

## Our Young Folks.

### FORGIVE ME, MOTHER DEAR.

BY MARY THACHER HIGGINSON.

Tempests and clouds made dark the day  
For fitful Madge and me;  
At length repentance had its way,  
And brought her to my knee.

The softened eyes revealed a tear;  
But hope is brave at ten.  
"Will you forgive me, mother dear?  
Can I begin again?"

"O child," I said, with weary sigh,  
"Too often you begin;"  
"Yes, mother," and the calm reply  
Showed victory within.

In this remorseful heart sank deep  
My lambkin's pleading glance;  
What if the Shepherd of the sheep  
Denied me one more chance?

### NAT'S PRAYER.

There was a loud cry from the play-room.  
Mamma dropped her sewing, and ran to the  
rescue just in time to see Nat striking Mamie's  
white chubby hand with his whip.

"You are just the meanest girl I know,  
Mamie Wallace, and I hate you, I do."

Nat stopped suddenly, for there in the  
doorway was mamma. Mamie ran sobbing  
into her arms, but Nat stood sturdily defi-  
ant.

"I—I didn't—mean—to break it—mamma,  
sobbed Mamie.

"You're always breaking something of  
mine, and then saying you didn't mean to;  
but I'll never forgive you for this," said Nat  
angrily, surveying the fragments of the pretty  
toy velocipede that Uncle Nat had given him  
not long before. Anything coming from  
Uncle Nat was doubly precious.

Mamma, without a word or even a look to  
Nat—naughty, cross Nat—took Mamie with  
her to her room, leaving him to his own re-  
flections. Do you know what he wanted to  
do? He wanted to have a good cry and  
do? 'make up, with mamma and Mamie; but  
something naughty within him said 'Don't.  
Mamie was naughty to break your pretty  
velocipede, and mamma ought to punish her.'

And all the time Nat knew very well that  
he was the one that deserved to be punished;  
but he stayed there alone in the play-room,  
just as miserable as you can imagine a little  
boy to be. You see it had been such a  
wretched day from the very beginning. It  
was Saturday, and papa was going to take  
him into the city that very day, but the first  
thing he heard in the morning was the rain  
pattering against his window-pane. Then he  
felt so disappointed that he forgot to say his  
prayers, so you see he was soon to have  
trouble. Well everything went wrong, and  
Nat kept growing crosser and crosser until  
the worst thing of all happened when Mamie  
broke his velocipede. Poor Nat! You can-  
not guess how miserably wretched he felt all  
the rest of the morning, for he was too  
naughty and proud to go and tell her he was  
sorry.

"If she'd only come and ask me, maybe I'd  
tell her I was sorry," he said to himself, but  
no mamma came.

Dinner time came at last, however, and  
Nat made his way, rather shamefacedly, I  
must confess, to his place at the table. But  
no one spoke a word to him, and there was  
such a lump in his throat at this strange  
treatment, that even though they had his  
favorite apple dumplings, he could scarcely  
swallow a mouthful. After dinner, feeling  
sure he could never endure another solitary  
season in the play-room, he followed meekly  
after mamma as she went back to her room.

"Mamie," she said, after a little time,  
"would you please go down stairs and get me  
the paper?"

"I'll go," said Nat quickly, before Mamie  
could get her playthings out of her lap.

"Thank you, but I had rather have Mamie  
wait on me," was the grave reply.

That was too much for Nat: he turned  
quickly and fled to the lounge in the play-  
room, and sobbed as though his heart would  
break. Was mamma never going to love him  
again? And all the time he knew he ought  
to go and take his naughty words back, but  
he would not. "They've been cross to me,  
too," he said, by way of excuse.

By-and-by he sobbed himself to sleep, and  
knew nothing more until the tea bell rang.  
He looked stealthily out from his eyes to see  
if mamma showed any signs of relenting.  
Once, just once, he caught her eye; and it  
was such a loving, pitiful look she gave him  
that he nearly broke down, and had a great  
time choking.

"When she comes to hear my prayer I'll  
tell her I'm sorry," he resolved forthwith, and  
felt better for even that much. But lo and  
behold, to his astonishment, bed time did not  
bring mamma to his side at all. He and  
Mamie had a little room together; and mam-  
ma tucked her snugly in, heard her say "Our  
Father," but she did not come, as was her  
wont, to do the same for Nat. She had  
reached the door. Nat sat up in bed.

"Mamma," he said, "you haven't tucked  
me in, nor heard me say my prayers, nor kiss-  
ed me." The last came out in almost a sob.

Mamma came back and sat down by his  
side, but her face was very, very grave.

