

A Secret.

I be like grandma when I am old? I wear such a queer little bonnet—feathers, no posies, but just a plain fold. With a little white edging upon it? With a little white edging upon it? With a great ball of wool and a stocking? I think it quite dreadful for folks to do wrong, and dirt and disorder quite shocking? Wait till I tell you what grandma once said—hope you won't think me crazy—happened one day when they sent me to bed for being ill tempered and lazy. I came and sat by me, and patted my hand. A friend told me, 'There's no use in crying; by stumbling, my pet, that we know how to stand, and we always grow better by trying.'

Brian and the Turkey.

'Oh! I'm so glad Brian is coming. He is such a dear little boy,' cried Dot. 'So am I,' answered Marie; 'but I wish he would come quick. I am so tired of waiting.' 'What a lot of things we shall have to show him,' Dot went on. 'It seems funny to think he has never been in the country before.' 'Here they come!' cried Marie, rushing to the garden gate; and the children kissed their little cousin until his cap fell off, and he was quite confused. The days were getting long and warm now. So after an early tea three children made for the farm-yard. 'You see, there's a number of things you've never seen, Brian,—chickens and ducks and geese and pigs and—' 'I've seen lots of 'em,' said Brian, a little indignant. 'We have chickens for dinner; and ever so many years ago, I don't 'xactly 'member when, we had a goose, and we has turkey at Chis'mas.' Dot and Marie laughed. 'But you have never seen them running about have you?' Before Brian could make up his mind what to say, they came upon a brood of ducklings; and his shout of delight told them the sight was new to him. Then the chickens and the goslings and the little pigs, all were fresh and delightful to the London boy; and his cousins were as happy as he. But his rosy cheeks grew a shade paler when he saw a big turkey strutting about with outspread tail. 'He doesn't look much like the turkeys in the shops, does he?' said Dot. As the turkey took no notice of them, Brian's courage soon came back. Suddenly he gave a great shout, and, pointing to the turkey's wattles, he cried excitedly, 'Why, the turkey's got a trunk!' Dot and Marie laughed so much at Brian's discovery that Brian began to laugh, too, although he did not know why. So it was a very happy party that mother called indoors at last. But all the time he stayed at the farm nothing pleased Brian so much as watching the turkey; and, when he was quite a big boy, his cousins used to remind him of the turkey's trunk.—Cassel's Little Folks.

The Polite Puppy Dog.

Master Puppy Dog was trotting down the street. He felt and looked very important, for this was the first time he had been out for a really long walk by himself; he was going as far as the end of the road. 'Perhaps I shall have some adventures,' he thought to himself. 'Won't mother be glad to see I am able to take care of myself quite well now?' So he trotted on, when suddenly round the corner came a little kitten, running as fast as she could, with her fur standing straight up, she was so frightened. Master Puppy Dog was just going to ask her what was the matter, when up rushed Mr. Bow-wow, the big dog from the next street. 'Oh! save me, save me!' mewed Miss Pussy Cat. 'What shall I do? I can't get up anywhere.' Master Puppy Dog's teeth gleamed as he sprang in front of her, his four little legs planted firmly. 'How dare you, Mr. Bow-wow?' he cried. Mr. Bow-wow growled. 'Get out of my way, you impertinent little dog!' he said angrily. 'Shan't!' said Master Puppy Dog. It was very rude of him, but the big dog quite deserved it. 'I'll bite you if you don't go away at once,' went on Puppy Dog; and he looked so fierce that Mr. Bow-wow, who knew he was in the wrong, thought it wiser to tuck his tail between his legs and trot off down the street to his home. 'Oh, thank you, thank you! What should I have done if you had not been here!' cried Miss Pussy Cat. 'I am glad to have been able to help you,' answered Master Puppy Dog, politely. So up the street they trotted, side by side, until they reached Miss Pussy Cat's home. 'Good-by, madam. I expect I shall see you to-morrow; and, if any one is rude to you, mind you send for me,' said Master Puppy Dog; and then, wagging his tail, he ran in at his own gate.—Little Folks.

He was a worker, sure enough; but, when he heard the guns go off he went with them! He followed us over hill and vale, through forest and clearing, through stubble fields and bramble patches. As he emerged from one of those tangled masses of blackberry bushes, which are so common in that region, I noticed that his little bare shins, from his knee to his ankle, were just streaming with blood. 'Whew!' said I, sympathetically. 'That's nothin'!' 'Don't it hurt?' 'Hurt? You bet it hurts!' 'What are you going to do about it?' 'Do? I ain't goin' to do nothin' but just let it hurt!' 'Now, that is the kind of stuff that makes men! 'Jest let it hurt.' Don't squeal, don't kick, don't put up your lip; but 'jest let it hurt.'—Ex.

