

day, and work one day in the factories. Naturally, they were neglected. The sub-committee induced many hundreds of them to join the Band. The younger girls only were taken in at first, and ladies held classes for them in the evening, giving them instruction and affording them recreation. The plan worked wonderfully well, and those who identified themselves with the movement soon noticed a great change in the appearance and position of the children thus rescued. A free registry for servants was established by another sub-committee, as well as a training home for servants, a home for factory girls, clubs for the girls employed in shops and stores, and readings in literature. The scope of the society was, from time to time, enlarged, and at present it embraces almost every branch of moral reform. The National Council is not restricted. It can, practically, take up anything that may suggest itself in connection with women, their work or aims in life. At some of the meetings, it was suggested that cooking and nursing lessons might be arranged for by the local councils for mothers and girls. At the annual general meetings of the central body, as well as at the local unions, papers are read which deal with woman's work, and these are afterwards debated.

The non-sectarian character of the National Council is a strong point in its favor, as the women of the country may meet together for mutual benefit, and learn each other's methods, and know each other, in fact, on a common plane. No question of dogma invades their domain, and members of every sect under heaven, can sit together and work for the common end. When the society was first started, this objection from more than one quarter was made. But the objection was soon disposed of by the statement that all members of religious bodies would be admitted simply as adherents of their particular faith, the society having nothing to do with religious teaching of any sort. Without a rule of that kind, Roman Catholic ladies could not work very well with their Protestant sisters.

Of course, a very important feature about this movement is that it will draw together the workers of the various women's societies in different sections of country, thus making them personally acquainted with one another, and allowing them the opportunity of exchanging ideas and plans. The society has not escaped criticism or the shafts of ridicule. No new reform has ever escaped them. But it is too soon to assail the National Union, whose aims are certainly laudable. Every chance to flourish should be given it. If its aspirations are too high, experience will not be slow to reduce the programme to a limit which will prove workable. The key note of the society is unity. It is also its strength.—*George Stewart, in The Week.*

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Exceedingly gratifying must be the success of the Toronto Conservatory of Music to the managers of that institution. Seven years ago the foundation of the present influence was laid—an influence which has been steadily gaining in prestige. A commencement was made, at that time, with 200 pupils, last academic year the attendance was almost 700. These figures show to some extent the progress which has been made; although the artistic growth, it may safely be said, has been more than commensurate with the numerical increase. While the past history of the Conservatory has been one of marked promise, the outlook for the coming year, which has just begun with the Autumn term is bright with indications of continued success. During the summer vacation the Conservatory building was renovated throughout, and greatly beautified; thus giving to the pupils a handsome, commodious and comfortable home. A full equipment of new pianos might be specially mentioned among the many improvements which have been made. The staff of the coming year will be stronger than ever. The Conservatory is in affiliation with Trinity University. Diplomas, scholarships, certificates and medals are granted annually. A catalogue, giving complete information regarding all these matters, together with a full outline of the various courses of study (comprising vocal and instrumental music and elocution) will be sent to any address on application to the secretary.

Our Young Folks.

THE MEADOW BROOK.

I turn no mill; no lake I fill;
No white sail flutters on my breast.
I show no grace of naiad's face,
Whose soft, warm foot my sands has pressed.
From one small spring pure draughts I bring
And tipple through the thirsty land.
Cup-bearer I where brown wrens fly,
And violets hide on either hand.

In untaught song I flow along,
Nor seek to utter that deep word
The ocean spoke when first it woke
And all creation paused and heard
God's hand hath bound its own true sound
To every string He plays upon,
His listening ear hears, soft and clear,
The music of my whispered tone.

When goldenrod and asters nod
And grasses edge my narrow stream,
When swallows dip and orioles sip
My shining waters slip and gleam,
Some little need in flower or weed
To me alone in trust is given,
And knoll and tree leaves space for me
To mirror forth a strip of heaven.

—Curtis May, in *St. Nicholas*.

A LUCKY BLOW.

Here is a story that proves the old saying that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' The incident happened in the State of Washington, and not very far from Olympia, the capital.

Two little boys, whose names were Freddie and Tom, set out for school one fine summer morning a little over a year ago. Fred was seven years old, and Tom, who was nearly eleven, felt that his little brother was his especial charge. Their mother had made them up a lunch; for the distance to school was too great to permit them to come home at dinner-time. Fred carried the bread and cheese in a little basket, while Tom had a bottle of milk under his arm—a good, large, strong bottle.

'Take good care of Freddie, Tom!' said their mother, as she kissed them good-by.

Tom always liked to be told this; and he would straighten back his sturdy shoulders, and hold his curly head a little higher every time it was said to him.

'Yes, mother,' he answered. 'Come along, Fred, or we'll be late.'

And away the little fellows trudged, while their mother went back into the house breathing, as she always did when the boys left home, a brief prayer to Him who

"O'er the loving and the gentle gives His holy angels charge."

Between the boys' home and the school-house was a piece of woods where tall maple, ash and cottonwood trees grew, with a dense undergrowth of alder. It was a lonely looking place, especially because the road did not go straight through it, but turned first to one side and then to another to avoid trees that seemed too big to cut. So tall and close together were the trees, that the sun could not find its way through the leaves, and even on the brightest day it was always dark and gloomy. The boys always liked to hurry through it, and this morning they quickened their steps as soon as they got within the shadow, taking opposite sides of the wagon track, so as not to be in each other's way.

