

Our Young Folks.

FATE OF THE ILL-NATURED BRIER.

Little Miss Brier came out of the ground ;
She put out her horns and scratched every-
thing 'round.

"I'll just try," said she,
"How bad I can be ;
At pricking and scratching there's few can
match me."

Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright,
Her leaves were dark green and her flowers
were white ;

But all who came near
Were so worried by her,
They'd go out of their way to keep clear of the
Brier.

Little Miss Brier was looking one day
At her neighbor, the Violet, just over the way.
"I wonder," said she,
"That no one pets me,
While all seem so glad little Violet to see."

A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree,
Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus an-
swered he :

"Tis not that she's fair,
For you may compare
In beauty with even Miss Violet there.

But Violet's always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind ;
E'en the worms at her feet
She would never ill-treat,
And to Bird, Bee and Butterfly always so
sweet."

The gardener's wife just then the pathway
came down
And the mischievous Brier got hold of her
gown,

"O dear, what a tear !
My gown's spoiled, I declare ;
The troublesome Brier has no business there.
Here, John, dig it up ; throw it into the fire."
And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier.
—Mrs. Anna Baché.

A LESSON IN TIME.

"Oh mother, won't you please put a stitch
in my glove? I've got the other one on, and
I don't want to wait to take it off.

Helen hurried into her mother's room on
Saturday morning, holding up the ripped
glove.

"Are you going out this morning?" asked
her mother. "I was hoping you would be
able to stay and help me a little."

"Why, mother, it's the only day I have to
myself. What do you want me to do?"

"The mending is all behind, and Willie is
so restless he doesn't let me settle to anything
long."

Helen loved her mother and her little brother,
but this did not prevent a slight scowl from
gathering on her pretty, fair forehead. Her
mother looked in vain for sewing silk of the
required shade in a drawer.

"Things are all sixes and sevens here,"
said Helen, as she aided impatiently in the
search.

"Yes, I should like to get my drawers set
in good order," said mother, with a sigh.

Willie held out his arms to Helen as she
drew on the mended glove.

"No, not now, Willie. Sister'll take you
by-and-by."

"Couldn't you stop for a few moments in
the kitchen, and tell Annie about making
something for a dessert?" asked her mother.

"Can't she do that much without being
looked after? I'll send her to you. I'm in a
great hurry."

Mother made no answer as she turned to
the piled-up mending basket.

"Here's Uncle Herbert coming. I'm glad,
for he always cheers you up when you look so
doleful. Good-bye. I'll be sure to come back
early.

Helen went off with a light step in the un-
conscious selfishness characteristic of so many
young girls, utterly forgetting to observe that
her mother stood sorely in need of her kind-
liest ministrations. Uncle Herbert was a
great favorite with Helen. He was a young
clergyman, so young that it seemed a joke for
so large a girl to call him uncle, and so full of
good spirits and energy as to make his com-
pany always acceptable to both old and young.

"I'm glad you are come to see mother,"
she said, gaily, as she passed out.

Two hours later, on her way home, Helen
tapped on the door of her uncle's study.

"I can't stay a minute," she exclaimed,
"I promised mother I'd get home as soon as
I could. I just ran up to ask you if you
wouldn't call and see Mrs. Hunt's little
Charley, who is sick."

"Is this one of our busy days?" asked
Uncle Herbert.

"Well, I'm not in school, it being Satur-
day, but there always seems something to keep
me running. I went away down to Mary
Sheldon's to take her a book she wanted—
she's lame you know, poor thing. Then I
went to help Ruth March with her missionary
report. I was secretary last year, and she is
now, and she didn't know how to go to work.
Then I took a bunch of flowers over to Mary
Lane. All good work, you see, uncle."

"All good work," he repeated, a little
seriously. "I wonder if you have time to add
to it one other piece of good work?"

"Of course I can do anything you wish,
uncle."

"But you were in a hurry to get home."
"Oh, I was going to help mother a little,
but she'll wait."

"It is an errand in behalf of some one who
is worn out in body and discouraged in mind.
I really think the case is a serious one, and
that the worst results may follow if things are
allowed to go on as they are now."

