

# Our Young Folks.

## THE LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

'Tis strange how little boys' mothers  
Can find out all that they do,  
If a fellow does anything naughty,  
Or says anything that's not true!  
They'll look at you just a moment,  
Till your heart in your bosom swells,  
And then they know all about it—  
For a little bird tells!

Now, where the little bird comes from,  
Or where the little bird goes,  
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,  
Or black as the king of crows,  
If his voice is as hoarse as the raven,  
Or clear as the ringing of bells,  
I know not;—but this I am sure of—  
A little bird tells!

The moment you think a thing wicked,  
The moment you do a thing bad,  
Are angry, or sullen, or hateful,  
Get ugly, or stupid, or mad,  
Or tease a dear brother or sister,—  
That instance your sentence he knells,  
And the whole to mamma in a minute  
That little bird tells.

You may be in the depths of a closet,  
Where nobody sees but a mouse,  
You may be all alone in the cellar,  
You may be on the top of the house,  
You may be in the dark and in silence,  
Or out in the woods and the dells—  
No matter! wherever it happens,  
The little bird tells.

And the only contrivance to stop him  
Is just to be sure what you say—  
Sure of your facts and your fancies,  
Sure of your work and your play;  
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,  
Be gentle and loving as well,  
And then—you can laugh at the stories  
The little bird tells!

## TIED TO A LOOM.

BY CHARLES N. SINNETT.

'What made you smile so when you and Aunt Hester were looking at the old loom up in the attic just now, papa? I saw you through the window from down in the garden, and Auntie was laughing, too, I guess.'

'Indeed I was,' said Auntie, as her laughter rang out merrily for one so old as she.

'We were talking over the good old times,' papa added as he patted his little Milly's curly head.

'Must have been something real nice!'

Papa looked up quickly at Aunt Hester, and she smiled, 'Yes, tell her the story of the loom by all means.'

'Well, there were five children of us in my father's family. All except your Aunt Hester were boys. And, though she was very strong and kind-hearted, we did not like to have her following us about too much.'

'Our parents went away visiting one day and left my brother Ned, your Auntie and myself, to keep house until they came back. "Be sure and take good care of Hester," was the last word that dear mother said to Ned and me.'

'And my father spoke the message he had given us half a dozen times before. "Remember, you have to cut that wood by the door, and pile it up in the shed."

"Guess he thinks that will keep us tied up at home," I whispered to Ned, while Hester was waving "Good-bye" to the folks.'

'Ned nodded his head as he answered, "We'll rush through with the wood, and then we'll tie her up where she can't tag after us."

'Why, papa, what were you going to do?' asked Milly, peering closely into her father's face.

'We wanted to have a good play with some boys on the next farm. We knew we could do that if we hurried with the wood. So when Hester came asking why we cut the sticks so fast, we told her to carry in the wood for us and we would give her some of our maple sugar. So she went back and forth to the wood-shed as fast as her little feet could carry her. But her little eyes twinkled so that we knew she had guessed that we had some piece of mischief planned out. So when we gave her the sugar, we tied her fast to grandmother's old loom so that she could not see where we went.'

'Why, Auntie, weren't you dreadfully afraid?' asked Milly. 'And it was that loom up in the attic, there was no hope of your pulling it away.'

'That was the very loom,' said Aunt Hester with a smile. 'And I must confess that I did not feel very happy to be left in that way. But I ate my maple sugar and tried to make the best of my lot. I felt sure that the boys wouldn't have so good a time as they thought wherever they might be going.'

'And that was a fine guess,' smiled papa. 'Before we could whistle softly for the neighbor's boys to come out in the woods and play with us, their mother saw us in some way. She walked right up to us before we could run away, too, and said she knew we were into some mischief. She wasn't satisfied with that, but, in spite of all we could say, she went back home with us, and found how we had left Hester. Of course she told mother all about it, and we got well punished for our selfish way of treating our sister.'