"I think you had better not say your pray-  
ers to night, Nat." And Nat could say noth-  
ing from sheer astonishment. From his baby-  
hood up he had said "Our Father" every  
night. What could it mean?

"You know if you said your prayers you  
would have to say "Forgive us our trespasses  
as we forgive those that trespass against us."  
And you know you are never going to forgive  
Mamie her trespass against you, so you would  
be asking God never to forgive your trespasses  
against Him."

That was a new idea to Nat. No, of  
course he could not say his prayers unless—  
there he hesitated—unless he was ready to  
forgive Mamie. Now, you must know that  
Nat felt himself very much superior to Mamie.  
Was he not a boy? did he not go to school?  
and had he not been into the city on the cars  
all alone once? Of course he was very much  
superior to Mamie, and to think of having to  
beg her pardon! Besides, she ought to beg  
his pardon for having broken his velocipede.  
Nat lay down on his pillow once more, and  
mamma went slowly and sadly down stairs.  
It grew very dark, and the rain had a dreary  
sound. Mamie was sound asleep, but Nat's  
eyes refused to stay shut. He felt afraid, he  
wished that mamma would come up, or even  
that Mamie was awake. Then he began to  
think over the day, what a long, wretched one  
it had been, how unhappy he had been him-  
self, and how naughty.

Finally, before he knew it, just as he was  
thinking how sorry mamma had looked, the  
naughty spirit within him died. He jumped  
out of his bed and ran over to Mamie's.

"Mamie," he said—"Mamie, I know you  
didn't mean to break my velocipede, and I  
want you to forgive me for being so hateful  
about it!"

"O Nat, I was dreadfully sorry! I thought  
I'd never be happy again," said Mamie, put-  
ting up her mouth for a kiss, and dropping off  
to sleep again in less than no time.

"Mamma," called Nat from the top stairs  
—"please come up, for I can say my prayers  
now."

Five minutes after—will you believe it  
—Nat was just as sound asleep as Mamie!

### A LITTLE ERRAND FOR GOD.

Helen stood on the door-step with a very  
tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove  
up to her and said: "I am glad you are all  
ready to go out, dear. I came to take you to  
Mrs. Lee's park and see the new deer."

"Oh, thank you, papa; but I can't go just  
this time. The deer will keep, and we can go  
to-morrow. I have a very particular errand  
to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"Oh, it is to carry this somewhere," and  
she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled and asked: "Who is  
the errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa; but, oh, no, I  
guess not, it's a little errand for God; papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little  
dear," said the good father, tenderly. "Can't  
I help you any?"

"No, sir. I was going to carry my orange  
that I saved from dessert to old Peter."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not; but he never has any-  
thing nice, and he's good and thankful. Big  
folks give him only cold meat and broken bread,  
and I thought an orange would look so beau-  
tiful and make him so happy. Don't you  
think that poor, well folks ought to be com-  
forted sometimes, as well as the poor, sick  
folks, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, and I think we too often  
forget them until sickness and starvation.  
You are right, this is a little errand of God.  
Get into the buggy, and I will drive you to  
old Peter's and wait till you have done the  
errand, and then show you the deer. Have  
you a pin, Helen?"

"Yes, papa, here is one."

"Well, here is a \$5 bill for you to fix on the  
skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's  
rent for four weeks, and perhaps this will be  
a little errand for God, too," said the gentle-  
man.

Little Helen, who had taught a wise man  
a wise lesson, looked very happy as her fingers  
fixed the fresh bill on the orange.—*Sel.*

### A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

EIGHT LONG YEARS OF PAIN AND SUFFERING.

A Well Known Goderich Lady Restored to Health  
and Strength After Physicians Had Failed—  
Gives Her Experience for the Public Good.

From the Goderich Signal.

The marvelous change which has taken  
place in the physical condition of Mrs. Cullo-  
den Fraser, Britannia street, during the past  
twelve months has been the chief topic of con-  
versation among her many friends and acquaint-  
ances of late, and to all who know of the terri-  
ble manner in which she has been afflicted,  
her lifting up appears to have been little short  
of miraculous. Mrs. Fraser has a wide circle  
of acquaintances in Goderich and vicinity,  
having resided in this town for over thirty  
years—ever since her husband, who was a  
merchant in Bayfield, retired from business  
and located here. Having heard of the won-  
derful change that had been brought about in  
her physical condition, a representative of The  
Signal called upon Mrs. Fraser at her pleas-  
ant home to congratulate her on the im-  
proved state of her health, and to find out in  
what manner the happy change had been  
effected. He was graciously received and the  
following statement was voluntarily given by  
Mrs. Fraser:

