

0, 1911
ELY 10, 1901
Her Last Grandma.
grandma, if you know her well
I do, you would know
words we use could never tell
how good she was; and so
I keep coming in my throat
to see her empty chair,
know she the nevermore will quote
her texts, or lead in prayer.
I led in her room one day.
My heart was beating fast;
Bible and her glasses lay
just where she laid them last.
You what, a boy like me
to trouble hard to bear,
about the house and see
that grandma isn't there.
A boy has stubbed his toe,
made his finger bleed,
ought to know just where to go
to find a friend in need.
Grandma knows the way to cure,
any mortal does.
He will get a cookie, sure—
that's how my grandma was.
A rich man—one that's good—
I said I most all he had;
had suffered all he could,
think his lot was sad;
when the tears came in his eyes,
I had my pity, sure,
when a boy's last grandma dies,
it better think he's poor!
—J. J. Maxfield.
Jesse's Lesson.
BY GULFIMA ZOLLINGER.
The busiest boy in all the town of
Elway was Jesse Timanus. As old
Chadsey remarked, it did seem as
if always had something on hand.
Jesse's activity arose not so
from his native energy as from
that he never could say No to
anybody who asked him to do any-
thing. And his days were consequent-
ly in the vain effort to keep up
his promises.
His mother said the trouble was that
he was of such an obliging disposition.
A dozen times a day she was out
dozen looking to see if Jesse were
somewhere in view returning from
one of his many unpaid errands for
body else, to do his own necessary
which lay neglected at home.
It was about noon of a warm sum-
mery day, and Mrs. Timanus was dish-
ing up the dinner when Jesse rushed
in, pitching his hat into a corner,
and applied a little water to his face
hands and announced himself
for his midday meal. He was
years old, freckle-faced and
as might have been expected
so much rushing about.
"Was hoping you'd get around a
bit earlier, son," remarked his mother.
She was secretly proud of the
boy for Jesse. "I was needing
wood out, and those weeds in
garden surely ought to be pulled."
"I know it, ma, I know it," acknowl-
edged Jesse, "and I'd do it in a minute
could."
"Expect you would, Jesse," ans-
wered his mother with a smile. "It
is good to think what a smart,
hard-working man you're going to be.
I can make out to pull the weeds."
"Was such remarks as these that
more than once led old Mr. Chad-
sey to observe: "It beats all how
some women can be over a boy
that's their own and the only one
they got. It's a pity Jesse's pa ain't
for the boy needs him bad."
"Pa now would say," "Son, you
your own work first, and do it good,
and you go tramping around all over
doing for other people them
which they could just as well do
for themselves if they thought so. For
it's not a case of doing for the halt,
the lame, or the blind, or otherwise
unfortunate. And if Jesse didn't
do them, then Jesse's pa would get him a
hand. However, something may turn
out to give him a lesson."
Unconscious that Jesse was about
to have his lesson his mother now in-
steadly inquired concerning his
duties of that morning.
"First thing, ma, I was going
to see Mrs. P. ask came running out and
told me if I wouldn't tote Fannie
to her aunt's, where she was
to stay all day. It's clear to the
town, you know, her aunt's is
Mrs. Black said Fannie was too
to go alone, and Sam, he'd slipped
somewhere, or she'd have him take
that's the way with some boys,"
replied Mrs. Timanus. "Always off
where. You took her, I suppose?"
"Yes, and on the way, as we went
Mrs. Smith's, that woman that's
going, she locked out and she says,
"My boy, please wait a moment!"
"She come a-burrying out with a
letter. Please carry that to the office
off," she said. "It's particular."
"Mr. Smith is away or he would
have it."
"That's the way with some men," ob-
served Mrs. Timanus. "Always away.
I took it, I suppose?"
"And what did her aunt say when

you come leading Fannie?" inquired
Mrs. Timanus. "Something not very
praising to Sam Black, I'll warrant."
"Well," confessed Jesse, "I didn't
lead her in. The house was in sight,
and Lem. Waller come a'long and
wanted me to go 'long down with him
into a field behind some corn and eat a
watermelon. And I was pretty warm
and tired anyway, so I went, and let
Fannie go on alone. I wasn't calculat-
ing to put the letter in the office till on
the way home. 'Twouldn't go till 6
o'clock."
"I expect it was time enough to get
it in," observed his mother. "Was the
watermelon good?"
"Not so good as Lem made out it
would be," answered Jesse. "'Twasn't
a good kind. Sort of flat instead of
sweet."
"That's the way with some boys,"
said Mrs. Timanus. "Always making
out how good things are going to be.
Did you put the letter in?"
"No I didn't. I lost it. And I've
got to go this afternoon and hunt for
it. I guess I can find it, though."