They had just passed the first turn in the road when a cracking noise was heard in the woods on Freddie's side. Before they had time to speak to each other, a little brown form leaped from between two alder bushes, and alighting in the centre of the road, stood facing the boys. They did not know what it was, but seeing it crouch for a spring, Tom ran to get between it and Freddie. There was a deep hole in the road, which he had to go around, and, delayed by this, he saw the creature spring forward at Freddie, as a cat springs upon a mouse, and, striking the little fellow with one of its powerful paws, bear him to the earth. Poor little Freddie, too much surprised and frightened to cry, lay prostrate, the beast, which was a cougar of the largest size, standing over him, its horrible fangs glistening as it made ready to seize him by the throat.

There was only one thing for Tom to do, and he did it. Seizing his milk bottle by the neck, he swung it above his head, and then, as he sprang forward, brought it down with

all the strength of which his young arms was capable between the cougar's eyes. It was a well-aimed blow, and strong enough to smash the bottle into a dozen fragments. The milk ran into the cougar's eyes and down his nose into Freddie's face. Never was a cougar more astonished. Bottles of milk and little boys were things it did not know anything about, and it gave a great bound from Freddie's head, as he lay quietly on the ground, and disappeared into the woods.

'Did it hurt you, Freddie?' asked Tom.

'Guess not,' was the little fellow's answer, as he rose to his feet.

'Oh, he did, Freddie!' exclaimed Tom.

'There's blood on your coat and the sleeve's all torn.'

Fred looked at the place indicated and burst into tears.

'There's blood running down my arms,' he cried.

'Let's run home,' answered his brother; and, taking the little fellow's uninjured arm, he ran along through the mud by his side.

Freddie almost fainted from the loss of blood; but his mother, who saw them coming, knew something must be the matter, and hurried to meet them, and, without waiting to hear the story, which Tom told as he ran beside her to the house, seized the little boy in her arms and bore him home as fast as her feet could carry her. The doctor when summoned found it necessary to put several stitches in Freddie's wound, which the cougar had made by the stroke of its paw; but the little fellow was soon himself again, and not a little proud of his scars.

The cougar did not fare so well; for when Tom told his father of the adventure, he called two neighbors to his assistance, and, armed with rifles, they set out for the forest, where, after a few hours' hunt, in which Hero, a splendid black hound, did his share of the work, they came upon the cougar and shot it. The skin was given to Tom as a reward for his rescue of his brother, and it lies on the floor before the boys' bed in their little attic room. Freddie carries in his pocket one of the claws that made the scars upon his arm.—*Independent.*

A BOY HERO.

The story of a brief but great career, told at a coroner's inquest in London recently, deserves a place in the world's record of heroes. It is the simple record of a little lad of ten, John Clinton by name, son of a humble carman. A few months ago the boy saved his baby brother from burning to death. The child had set fire to his clothing and the curtains. Johnny rolled the baby along the carpet till the fire was extinguished. He then tore down the burning curtains, receiving severe burns on his hands and arms.

A short time after the boy's companions were wading along the bank of the Thames, a little fellow got beyond his depth and called for help. Johnny Clinton jumped in and saved him. Then, as the rescued boy told the coroner—

'After Jack pulled me out he slipped back into deep water and we didn't see him again.'

The body was recovered a few minutes later, but life was extinct.

HOLD ON, BOYS!

Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you, in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal, or do an improper act.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil persons seek your company, and invite you to join their games, mirth, and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold, high place, or fashionable attire.

TAKING A FRIEND'S ADVICE.

MR. THOMAS ADAMS TELLS THE HAPPY RESULT THAT FOLLOWED.

He Was Suffering From a Severe Attack of Rheumatism—Would Have Given Anything to Secure Relief—How a Cure Was Brought About.

From the Brantford Courier.

A brief statement in respect to the recovery of Mr. Thomas Adams, of St. George, will no doubt be of considerable interest to suffering humanity in general and particularly to those who may profit somewhat by the experience hereinafter set forth. Mr. Adams is a stone mason by trade and resides about a mile east of St. George. At present he is operating the Patten Mills and is well known and respected in the neighborhood. In order to gain all the information possible concerning the circumstances of the cure, a representative of the Courier proceeded thither to investigate the case. Mr. Adams was found at work in his mill. He is a man of about thirty-five, healthy and vigorous, a man whom one would not suspect of having had any ailment. When interviewed he cheerfully made the following statement:—'About three years ago when at work at my trade I contracted, through over-exposure, a severe attack of muscular rheumatism, which confined me to the house for three weeks, during which time I suffered the most excruciating pain, being hardly able to move. I was so bad that I could not lie down, had to just let myself fall into bed. When attempting to rise I had to turn over upon my face and crawl up, there being only one position from which it was possible to rise. I would have given anything at this time in order to secure relief. My first thought was to call in a regular practitioner, so I procured one of the best physicians in the neighborhood, but he did not seem to get control of the malady. After treating me for some time he left of his own accord saying he could do nothing for me. About this time a friend of mine persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Finally, I decided to give them a trial. I soon experienced a decided improvement and was mending rapidly, the terrible pain left me and I had considerable relief and was able to get around with the use of a crutch. After the further use of the Pink Pills I was so far recovered as to be able to resume work and since that time have been free from the complaint. I do not now feel any of the soreness and stiffness of the joints, I can get right up in the morning, and go off to work without any feeling of uneasiness whatever. I have every confidence in Pink Pills and heartily recommend them. I believe them a good thing to take at any time to get the blood into good condition and if I felt any illness coming on I would, instead of calling a doctor, send at once for a box of Pink Pills.'

When strong tributes as these can be had to the wonderful merits of Pink Pills, it is little wonder that their sales reach such enormous proportions, and that they are the favorite remedy with all classes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all troubles arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape), at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company at either address.