

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BILLY.

"The kindling hasn't been brought in, Frank."

"I'm just going to bring it, mother."

"When are you going to?"

"In a minute."

Again quiet reigned in the broad farm-house kitchen, where the sun lay cheerful and bright, this wintry morning.

Ocasional Frank rustled a page of the book he was reading.

Mrs. Holloway looked out of the pantry, where she was sitting squish for the week's supply of pies, and saw him still by the window.

"Frank," she said again, "why don't you bestir yourself? You've forgotten the kindling wood."

"No'm, I haven't forgotten," returned Frank, without raising his eyes from the book.

"Then why don't you?" demanded his easy-going mother, returning to her task.

"Yes'm, in a minute."

Eph Daggett, the hired man, came in just in season to hear the last dialogue.

"Y'jings, Frankie, you're slower'n a toad funeral," he drawled.

"An' your minutes, air longer'n Parson Amsten's sermons, your name should be Crateration Holloway," stead o' Frankie.

"I dew hate ter see a likely boy like you spiled by a bad habit," pursued Eph, as Frank closed his book and, grumbling, went out for the wood.

When he arrived at the shed for the second armful, Eph was fitting a new handle to his axe.

"It's growin' on you, boy," he said, with a twist of his wide mouth.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Making the Most of Life.

Alexander the Great, who came early under the tutelage of Aristotle, said that he owed his life to his father, but to his teacher he owed a greater debt, because the latter had taught him "how to make the most of life."

This is a lesson which few are able to learn. It is easy to look back with the judgment born of experience and see where mistakes were made that took from life its flavor, that turned hope to disappointment and joy to sorrow.

While the moments are going by it is hard to decide upon the wisest course or to know just what will make the most of life.

There is too much striving and too little contentment in the world. Present good is disregarded, and instead of seeing how much happiness can be found in the little that is possessed, the desire goes out to the unattainable, and the result is a disgust for what might bring happiness on a smaller scale.

There is a desire in almost every heart for prosperity. This is natural, because no one likes to see some one else without any greater ability the winner in the race after wealth, but when wealth begins to gather, instead of enjoying it there comes a desire for more money, more power, more work.

No stone is left unturned which can serve to elevate or add to the position of the seeker after society honors, and the result is an amount of insincerity and heart-burning which would surprise the uninitiated.

Ambition does not tend to happiness. Alexander, in spite of the teaching of a philosopher came to the point of weeping that there were no more worlds to conquer.

The one who makes the most of life is not the ambitious schemer, but rather that one who with patience and diligence accepts his opportunities and makes the best of them. But for one who learns this lesson there are scores who do not recognize it until powers are wasted and life is blighted and marred with a thousand mistakes which are beyond remedy.

The Envy of Sinners. The wise man give this warning in the Book of Proverbs: "Let not thy heart envy sinners."

That envy is the snare of snares to young men. The sinner seems to be having the best time. They forget that the best of a thing is the way it turns out.

Are old sinners having a better time than old saints? Now the first symptoms of this envy of sinners is the question, "What is the harm?"

No one ever asks what is the harm of prayer, self-denial, or praise, or Christian service, or of the joy of the Lord. No one asks what is the harm of incorruptible integrity, of invariable truth telling, of cleanness of life, of sobriety, of malignance and courage.

No one ever asks what is the harm of the society of the wise and the pure, of good books, of flowers and poetry and music. No one ever asks what is the harm of vigor of body, of rational exercise, of industry, economy, kindness and the helping hand.

Therefore, always guard your health. Health makes us enjoy a crust of bread with a cup of water, while the most sumptuous banquet has no charms for the sick. Next to honor, health is the dearest possession to man or woman.

Be prudent, but do not be mean. The poorest person has the power of doing some good to a fellow-sufferer. If ever so little, give to the worthy needy according to your circumstances.

It will make you feel better, and always gives pleasure when remembered. Besides, many a poor person has become fortunate, and the friends of adversity should win the gratitude of all true hearts.

Benjamin Franklin said: "The way to wealth is as plain as the way to the market. It depends chiefly on two words: Industry and frugality, that is waste time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them everything."

THE THINGS OUR CHILDREN READ.

"We are letting our young people run riot among all sorts of books," truly remarks the New Century.

Thoughtful and scrupulous librarians complain that mere children are permitted to read every volume advertised or talked about. There is neither law, public opinion nor parental surveillance to prevent this.

We are not narrow or illiberal in this matter; the novel is to-day worthy of the serious attention of philosophers and sociologists; but young persons of sixteen—even of ten and eleven—can not be reckoned as serious students.

The publishers' advertisements seem to apply to one of his works, he cordially announced that to read it meant the death of virtue in the young heart."

SUFFERING WOMEN.

A Message of Hope to the Weak and Depressed.

A GRATEFUL WOMAN TELLS OF HER RELEASE FROM THE AGONIES THAT AFFLICT HER SEX AFTER THREE DOCTORS HAD FAILED TO HELP HER.

The amount of suffering borne by women throughout the country can never be estimated. Silently, almost hopelessly, they endure from day to day afflictions that can only fall to the lot of women.

The following story of the suffering and release of Mrs. Charles Hoeg, of Southampton, N. S., ought to bring hope and health and happiness to other sufferers. Mrs. Hoeg says:—"For nine out of the thirty-two years of my life I have suffered as no woman, unless she has been similarly afflicted, can imagine I could suffer and yet have lived."

Three weeks out of four I would be unable to move about and, indeed, at no time was really fit to attend to my household duties. I consulted physicians—three of the most skillful doctors in the county of Cumberland at different times had charge of my case.

These all agreed in their diagnosis, but the treatment varied; and while at times I would experience some relief, at no time was there any hope given me of a permanent cure.

Many a night when I went to bed I would have been glad if death had come before morning. I never had much faith in proprietary medicines, but at one time I took a half dozen bottles of a blood-purifying compound that was highly recommended.

This, like everything else, failed to help me. There seemed to be not a particle of blood in my body. My face was absolutely colorless, and my appetite almost entirely deserted me.

I often saw in the newspapers letters testifying to the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but nine years of suffering and discouragement had made me too sceptical to see any hope of relief, when doctors had failed to effect a cure.

But at last I came across the story of a cure near home—that of Mr. Moses Bess of Rodney. I know that at one time he had been regarded as a hopeless consumptive, and his cure through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, determined me to try them.

I had not taken two boxes before I had begun to feel better, and grew confident of a cure. I kept on taking the pills, all the time feeling new blood in my veins, activity returning to my limbs, and the feeling of depression gradually wearing away.

To many women it may seem incredible that the mere making of new blood in my veins all restore to a healthy condition misplaced internal organs, but this has been my happy experience. My pains have all left me, and I am now as healthy a woman as there is in this place.

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden.

Paupation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. These pills are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

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