

Our Young Folks.

IF! IF!

If every boy and every girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan this day to do alone
The good deeds to be done;

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend;
And to each other's wants and cries
Attentive ears should lend;—

If every man, and woman, too
Should join these workers small—
Oh, what a flood of happiness
Upon our earth would fall!

How many homes would sunny be,
Which now are filled with care!
And joyous, smiling faces too,
Would greet us everywhere.

I do believe the very sun
Would shine more clear and bright,
And every little twinkling star
Would shed a softer light.

But we, instead, oft watch to see
If other folks are true;
And thus neglect so much that God
Intends for us to do.

TWO YOUNG CRUSOES.

Teddy Brinser and Nick Talbot considered themselves two deeply injured lads. Through the long vacation days they worked in the field, and when evening came they met behind Mr. Brinser's barn or down in Mr. Talbot's orchard, and exchanged grievances and sympathy. One, half-holiday a week was all their fathers allowed them for fishing and baseball. They missed the circus that came that way in July, and all because the hay had to be made and taken in while the weather was fair. Their request to go camping with some other boys in the middle of harvest was sternly denied. But the climax of this reign of tyranny and oppression was reached one morning when Mr. Brinser found both lads hidden in a shady fence corner reading a tattered copy of "Robinson Crusoe." The angry farmer appropriated the book, drove Nick back to his own side of the fence, and cuffed Teddy severely as he marched him off to resun. his distasteful task of hoeing corn.

That evening the boys held an indignation meeting and decided to run away.

"We were not born to be slaves," said Teddy, "and I won't stand it any longer. Let's live on an island in Kiester's swamp, like Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday did. We can shoot birds and rabbits and catch plenty of fish; and no one will think of looking for us there. Won't it be grand?"

"Scrumptious!" assented Nick. "No more hoeing corn or digging potatoes. Why, we can do just as we please, Teddy."

The boys were all impatient to carry out this tempting plan, and before daylight the next morning, when their parents believed them to be sound asleep, they were tramping light-heartedly, over the fields. They had helped themselves to whatever supplies they could find—bread, pies, lard, pepper and salt, and a leg of ham. Nick had not forgotten to bring knives and forks, tin plates and a frying pan. Each carried a fishing rod, a blanket and a small axe. A rusty muzzle-loader was slung over Teddy's shoulder and a short pouch and powder flask dangled from his side. Nick was armed with bow and arrows and a hammerless pistol.

They escaped observation by striking to the wooded hills and ravines, and several hours after sunrise they penetrated the edge of Kiester's swamp, which stretched for three or four miles along the base of the mountain, and was almost as wide as it is long. It was a weird and lonesome place, full of pine trees and tangled thickets, grim beds of rock pierced by shadowy caverns, marshy spots crisscrossed by slimy streams, and deep pools of inky-black water. In fact there was water everywhere, and thus the swamp was a veritable nest of islands. The boys made their way to the very centre, crossing the pools and streams by natural bridges of fallen trees. Here they found hard soil, and choosing an open glade among tall pine trees, they built a rude lean-to of bushes and fragrant pine boughs. This labor occupied them until

late afternoon, and when they had prepared and eaten a hearty supper, the twilight shadows were falling on the lonely swamp.

A blazing fire made the scene more cheerful and banished a touch of home-sickness. The young Crusoes were too tired to sit up long. They lay down side by side in the cosy lean-to, and pulled the blankets over them. In less than five minutes they were sound asleep.

Several hours later Nick awoke from a frightful dream, in which he was hoeing corn on a circus day. There was a confused noise all around him, and wet drops were splashing on his neck and hands. He hurriedly roused Teddy, and they crept to the door of the lean-to. Then they knew what it all meant. A furious thunderstorm had burst upon them while they slept. Big raindrops pattered on the hissing embers of the fire, and the pine trees groaned and creaked in the teeth of the gale. One peal of thunder followed another, and purple flashes of lightning flamed across the sky. The frogs in the marsh pools croaked dismally, and a screech owl close by rent the air with its shrill cry.

The boys shuddered and crept close to each other. The rain now fell in torrents, and poured in upon them from every crack and crevice.

"Playing Crusoe ain't such fun, after all," said Teddy, soberly.

"That's so," replied Nick. "I—I wish I was at home in bed."

Just then a fierce gust of wind demolished the lean-to, leaving the boys exposed to the pitiless storm.