"Why, yes, I should think you could,"
responded his mother. "A letter had
ought to be easy to find. And 'tain't
as if you'd lost money. Another letter
can be wrote if that's gone, but lost
money has got to be paid back. If you
don't find it in half an hour, you'd
better go and tell her, so's she can
write another."
"All right, ma, I will, and Jesse,
rescuing his hat from the corner, set
out.
He had not gone far when he was
stopped by the indignant Mrs. Black,
who was coming to seek him. "What
have you done with Fannie?" she
cried. "Here's my sister come to see
me and says Fannie hasn't been there
to-day."
"Why, I left her right there in sight
of the house," answered Jesse. "Didn't
she go on?"
"No, she didn't. And now she's
lost. This comes of trusting a shift-
less boy that never does any of his own
work. I might have known he wouldn't
do anything right for anybody else,"
ended Mrs. Black bitterly. "For she
was not a very refined woman, and she
was very angry."
The astonished Jesse who had never
before beheld himself thus imaged
forth gazed a moment at her and then
hurried away. "I'll stop and tell her
to write another letter," he thought.
"I can't hunt that. I'll have to help
hunt Fannie."
"Lost the letter!" exclaimed Mrs.
Smith's visitor. "I'm very sorry. It
had a ten dollar bill in it."
Then Jesse stood almost paralyzed.
Lost money had to be paid back. His
mother had said so. And what did he
have to pay with? Nothing.
"I'm awful sorry," he blurted out at
last. "I'll hunt my best for it, but
first I've got to hunt for Fannie. She's
lost, too. And if I don't find it, why,
some way, I'll pay you back."
That afternoon Fannie was found,
but not so the letter. It was two days
before Jesse was able to carry it joy-
fully back to its writer. Two awful
days of misery to Jesse and his mother.
For they were quite poor, and ten
dollars was to them a large sum.
"I tell you, ma, I'm glad that money's
found!" cried Jesse, with sparkling
eyes. "For we're just 'oo bankrupt
entirely to pay out that much. And
after this when folks ask me to do any-
thing, I'm going to think whether I've
got time to do it and do it good. And
if I haven't, I'm not going to try."
Mrs. Timanus for a few moments
said nothing. She had been deeply
hurt by the uncomplimentary remarks
about Jesse which had come to her ears
in the last two days. "This is an un-
thankful world," she said, "and yet a
body don't want to be too disobliging.
But still, if I was you, before I done
too much for other people, I'd pull my
own weeds and cut my own wood."
Jesse looked at his mother, whom he
dearly loved. But "I will, ma," was all
he said.—Advance.
Grandma's Teeth.
About the middle of the forenoon,
while Mary was kneading bread, and
the twins had each a piece of dough
and patty-pan, the doorbell rang and
Ella went to open it. But as soon as
she had opened the door she came run-
ning back into the room and hid be-
hind Eddie, for there stood a forlorn
tramp.
"Please, miss, couldn't you give me
just a bite and a sup? I'm that hun-
gry I could eat old shoes."
The children's eyes grew very round
and large as they looked at the man,
then down at their own sturdy boots
and wondered. Mary meanwhile was
setting out some meat, coffee and bread
for the man. "I am sorry," she said,
"that I have not any bread for you but
these crusts," and Mary, putting the
last loaf into the oven, charging the
children to stay in the room, went out.
"Wall, children, them crusts is
mighty hard for my old teeth to chew."

"Why don't you buy some new ones
like my grandma has?"
"Hain't got any money to buy teeth
with, young one."
"Wish we had the kind of teeth we
could give you," said the small boy in
a gush of generosity.
"Oh, I tell you what we can do, Ella;
you go up to grandma's room and bor-
row hers for the poor man, and I'll
stay here."
Pretty soon the little girl came back.
"Here they are Eddie. Gran'ma was
asleep, so I didn't wake her, for it
had taken the teeth out and put them
in a glass of water on the stand."
Eddie handed the teeth over to the
tramp, who, seeing that they were on
a gold plate, concluded to keep them.
"Thank you, sonny; I'll step outside
and put them in my mouth, for it
would not be polite to put them in
before sissy here," said he, with a grin.
"My-e-e! what a long time that man
is fixing those teeth," said Ella.
"I'll just go out and see about it,"
said Eddie. "Why, he's gone."
"Man, man, come back!" called the
children. "Those are our grandmother's
teeth."
"But it is needless to say the man
did not hear or heed the childish
voices. The children were sitting on
the floor crying when Mary came in
to the room. "What is the matter? Why
the man has gone?"
"Yes, and our grandma's teeth are
gone too, boo-hoo!"
It took some time for Mary to under-
stand just what had happened. When
she did she consulted the family, and
they were all pretty well stirred up.
Mary went to the school for John, and
together they went to the police office
and told the story. Poor Grandma
had to eat broth for dinner, supper,
and breakfast the next day. But be-
fore dinner a police officer came with
the missing teeth, and how thankful
grandma was!
The Lion and the Bicycle.