"How shall I begin?" asked Helen, proud
of being sought as her uncle's coadjutor.

"Well, what I want of you first is to go
down to Cedar Street. There is a smart little
girl that needs employment, and I have agreed
to send her to this person. It will be a great
kindness if you do this errand for me. There
is the address to which the girl is to be sent,"
he said, placing a folded paper in her hand.

"What shall I do next?" she asked, slip-
ping the paper into her pocket.

Uncle Herbert took both her hands and
looked earnestly into her eyes.

"I think," he said gravely, "I can leave
that to one so quick of perception and so full
of a real desire to do right."

Helen left the house wondering a little at
her uncle's serious tones. Reaching Cedar
Street, she easily found the young girl and
made the arrangements for going to the place
spoken of.

"Here is the address," she said, taking from
her pocket the slip of paper. "It is M:s.—
Why!"

A look of surprise came to Helen's face as
she read the address.

"My uncle must have made a mistake," she
said, with a flush, recalling the details of their
conversation. Was there a hidden meaning
in the grave look with which he had bidden
her good-bye?

"And isn't the place open for me, ma'am?"
asked the girl.

"I'll see," stammered Helen. "I'll let you
know very soon."

She went out and hurriedly walked in the
direction of home. Her mother's address was
on the card. What did it mean? Was it
there merely as the result of absence of mind
on the part of her uncle? But he was not at
all given to absent-mindedness, and it was
evident that his whole attention was involved
in laying before her the case. Her mother
was the "poor woman," "worn out in body
and discouraged in mind."

"I might have seen it if I had thought," said
Helen, in bitter self reproach. "The case is
a serious one! Does he mean that mother—
oh, what does he mean? He never looked at
me so soberly before."

She hurried home and found the family
just rising from the dinner table.

"Your dinner is keeping hot for you, dear,"
said her mother.

"Don't bring it yet, Annie," said Helen.

"Come, mother, I want to see you lying down
before I touch it. I'll see to Willie. And it's
strange if I'm not equal to him and the mend-
ing basket, too."

"You can do anything when you try,"
said her mother, with a fondness which
brought a stab to Helen's heart with the
thought of how little her trying had been put
forth in behalf of this dear one.

"Mother," she said, as she bent over her
pillow for a loving kiss, "did Uncle Herbert
say anything to you about a girl to help you?"

"Yes;" and Helen knew from the tone
that there was no double meaning in her

words, "he thinks I ought to have some one
to lighten the work a little. But I dread an in-
experienced stranger."

"Wouldn't I do, mother?"

"Indeed, my darling. I don't want any
better help than you can give me, if you will."

"Some girls learn too late," said Helen to
herself as her mother's pale face dwelt on her
mind. "Thank God, I have learned it in time."
—Ex.

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"Guess who was the happiest child I saw
to-day?" asked papa, taking his own two little
boys on his knees.

"Oh, who, papa?"

"But you must guess."

"Well," said Jim, "I guess it was a vewy
wich little boy, wif lots of tandy and takes."

"No; he wasn't rich; he had no candy
and no cakes. What do you guess, Joe?"

"I guess he was a pretty big boy," said
Joe, who was always wishing he wasn't such a
little boy, "and I guess he was riding a big,
high bicycle."

"No," said papa; "he wasn't big; and of
course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have
lost your guess, so I'll have to tell you. There
was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day;
and they must have come a long way, so dusty
and tired and thirsty were they. The drover
took them up, bleating and lolling out their
tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton Court,
to water them; but one poor little ewe was too
tired to get to the trough, and fell down on the
hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little man,
ragged, dirty and tousled, spring out from the
crowd of urchins who were watching the drove,
fill his old leaky felt hat, which must have be-
longed to his grandfather, and carry it one
two, three, oh, as many as six times, to the
poor suffering animal, until the creature was
able to get up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say 'Thank you,' papa?"
asked Jim, gravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa. "But
the little boy's face was shining like the sun,
and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it
is to help what needs helping."—*The Christian
Observer*

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ping the paper into her pocket.