"Grab the things, quick," cried Teddy. "Do you remember those rocks we saw this afternoon? We must try to find shelter there."

They tore away the fallen boughs, and snatching whatever they could find they started blindly through the rain. They bumped painfully against trees, tripped on stones and logs, and struggled knee deep through mud and water. Just when they felt sure they had lost their way, a welcome flash of lightning revealed a rocky ledge just ahead. An instant later they stood under its jutting crest, screened from the wind and rain. Dry grass and pine cones were within reach, and as Teddy had a waterproof match safe it was an easy matter to light a fire. The boys crouched beside the blaze, shivering in their wet clothes. Overhead and on the farther side of the ledge the storm still raged with unabated fury.

Suddenly a rustling was heard in the bushes, and as the started lads riveted their eyes upon the spot, a man strode into the firelight. The visitor was an evil-looking tramp. His clothing was soiled and tattered. His hair and beard were matted and unkempt. He had bleary eyes and swollen, purple cheeks.

There was no time for escape, even had the boys chosen to rush into the darkness and storm. They shrank back against the rock as the tramp seized Teddy's gun and brandished it menacingly.

"Here's luck!" he cried, in a harsh, cracked voice. "Good company, a warm fire, an' plenty to eat, all ready an' waiting, as sure as my name's Rusty Walker. What do I see there? Ham? An' ain't that a pie stuck in from under that blanket? Well, this is a lark!"

The boys shrank closer to the ledge, trembling with fear. At that moment they bitterly regretted the rash impulse that had led them to run away from home and parents. Would they ever see either again?

Mr. Rusty Walker observed the dread that he had inspired, and straightway scowled ferociously.

"Don't you stuck up young cubs know a gentleman when you see him?" he snarled. "I'm one, if I don't look like it. You've hurt my feelin's an' I intend to pay you up for it. Tarn your pockets inside out, quick!"

He emphasized the command by taking a step forward, and lifting the gun as though to strike.

"Please don't hurt us," whined Teddy, "we're doin' it as fast as we can."

With trembling hands he and Nick emptied every pocket, until a little pile of coins, handkerchiefs, Barlow knives, fish-hooks and other boyish treasures lay at their feet.

The tramp grimly appropriated the spoil.

"What brought you chaps into the swamp?" he demanded eyeing the boys curiously. "I more'n half believe you run away from home. Yes; I kin read it in your faces. Why did you do it? Weren't you treated right? Did you get beaten every day an' go ter bed hungry when night come?"

"Not exactly that," Teddy ventured to reply, in a timid voice; "but we had to work hard, and couldn't go fishing or to the circus."

"Well, you're a precious pair of fools," said the tramp. "You don't know when you're well off."

He paused a moment and looked straight into the fire as though he saw something among the flames. Then he resumed, in a strangely husky voice:

"I was a boy once, an' lived on a farm. I wish I'd staid there. But I got fool notions into my head, an' thought I was treated badly. So I run off an' never seen my parents again. You see what I am now. An' that's just what you young fools will come to some day if you don't take warning. Better steer another tack while there's time."

He stared into the fire once more, and when he turned again to the boys the momentary softness had faded from his face and voice.

"Now, light out," he snarled. "Make tracks fur home, an' stay there. You won't need your traps any more. I'll take care of 'em. Off with you!"

Teddy and Nick were only too glad to obey. They fled empty handed into the darkness, and the last they saw of Mr. Rusty Walker he was sitting on a flat stone with a pie in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other.

The storm had now ceased, and after wandering for several hours through gloomy recesses of the swamp the boys stumbled upon open country. They reached home at daybreak, greatly to the relief of their anxious parents, and as they showed genuine repentance for their misconduct they were freely forgiven.

Although the reformation of Nick and Teddy was directly due to Mr. Rusty Walker, that erratic individual was diligently searched for in the interests of justice. However, he prudently made himself scarce, and was never heard of again.—*William Murray Graydon, in the Providence Journal.*

A GIRL'S BEST STUDIES.

I feel convinced (says a writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal*) and this feeling is based upon careful inquiry, that four principal branches of study, with one or two of the arts, are sufficient for the healthful absorption by any girl of average mental capacity. And if I were asked to outline these particular studies, they would consist—First, of a thorough English course, covering analysis, grammar, composition, and rhetoric; second, history; third, literature, and fourth, mathematics. And add to these as accomplishments, the study of music first, and art second, and a girl has a sufficient course of study before her, with a due regard for her physical welfare. Where other branches of study are deemed best or necessary it is wiser to substitute rather than add.

