

## Our Young Folks.

### HOW HE WAKENED GRAND-MOTHER.

Mamma said, "Little one, go and see if grandmother's ready to come to tea." I knew I musn't disturb her, so I stepped as gently along tip toe, And stood a moment to take a peep— And there was grandmother fast asleep.

I knew it was time for her to wake; I thought I'd give her a little shake, Or tap at her door, or softly call; But I hadn't the heart for that at all— She looked so sweet and so quiet there, Lying back in her high arm chair, With her dear white hair, and a little smile That means she's loving you all the while.

I didn't make a speck of noise; I knew she was dreaming of little boys And girls who lived with her long ago, And then went to heaven—she had told me so.

I went up close and I didn't speak One word, but I gave her on her cheek The softest bit of a little kiss, Just in a whisper, and then said this: "Grandma, dear, it's time for tea."

She opened her eyes and looked at me And said, "Why pet, I have just now dreamed Of a little angel who came and seemed To kiss me lovingly on my face"— She pointed right at the very place. I never told her 'twas only me, I took her hand and we went to tea.

—Sidney Dayre.

### HOW TED DID HIS DUTY.

Ted Stoddard was in his room digging deep into the mysteries of his Latin grammar. One sunbrowned hand was plunged through his dark, curly hair, while the sturdy knuckles of the other beat time on the table as he chanted for the eighth time exactly: "*Amo, Amas, Amat, Amamus, Amatis, Amant.*" He was just about to begin again when a regular Indian war-whoop, coming from under the low window, made him jump so suddenly that he very narrowly escaped a hard bump from the chandelier directly above his head.

"Hullo, there, Ted," a merry, boyish voice called out, and then as Ted poked his head out of the window, he went on: "Boffum and the boys are going fishing down in Ford's meadow. Want to come?"

"I just guess I do. I'm always your man for a catch. Be down in half a minute," and Ted's head disappeared from the view of the boy outside.

"I'd give a dime to know where my hat's gone," he said to himself as he vainly endeavored to find that always missing article. Finally he spied it, posing artistically upon the frame of a motto high up on the wall. As he reached for it, his eyes fell upon the handsomely illuminated text, and involuntarily he read, half aloud: "Do thy duty, that is best."

Only six short words, but they had a great effect upon Ted, for his bright face grew suddenly grave, and the thought flashed upon him that to go fishing on the day before a Latin examination when he really needed a great deal of preparation, would not be doing the "best" thing—his duty.

His waiting friend outside was beginning to grow impatient and called out, "Hurry up, slow-poke; haven't got quite all night to wait," and then Ted walked over to the window and did a brave thing—brave for a boy who loved all sports, and especially fishing.

"Bill," he said quietly, and so soberly that his friend looked up at him in wonder. "Bill, I don't think I'd better go. The final Latin exam. comes to-morrow, and you know I missed a good many days last term." His voice choked a little, and Bill knew that he meant the time of his mother's sickness and death.

Bill was well aware that when Ted made up his mind to a thing he generally kept to his decision, but he also knew that the boy was particularly fond of fishing, so he said coaxingly: "Oh, come along, old fellow, you'll have lots of time to brush up in the morning. I wouldn't let an old exam. make me lose a good catch. I'm going, and I need the study worse than you do." He laughed as he said the last words, but it was an uncomfortable sort of a laugh, and only strengthened Ted's resolve.

"Come up here, Bill, the front door is open. I've got something to show you."

Bill obeyed, rather puzzled to know just what Ted wanted.

"Do you see that?" Ted asked as Bill entered the room, pointing to the motto which had so influenced him.

Bill nodded and Ted went on gently: "Mother painted that a long time ago, and it always hung in my room. I used to like to look at it when I was a little chap, it was so bright and pretty. Of course, I did not know then what it really meant. But one night—it was my last birthday—I was sitting there by that window, waiting for mother to come and have my birthday talk—we always did that ever since I can remember—when the door opened softly, and she came into the room with something in her arms. It was that motto.

