse for an invalid gentleman. The weather was simply melting, and I used to lie on the deck at night, and in my weakened condition got some sort of fever.

When I reached home I was completely used up and continued to get worse until I could hardly move about. At times my limbs would become numb with a tingling sensation as though a hundred needles were being stuck into me. Then my eyesight began to fail. It was difficult for me to distinguish persons at a distance. My face became swollen and drawn, and my eyes almost closed. The doctors could do nothing for me. At this time the statement of a man down in Cape Breton came to my notice. He attributed his cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I thought there might be a chance for me. I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and soon found that they were helping me, and their continued use put me on my feet again, and I went to work after months of enforced idleness, to the great astonishment of my acquaintances, who never expected to see me around again. I feel it my duty to advise the use of Pink Pills by people who are run down or suffer from the effects of any chronic ailment. They saved my life, and you may be sure I am grateful."

John W. Poothe, Newcombe Mills, Ont., says :—"Words cannot express the gratitude I feel for the great good I have received from the use of your Pink Pills. I had my full share of la grippe and it left me in a weak and debilitated condition. My nerves were unstrung and I was unable to hold anything such as a saucer of tea in my hands without spilling it. I had terrible pains in my head and stomach, and although I consulted a good physician I derived no benefit. I made up my mind to use your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I now look upon the decision as an inspiration, so great is the benefit I have derived from the use of this marvelous remedy. My pains have vanished, my nerves are strengthened, and I am feeling better than I have done before in years."

Mr. W. A. Marshall, principal of the Clementsport, N.S., Academy says :—"I had a bad attack of la grippe which left me weak, nervous and badly used up. I suffered almost continually with terrible headaches, backache and pains through the body. I tried many remedies without receiving any benefit until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the use of seven boxes has made me feel like a new man, as I am now as strong as I was before my sickness. I can heartily recommend them to others so afflicted."

Mr. B. Crouter, Warkworth, Ont., brother of Rev. Darius Crouter, who some years ago represented East Northumberland in the House of Commons, says :—"Two years ago I had an attack of la grippe which nearly cost me my life. My legs and feet were continually cold and cramped, and I could get little or no sleep at night, and you can understand what a burden life was to me. One day I read of a remarkable cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I made up my mind to give them a trial. When I began using the Pink Pills there was such a numbness in my feet that I could not feel the floor when I stepped on it. As I continued the use of the pills this disappeared ; the feeling returned to my limbs, the cramps left me, I felt as though new blood were coursing through my veins, and I can now go to bed and sleep soundly all night. When I get up in the morning instead of feeling tired and depressed, I feel thoroughly refreshed, and all this wonderful change is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I believe Pink Pills have no equal for building up the blood, and I strongly recommend them to all sufferers, or to any who wish to fortify the system against disease."

Scores of other equally strong recommendations might be quoted, but the above will suffice to prove the undoubted efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in removing all the evil effects of la grippe or influenza, and those who have in any degree suffered from this dangerous malady should lose no time in fortifying the system by the judicious use of Pink Pills. They are the only remedy that strike at the root of the trouble and thoroughly eradicate its bad effects. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and do not be persuaded to try something else. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.