A NORTHWEST MIRACLE.

THE UNIQUE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. GEO. COLLISON OF PRINCE ALBERT.

Physicians Declared She Was in Consumption—A Victim of Deadly Night Sweats and Her Case Pronounced Hopeless—Her Pastor Encouraged Her to Begin the Use of a Medicine that Saved Her Life The Days of Miracles in Healing Have Not Passed.

Mrs. George Collison is a well known and esteemed resident of Prince Albert, N. W. T. This lady has had a remarkable experience, having almost entered the valley of death when the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restored her to health and strength, and she now relates her marvellous story for the benefit of suffering humanity. We cannot do better than give Mrs. Collison's story in her own words. She says,—“We formerly lived in Carberry, Man., where I lay ill for a year and a half. My case was pronounced hopeless

by all the doctors there, and they agreed that I had not long to live, and in fact I had but little hope of recovery myself. The doctors stated that my trouble was consumption, and when they said they could do nothing for me I determined to go to my old home at Tara, Ont., and see if the doctors there could help me. I remained there for three months, and returned home not any improved. I was so weak I could scarcely walk across a room, and when I reached Carberry I was forced to take my bed, and at times was so weak I could not turn myself in bed. For some months I was troubled with chronic diarrhoea and after returning home I called in another doctor who had just located there. He checked the diarrhoea, but held out no hopes of my recovery. This doctor stated that not only were my lungs in a very bad condition, but that abscesses had formed. I suffered from the weakening effects of night sweats, and had alternate chills and fevers. Then my trouble became aggravated by the cords in my legs drawing up to the extent that it was impossible for me to straighten them. I was bandaged from my chest to my ankles, and my feet and hands would swell terribly. I had severe pains about the heart and coughed and spit so much that I thought the end was coming fast. When my minister called one day I told him I would like to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but as other medicines had failed me I feared they might too. He told me to remember that we must do all we could to preserve life, and perhaps God would bless the Pink Pills to the benefit of my health. I then began to take them, very lightly at first for my stomach was very weak. When I had taken the Pink Pills for a time I began to revive somewhat and there was an improvement in my appetite. After using Pink Pills for about a month I could sit up, and in four months from the time I began using them I could do my own work, and I am as strong, and I firmly believe healthier, than I ever was before. After I began the use of the Pink Pills I took no other medicine, but took with them occasionally juice of lemon and crushed sugar. It is a pleasure for me to speak strongly of the medicine which, with God's blessing, saved my life, and you are at liberty to give my experience the widest circulation, as it may be the means of benefiting some other despairing sufferer. My husband joins his grateful thanks with mine, and we both feel justified in saying that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a marvel among medicines.”

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills furnish in a condensed form the constituents necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, assisting it to absorb oxygen, the great sustainer of organic life. By this means this great remedy strikes at the root of disease, speedily driving it from the system, restoring the patient to full health and strength. Most diseases afflicting mankind have their origin in an impoverished condition of the blood, or a shattered nervous system, and acting directly upon these, Pink Pills are a specific for all such troubles. Thousands of grateful people testify to the benefits they have derived from the use of Pink Pills, and no other medicine has ever published such strong and carefully authenticated evidence of merit. If in need of a medicine do not be persuaded to try something else, but insist upon getting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

A LONG ILLNESS.

The many friends of Mr. C. B. Miller, representing Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drum, will be pleased to hear that he has quite recovered from his recent illness, and is now again in his office, Freehold Loan Building, looking as well as ever. Having had an operation performed Mr. Miller was confined to his room for several months.

Professor James McLean, of Chicago, is trying to revolutionize traction by using compressed air on engines in the place of steam. This would greatly change the shape of locomotives. He would put his air-tank where the cab now is, do away with the boiler and tender, and employ a rotary device instead of a reciprocating piston, in order to apply his power to the driving wheels. He doesn't say where he would put his engine.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of J. W. Johnson, Watchmaker and Jeweller, 272 Yongo St., who has just opened his new, well appointed and complete Jewellery Store, at the above address, where anything in the line can be procured at the lowest possible price.