"'Teddy, boy,' she said, and I'll never forget how sweet her voice was, 'You always liked this because it was so pretty. I'm going to tell you about it so you will love it, because it is so helpful. And then she came and sat in that very rocker and talked to me so beautifully that I'll always remember it. Then we hung the motto up there, just where you see it, and mother kissed me good-night and told me to be her brave boy and never be afraid to do my duty, no matter how hard it might be. That was the last long talk we had together, for mother took cold the next week, and"—the boy's lips were trembling and his eyes were filled with tears. No one knew how terribly he felt the loss of his lovely mother, who was her boy's confidante in everything. But Ted, with a strong effort, kept back the tears that nearly blinded him, and added quietly, "And that, Bill, is the reason that I'm going to stay at home to-day, and do what mother would say is my duty."

That pathetic little story told so simply, impressed Bill more than all the sermons he had listened to in the last six months, and, as he took Ted's hand in a tight grip, he said huskily, "You're a brick, a regular brick, and if you're brave enough to do your duty, Bill Baker is not the chap to let you stand alone," and, quite overcome, he darted away, leaving Ted alone with his Latin grammar. It was hard for the boy to fasten his mind upon the uninteresting verbs, for he could not help thinking of the speckled trout that he knew were so plentiful in the boys' favorite fish-pond in Ford's meadow. But, as we have said, when Ted was once convinced of his duty, his mind was not easily changed.

Never during the whole year had the boys of the "A" Latin class passed an examination more creditably than they did next morning. Mr. Lorman, the teacher, was greatly encouraged and justly proud that his pupils should do so well before the large number of visitors, for the examination was public. Ted wondered how it was that the boys all did such good work without the usual "cramming" the previous day, for he thought they had all gone on the fishing expedition with the exception of Bill and himself. It was not until a few weeks after that he found out that Bill had excused himself from the party, giving as a reason the little tale that had so touched and helped him. Strangely enough, when he had finished, every boy of the "jolly fifteen" had decided that an afternoon of good solid study would not be amiss, so they quietly dispersed to their several homes. And that accounted for the excellent examination.

When Ted learned that it was his example which had brought this about, he went to his room, and there on his knees by the window where he had that last blessed talk with his precious mother, he thanked God from the depths of his boyish heart for the loved memory that had helped him, and which he prayed would always help him to do his duty.

The self-denial week for English Presbyterian Missions, which commenced on Sunday week, has been more heartily taken up than last year, when the first effort of the kind was made, and which realized \$1,422. Sunday was very generally observed as Foreign Mission Sunday. Dr. Gibson, preaching at St. John's Wood, glanced at the history of the China Mission, and touched upon the work of the leading missionaries—William Burns, Sandeman, Carstairs, Douglas, and the late Dr. Swanson.

## JOY IN TWO HOMES.

### A GENUINE SENSATION IN GREY COUNTY.

How Baby was Saved, and how a Young Lady Regained Health after Doctors and Friends had Given up Hope—Grateful Parents Speak for the Benefit of Other Sufferers.

From the Collingwood Enterprise.

Situated some fourteen miles from the town of Collingwood, on the border line between the counties of Simcoe and Grey, is the thriving village of Singhampton. It was the duty of the writer to visit this charming locality recently on a mission of more than local interest, and to Mr. Geo. E. Riddell we are indebted for the really startling facts elicited as a result of the trip. Having resided in the locality since boyhood, Mr. Riddell is one of the best known citizens in the village and his word is respected as that of an honest, intelligent man. He was found engaged in his work at Mr. Pearson's mills, and cheerfully went with the reporter to his residence where Mrs. Riddell was found with her little girl. The little girl is two years and 3 months old, very bright and intelligent. Her name is Lizzie Bell, but her parents informed the reporter that they call her the "Pink Pills baby," and they gave these reasons. When Lizzie was ten months old she was taken ill, the trouble being ascribed to her teeth, and so bad did she become that she was blind for two weeks. A doctor said there was no hope for her, and the parents shared his opinion, for the child was exceedingly puny and weighed only nine or ten pounds when a year old. Mrs. Riddell said, "We frequently could not help wishing the little one was at rest, so much did she suffer." Mr. Riddell about this time, heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and determined to try them. As baby continued taking these pills she began to grow well and strong, and has gone on steadily improving. "I think," said Mrs. Riddell, "that baby would long since have been in her grave had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I unhesitatingly recommend them as a most reliable remedy." Mr. Riddell said he had been ill for some time himself, feeling nervous, worried and losing his appetite. His left hand also seemed to be losing its strength, and his weight decreased to 132 pounds. He resolved to try Pink Pills, and in six weeks he regained good health and appetit, while his weight showed an increase of 32 pounds. He is enthusiastic concerning Pink Pills with good reason.