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hospital at Brantford, where I remained for
some time, and while there I felt somewhat
better. The improvement, however, was only
temporary, for scarcely had I returned home
when I was again as ill as before. I had spent
a great deal of money in doctoring without
benefit and I felt discouraged and began to
look upon my condition as hopeless. A friend
advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but
I had already tried so many alleged "curo
cures" that I did not feel like spending any
more money on medicines. Finally, however,
I was persuaded to give Pink Pills a trial, and
as you can see have reason to be thankful that
I did. I purchased a box and began using
them with grim hope of recovery. To my
intense satisfaction I noticed that they were
doing me good, and you may be sure it
required no further persuasion to continue
their use. After I had taken a number of
boxes, the cough which had troubled me so
much, entirely ceased, and I could eat a work-
ingman's hearty meal, and before long I was
able to go to work. I am now in excellent
health, and I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills have saved my life. I would not be
without a supply in the house and I warmly
recommend them to others who may be
ailing.

The reporter called on Mr. Wm. Colclough,
the well-known druggist, who said he was
acquainted with Mr. Friday's case and had
every confidence in the statement made.
Interrogated as to the sale of this remedy
about which everybody is talking, Mr. Col-
clough said that so far as his experience went,
he knew the sales to be very large, and that
the remedy gave general satisfaction. In fact
although he handled all the best proprietary
medicines, he finds Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
the best selling remedies on his shelves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing
specific for all diseases arising from an
impoverished condition of the blood, or from
an impairment of the nervous system, such as
loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia,
chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular
weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor
ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St.
Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all
diseases depending upon a vitiated condition
of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysip-
elas, etc. They are also a specific for the
troubles peculiar to the female system, cor-
recting 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. These pills are not a purgative
medicine. They contain only life-giving
properties, and nothing that could injure the
most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in
boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and
wrapper, (printed in red ink.) Bear in mind
that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold
in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and
any dealer who offers substitutes in this
form is trying to defraud you and should be
avoided. The public are also cautioned
against all other so-called blood builders and
nerve tonics, put up in similar form intend-
ed to deceive. They are all imitations,
whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary ad-
vantage from the wonderful reputation achiev-
ed by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all
druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams
Medicine Company from either address, at 50
cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price
at which these pills are sold make a course of
treatment comparatively inexpensive as com-
pared with other remedies or medical treat-
ment.

TAKE - NOTICE.

During the year the space devoted to ad-
vertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will con-
tain expressions of no uncertain sound from
people who speak from personal experience as
to the merits of this best of Household Rem-
edies.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

BITS OF ADVICE TO GIRLS—WHAT TO AVOID.

A loud, weak, affected, whining, harsh, or
shrill tone of voice.

Extravagance in conversation—such phrases
as "awfully this," "beastly that," "hand of
time," "don't you know," "hate" for "dislike,"
etc.

Sudden exclamations of annoyance, sur-
prise and joy, such as "bother!" "gracious!"
"how jolly!"

Yawning when listening to any one.

Talking on family matters, even to bosom
friends.

Attempting any vocal or instrumental piece
of music you can not execute with ease.

Crossing your letters.

Making a short, sharp nod with the head,
intended to do duty as a bow.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL FOR THOSE WHO
HAVE GIVEN UP HOPE.

A Mount Forest Man Thought His Case Hopeless—
Urged by a Friend, He Made One More Trial
For Health The Happy Result.

From the Mt. Forest Confederate.

Mr. George Friday is a well-known resi-
dent of Mount Forest, and among those
acquainted with him it is known that he has
been a great sufferer from chronic bronchitis,
accompanied by a bad cough that used to leave
him so weak that he would lie down for hours
at a time. Mr. Friday's friends had noticed
latterly that he has regained his old time vigor,
and in conversation with a representative of
the Confederate a few days ago, he was asked
to what agency he owed his renewed health.

"To the same agency," said Mr. Friday, "that
has accomplished so many wonderful cures
throughout the country—Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills. For the past three years I have been so
ill I have been able to do but little work. I
doctored and tried many remedies with but
little or no benefit, and at last I went to the