"Mr. A. B. Lloyd, an English ex-
plorer and missionary in Africa, is an
ardent bicyclist. On one of his rides
in that country," says The Youth's
Companion, "he met a lion, and it was
his 'scorching' that saved him."
"One fine morning Mr. Lloyd started
on his wheel for a village a few
miles from the mission station. He
took the main road to Uganda, which
was a good thoroughfare about five
feet wide. After climbing a long hill
he came to the descent on the other
side, a long, gentle slope, where he
knew the road was smooth.
"Up went his feet to the coasters,
and away he flew down the hill, going
faster every minute. Near the bottom
of the hill was a turn. On approach-
ing this, he again put his feet to the
pedals.
"As he rounded the curve, a terrible
sight burst upon him. In the middle
of the narrow path lay a full-grown
lion, its head down upon its paws,
facing up hill.
"Mr. Lloyd could not stop, or if he
did stop it would be in the very jaws
of the king of the forest. To the left
was a wall of rock twenty feet high,
and to the right a steep embankment,
with a river a hundred feet below.
Escape seemed impossible.
"Suddenly he remembered that the
wild men he had met were always
afraid of his bicycle. Perhaps a wild
beast might be affected in the same
way. Therefore he did the only thing
he could do. Releasing his check on
the wheel, ringing his bell, and shout-
ing with all the power of his lungs, he
forced the bicycle at his best speed
directly toward the couchant lion.
"The beast raised its head. Then,
seeing this unearthly creature, with so
strange a voice, rushing fearlessly
upon it, it gave a blood-curdling yelp,
and sprang to one side just as the rider
flew past."
Good Brother Jim.
The car remained at a standstill for
so long a time that everyone wondered
if something were wrong. It was soon
seen, however, that a sturdy little
urchin was very tenderly helping a
lame child aboard, and as the car moved
on, his cheery 'good-bye' called a smile
to the cripple's wan face.
The latter seated himself so that he
could look out of the window, and
every few minutes he waved his hand
at some one on the street. The other
people in the car became curious, and,
looking out, saw a little fellow running
along the sidewalk, keeping pace with
them.
"Who is that?" asked a lady of the
lame boy.
"Why that's Jim!" was the proud
response.
"Yes, dear; but who is 'Jim'?"
"Why, Jim's my brother, of course."
By this time every one was listening
in smiling sympathy.
"Oh! I see," said the lady; "that's
the boy who helped you on the car.
But why does he not ride with you?"

"Why," he said, "we only had a
nickel, and Jim said I must ride. You
see," he added, after a pause, "I can't
walk well, but Jim, he can run fine."
"See! what is this!" the lady said.
With eyes big with delight, the child
caught up a five-cent piece that had
miraculously appeared in his torn little
cap which lay on the seat between the
lady and himself. Then, with frantic
gestures, he hailed 'Jim,' who boarded
the car at the next corner.
It would be hard to say who was
happiest on that car during the re-
mainder of the trip, but surely the
boys thought that they were.—Selec ed.
A Couple of Iced Drinks.
Iced tea is no new thing, and those
who have enjoyed its refreshment on a
hot afternoon will not fail to try it
again. But rather a new idea in re-
gard to it, to make the tea as recom-
mended by a Southern woman, of cold
water. Take the portions of tea and
cold water—instead of hot—as usual,
and let it stand in a porcelain dish
from four to six hours. Add the ice
sugar and lemon slices, as to the hot
tea, just before serving.
The other suggestion is concerning
lemonade; that it is much better made
of boiling instead of cold water. The
formula as given in two or three jour-
nals is as follows:
The juice of three large or four
small lemons and the rind of one.
Two ounces of granulated sugar—
more or less according to taste—and
four cups of boiling water. When cold
chill on ice. To some tastes a few
very ripe strawberries make a delici-
ous addition.—The Examiner.
Rice pudding made with beef tea in-
stead of milk makes an excellent
savory pudding for an invalid.
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills
cure Anaemia, Nervousness, Sleepless-
ness, Weakness, Palpitation, Throb-
bing, Faint Spells, Dizziness, or any
condition arising from Impoverished
Blood, Disordered Nerves or Weak
Heart.
HAD LA GRIPE.—Mr. A. Nickerson,
Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter
I had La Grippe and it left me
with a severe pain in the small of my
back and hip that used to catch me
whenever I tried to climb a fence.
This lasted for about two months when
I bought a bottle of Dr. Thomas'
Electric Oil and used internally and
externally, morning and evening, for
three days, at the expiration of which
time I was completely cured."
The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vander-
voort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes:
"We have been using Parmelee's Pills,
and find them by far the best pills we
ever used." For Delicate and Debili-
tated Constitutions these pills act like
a charm. Taken in small doses, the
effect is both a tonic and a stimulant,
mildly exciting the secretions of the
body, giving tone and vigor.
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