While in Singhampton the reporter heard much talk of another remarkable case, and being anxious that all the facts obtainable should be placed before the public he called at the home of Miss Ellen Cousins. The young lady was absent visiting friends, but her mother cheerfully gave the facts of this truly remarkable case. Miss Cousins was troubled with dyspepsia since childhood, and as she approached maturity other complications followed. At sixteen years of age she weighed 125 pounds, but her troubles so reduced her that she fell away to a mere skeleton of 56 pounds, and at this stage her trouble was aggravated by erysipelas in both legs. Medicines of various kinds were tried without avail until the doctor advised that none be taken and that the diet be carefully watched. Then another doctor who it was said had cured a girl similarly afflicted, was tried, but three months' treatment produced no good results and Miss Cousins was in such a condition that the family and friends sat up one night fully expecting death to ensue before morning. The spark of life flickered, and on the suggestion of a friend two boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were procured. After taking these a slight gain was noticed, and two boxes more were got, and since that time Miss Cousins has taken eleven boxes and has continually gained in health and strength and her weight has increased from 56 to 85 pounds. Mrs. Cousins said that they look upon Ellen as one raised from the dead, and they cheerfully recommend Pink Pills to all sufferers from similar complaints.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or an impairment of the nervous system, such as

rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink.) They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud and should be avoided.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. They may be had from any dealer, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

We beg to draw the attention of our readers to an advertisement appearing in our columns, that of Messrs. Coutts & Sons, of London, Glasgow and Manchester. Their well-known remedy has not hitherto been pushed in Canada, though it has been handled by wholesale druggists for a long time and we doubt not some old country people have had some difficulty in obtaining their favourite remedy out here. However, in the future, the public will be able to get it through any druggist. Many of our readers will know that Messrs. Coutts & Son advocate a method of treatment as well as a remedy. Acetocura is applied externally with a sponge on handle according to the "Spinal System of Treatment." The theory Messrs. Coutts promulgate in their pamphlet, "The Acid Cure," is, that symptoms of disease are more often an effect than a cause. It is claimed that the true cause of such ailments as Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc., is a want of nerve power to regulate the blood circulation and bring the life blood to weakened parts so that waste matter may be carried off and the tissues receive the nourishment they require for carrying on their normal functions. Science is tending more and more to support this theory; as to the results of the treatment there can be no doubt. Acetocura when intelligently applied restores health. Thousands in all parts of the world attest this.

That the London Missionary Society, one of the best and most catholic institutions in the world, is in deep water. They have had to sell out stock to a considerable extent, and have pledged with their bankers all that is possible in the way of property. The long period of commercial depression, and the death of splendid givers, like the late Samuel Morley, is the more immediate cause of the difficulty. But they are not alone—many other organizations have trouble to a great extent. The Congregational Union of England and Wales is in much perplexity by the failure of its church-aid department. The rural exodus has depleted country churches, while the town churches have not contributed proportionately to make up the deficiency.

Our readers will be glad to learn that the fire at the immense establishment of Henry McShane Mfg. Co., proprietors of the McShane Bell Foundry in Baltimore, Md., did not do any damage to the sweeps and patterns from which these celebrated bells are made, and that the large number of orders now on hand will be promptly filled, also all future orders.

The Maharaja of Mysore has just caused to be issued a regulation, to be hereafter considered by his Government, the object of which is to "prevent infant marriages in territories of Mysore." The regulation, which is to come into force within six months, will fix the minimum age at which a girl may marry at 3 years and a boy at 14. A male over the age of 18 may not marry a girl of 8 under a heavy penalty. A man over 50 years of age is not to be allowed to marry a girl under 14 years of age, under pain of imprisonment, which may extend to two years. An aider or abettor to such an offence is liable to imprisonment for six months.

### TAKE NOTICE.

During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household Remedies.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.