'But, papa,' said Milly, 'there's a real bright twinkle in the corners of your eyes, as if you and Auntie knew something more to the story.'

'Well, we did see something which made us think of what mother said to me and my brother that day when she "whipped us all soundly and sent us to bed." She said that I would often meet things in life which would bring up what I had done, just as if it had only happened yesterday.'

'Why, papa, you must have been looking down from the attic window when I wanted to play alone, and asked Nelly Brown to go home and borrow me some thread, so that I could mend my dolly's dress. Yes, I know you saw it, and thought it was as bad as tying Auntie to the loom; for I knew Nelly's mother would have some work for her to do as soon as she got home, so that she couldn't get back to play with me again.'

'It did make me think how I was told that perhaps my own children would have the same spirit I had shown towards my sister.'

That was papa's answer. But there was no severe look on his face. It was full of smiles, and he took his girlie in his arms and kissed her as he said: 'It made me very happy to see you call Nelly back before she had gone many steps towards home. I could see how quickly you knew it wasn't right for one little girl to tie up another when she had got tired of playing with her. It will be much easier for you to do just right when anything like that comes up again.'

'And the story of "Tied to a Loom," will help me, too, papa,' said Milly with a twinkle in her eyes almost as bright as that in her Aunt Hester's.

## 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, slowly, 'I guess it was a very wick little boy wif lots of tandy and takes.'

'No,' said papa, 'he wasn't rich, he had ne 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 high bicycle.'

'No,' said papa, 'he wasn't big, and of course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, 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 thirsty and tired were they. The driver took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton's court to water them; but one poor old ewe was too tired to get to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones.'

'Then, Jim—then, Joe—I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and toiled spring out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his old leaky hat, which must have belonged to his grandfather, and carry it one, two, 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 tank you, papa?' asked Jim bravely.

'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.'—*Christian Observer.*

## FIERCE SIR THOMAS.

My next-door neighbor has a cat, Thomas; I call him Sir Thomas; he deserves to be knighted for his virtues. But Sir Thomas is a determined monarch in his own yard; the feline that enters there, on any pretext, cannot retreat too rapidly for self-preservation. A short time ago a kitten was adopted into the family, and carefully guarded at first, it being presumed, from the cat's well-known character that he would make some very sharp objections. To the surprise of every one, he was delighted with the little creature, and forthwith constituted himself father, mother, and friend to it. He will lie on a chair for hours with the kitten asleep in his fond protecting arms.

One day the latter, through non-observance of dietary laws, had a fit. Sir Thomas shared in the general excitement, and was observed to treat the invalid with more than usual tenderness afterward. That night, instead of permitting his pet to lodge in the yard with him, as was their custom, Sir Thomas conducted it to the cellar, there snuggling it for repose in a cosy corner, as much as to say, "You have been sick, dear, and must not expose yourself." He then betook himself to his nightly quarters, without which facts are as literal as any that were ever sworn to.

## KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

'I never can keep anything!' cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation. 'Somebody always takes my things and loses them.' She had mislaid some of her sewing implements.

'There is one thing,' remarked mamma, 'keep your temper; if you will only do that, perhaps you will find it easier to keep other things. I dare say, if you had employed your time in searching for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time; but you have not even looked for them. You have only got into a passion—a bad way of spending time—and you have accused somebody, and unjustly too, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear. When you have missed any article, keep your temper and search for it. You had better keep your temper, if you lose all the little property you possess. So my dear, I repeat, keep your temper.'

Emma subdued her ill-humor, searched for the articles she had lost, and found them in her work-bag.