"It is now over eight years since one  
morning as I was performing ablutions, and  
when passing my hand over my face, I exper-  
ienced a pain on the cheek similar to that  
which is felt when a thorn which has pene-  
trated the flesh is touched. The pain contin-  
ued after that and appeared to move all over  
my face and head. From the cheek it went  
to the upper lip, then to the lower lip, then to  
the forehead and head and then to the eyes.  
So intense was the agony which I suffered that  
I was unable to touch my hair and eyebrows,  
and my eyes felt like veritable balls of fire.  
My gums were so affected that I was unable to  
masticate my food, and as a result I suffered  
greatly from lack of nourishment. My face  
became so contracted from the effects of the  
pain that my best friends could hardly recog-  
nize me, and the only relief I could get was  
from chloral and the use of opiates. Finally  
my local physician, who had been tireless in  
his efforts to help me, said he could do nothing  
further for me, and my case seemed utterly  
hopeless. I then went to Clinton and consult-  
ed one of the most skilled practitioners in that  
town, who diagnosed my case and said he could  
recommend no treatment that would benefit me.  
I came home utterly broken down and not know-  
ing what to do. I had read in the newspapers  
of the marvellous results accomplished by the  
use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but as I had  
never placed much confidence in proprietary  
medicines so widely advertised, and had relied  
more on the methods of skilled practitioners,  
I had not given the matter of using them much  
thought. As a last resort, however, I deter-  
mined to give Pink Pills a trial, and had two  
boxes purchased at the drug store of James  
Wilson. From the first box I cannot say that  
I experienced any noticeable benefit but by the  
time I was half through with the second box I  
knew I was mending rapidly, as the terrible

pains had ceased, to a great extent, and I had  
begun to feel more like my former self. That  
was last fall, and when my friends heard that  
I was recovering they began to drop in rapid-  
ly and congratulate me. As a result of the  
excitement consequent upon the fact that  
sometimes as many as ten or a dozen would  
come in to see me during the course of a day,  
I had a relapse—a return of the old pains—  
but I continued to take Pink Pills, and am  
pleased to say that I gradually got back to my  
normal condition, in which I am to-day. This  
summer, since August, I have been entirely  
free from the malady, which has never been  
the case during the previous seven summers,  
but I occasionally take the Pink Pills, as my  
doctor advises me that it is well, so as to ward  
off the disease. I attribute the marked im-  
provement in my health solely to the use of  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and have not failed  
to recommend their use to many of my friends  
who have made enquiry as to the benefit  
derived by me from them."

In conversation with Jas. Wilson, drug-  
gist, it was learned that Dr. Williams' Pink  
Pills have a very large sale in Goderich,  
and that many can testify to their great value  
as a blood builder and nerve tonic. Mr.  
Geo. A. Fear, druggist, also speaks highly of  
the results attained by the use of Pink Pills  
among his customers, and says he finds them  
the best selling remedy in his store.

Such remarkable cures as that of Mrs.  
Fraser have been but too few in the past.  
Thanks to the better knowledge that the  
people are obtaining of Dr. Williams' Pink  
Pills they are now becoming more numerous.

This medicine contains in a condensed  
form all the elements necessary to give new  
life and richness to the blood, and restore shat-  
tered nerves. They are an unfailing specific  
for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial  
paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia,  
rheumatism, nervous headache, the after  
effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart,  
pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling  
resulting from 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 cases arising from mental  
worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever  
nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in  
boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They  
are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or  
hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes  
in this form should be avoided. The public are  
also cautioned against other so-called blood  
builders and nerve tonics, put up in a similar  
form intended to deceive. Ask your dealer  
for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People  
and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr.  
Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and  
Schneectady, N.Y., and may be had of all drug-  
gists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams  
Medicine Co., from either address, at 50 cents  
or six boxes for \$2.50.

One of the oldest seats of learning in Eur-  
ope, the University of Valladolid, celebrated  
recently its sixth centennial as an established  
university. In 1293 King Sancho IV., of  
Castilla and Leon, gave a charter to this school.  
But it had been in existence long before the  
Christian era. The Roman Consul, Sertor-  
ius, founded a school here, and the Moors ex-  
tended it greatly in the eighth century.  
Valladolid became then especially famous for  
the study of medicine, a reputation which has  
not altogether been lost in our days.—*Don  
Fuan Ortega Rubia, in the Revista Contemporanea,  
Madrid.*

I WAS CURED of a bad case of Grip by MIN-  
ARD'S LINIMENT.  
Sydney, C.B. C. I. LAQUE.

I WAS CURED of loss of voice by MINARD'S  
LINIMENT.  
Yarmouth. CHARLES PLUMMER.

I WAS CURED of Sciatica Rheumatism by  
MINARD'S LINIMENT.  
Burin, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.