'Why, mamma, here they are! I might have been sewing all this time if I had kept my temper.'—*Ex.*

## A PRETTY INCIDENT.

A newsboy took the Sixth Avenue elevated railroad cars at Park Place, New York, at noon on Thanksgiving day, and sliding into one of the cross-seats fell asleep. At Grand Street two young women got on and took seats opposite to the lad. His feet were bare and his hat had fallen off. Presently one young girl leaned over and placed her muff under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman smiled at the act, and, without saying anything, held out a quarter with a nod toward the boy. The girl hesitated a moment and then reached for it. The next man as silently offered a dime, a woman across the aisle held out some pennies, and, before she knew it, the girl, with flaming cheeks, had taken money from every passenger in that end of the car. She quietly slipped the amount into the sleeping lad's pocket, removed her muff gently from under his head without rousing him, and got off at Twenty-third Street, including all the passengers in a pretty little inclination of the head that seemed full of thanks.

Refined taste forms a good critic; but genius is further necessary to form the poet or the orator.—*Blair.*

## AN ESSEX COUNTY MIRACLE.

HOW AN OLD LADY WAS RELEASED FROM SUFFERING.

Strong Testimony of a Reliable Witness Added to the Already Long Chain of Evidence—Why Suffer When the Means of Cure are at Hand? From the Leamington Post.

Mrs. Mary Olmstead, a highly respected and well known lady residing south of the village of Wheatley, eight miles from Leamington, has been the subject of an experience that has created not a little wonder, and has excited so much comment in the vicinity of the lady's home that the Post believes it will prove of general interest.

Proceeding to the handsome farm residence, we were ushered into a room where sat the genial old lady. Upon enquiry she informed us that she was in her eightieth year, and for one of her years she is the picture of health. She expressed her readiness to make public the particulars of her suffering and cure, stating that while she did not care to figure prominently in the newspapers, yet if her testimony would relieve others suffering as she had done, she would forego any scruples in the matter. She then related the story of her case as follows: "About six years ago I was stricken with sciatica rheumatism, which first made its appearance in my left knee, but gradually took possession of all my limbs. Within three months after its first appearance I was unable to leave my bed, and day and night suffered the most excruciating pain. My limbs were swollen to more than twice their natural size, and drawn out of all natural shape. My feet were also badly swollen, and my right arm was in the shape of a semi-circle. For three long years I suffered in this manner, being unable to put a foot to the floor, the only way I could move around was by being wheeled in a chair. My appetite gradually left me until I had no desire or relish for food of any kind, and I got very thin and weak. During all this time I kept doctoring with the medical practitioners of the neighborhood, and swallowed gallons of medicine which cost my husband much money, but I am unable to say that I received any benefit from this medicine. My agony kept increasing and my system growing weaker, till many times death would have been a welcome relief to my sufferings. After reading in the newspapers about the many cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to try them. My case was a stubborn one, and it was not until I had taken half a dozen boxes of the pills that I began to feel an improvement. I continued taking the pills, however, and never had a relapse, and to day I am as hearty and healthy as I was before the rheumatism came on. I am now able to knit and sew as fast as any young person, while for years my fingers were as stiff as needles. I owe my recovery entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the Company's trade mark. Do not be persuaded to try something else.

Make yourself all honey and the flies will eat you up.—*Italian Proverb.*

416 Sherbourne St., Toronto,  
March 20th, 1894.

Dear Sirs,—

"It is with great pleasure that I bear testimony to the efficacy of your Acetocura. Owing to a chill I was suffering great pain from a severe attack of toothache, and my gums were also very painful and much inflamed. Knowing from previous experience the effects produced from Acetocura, I was assured that the nerves, causing the trouble, could be relieved and soothed. The acid was first applied, as directed in your pamphlet, at the back of the head, until a smarting flush was produced, and then over the temporal muscle immediately behind the ear, with the Acid diluted. After the application there was little pain, and this mainly owing to the gums being in such an inflamed condition. I then fell into a refreshing sleep which lasted until morning and awoke to find the pain gone and the inflammation in the gums much reduced."

"My wife, who suffers from severe headaches, has also derived much benefit by applying the Acid to the top and back of the head, and using the spray producer, which has a refreshing effect on the forehead."

Yours truly, ALEX. COWAN.  
COWTS & SONS.