- TEN RULES OF POLITENESS.—1. To be polite is to have a kind regard for the feeling and rights of others. 2. Be as polite to your parents, brothers, sisters, and schoolmates as you are to strangers. 3. Look people fairly in the eyes when you speak to them or they speak to you. 4. Do not bluntly contradict anyone. 5. It is not discourteous to refuse to do wrong. 6. Whispering, laughing, chewing gum or eating at lectures, in school, or at places of amusement, is rude and vulgar. 7. Be doubly careful to avoid any rudeness to strangers, such as calling out to them, laughing, or making remarks about them. Do not stare at visitors. 8. In passing a pen, pencil, knife, or pointer, hand the blunt end toward the one who receives it. 9. When a classmate is reciting, do not raise your hand until after he has finished. 10. When you pass directly in front of anyone or accidentally annoy him, say, 'Excuse me,' and never fail to say, 'Thank you' for the smallest favor. On no account say 'Thanks.'—School Rules of Santa Barbara, Cal.

Go It, Tom.

BY FLORENCE MILNER.

Tom belonged to a settlement school and the school had furnished most, if not all, the real happiness he had ever known. Here the good in him was developed until somehow he began to forget the bad. He was a sturdy little athlete and won most of the races and other contests of strength. Through various winsome traits he had found his way to the heart of his teacher, and she was always interested in his success. One day arrangements had been made for a foot race. Several boys were to run, although everybody was sure that Tom would win. The preliminaries were settled, the race started, and the boys were off over the course. Tom led clear and free for about half the distance; then, to the surprise of every one, Johnny began to gain upon him. Jim was just behind Johnny and running vigorously, Tom's feet seemed to grow heavy and Johnny steadily decreased the distance between them, until finally he shot past Tom, and, with a sudden spurt, gained the goal fully five yards in advance. Jim was close behind, and he too, sped over the line a little ahead of Tom, but enough to give him second place and to leave Tom out of the race. 'Why, Tom, what was the matter?' asked his teacher, as the defeated boy came toward her with the tears streaming down his face. His only answer was a sob. 'Tell me what happened, Tom.' Tom dug his knuckles into his eyes to dry his tears and tried to tell his story.

Home Hints

Never put a knife into hot grease, as it destroys its sharpness. Have at hand a kitchen fork for turning meat or frying potatoes. When you boil a cabbage, tie a bit of dry bread in a bag and put in the kettle. French cooks say that all the unpleasant odor will be absorbed by the bread.

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Fred's 'Thorough.'

'Sue,' said her brother, 'I wish you would sew up the glove where you mended it before. It's all ripping out again. You didn't make a good job of it.' 'I sewed it well enough,' said Sue, 'but I guess I didn't fasten it thoroughly enough at the end. That's where the trouble is. Yes, I'll be thorough with it this time.' 'Thorough' is a good word, said her. 'A great deal of the trouble the world arises from the lack of it.' 'Yes,' said Sue. 'While we are talking about it, Fred, I want to remind you that you didn't fasten that bracke' may room thoroughly, the other day. The nail on one side came out. There was a little vase of flowers on it. It fell down and was smashed. The water splashed half a dozen or so of books that were on the table under it.' 'Too bad, Sue. I'm really sorry. The next thing I do for you, you'll see I do it thoroughly.' 'The same to you,' said Sue, with a smile, as she handed him his glove. 'I wish you would run out and close the side gate, Fred,' said his mother. 'The door did not fasten it thoroughly when she came in, and it's swinging open.' 'Another 'thorough,' said Fred, 'I'll close the gate,' said Fred, 'I'm going out to rake up the leaves in the yard. It will be a good day's work, well you—well worth the quarter she's going to pay me for it. But I'll get the quarter; so I'm glad to do it.' 'Let it be thorough work,' said her, 'not neglecting corners, no leaves left among the bushes.' Toward night Fred raised himself from stooping in a corner and leaned the broom he had brought to neatly supplement his work with the rake. 'Whew! my back aches, and my hands smart. But I think I've made good, honest work of this, mother,' he said, 'please come out here and look. Here, now! you don't see any slighted spots about here, do you?' 'It is beautifully done,' said mother. 'I fancy the grass and bushes look better to grow with such encouragement. How about that corner over there?' 'Oh, that is my pile of leaves. Of course, they are not going to stay here. I'm tired and want to go in to bed; so I'm going to wheel them away in the morning.' 'Is that thorough?' asked the other. 'Yes, as far as it goes. There's not a bit of harm in leaving them till the morning.' In the night a strong wind arose. Fred looked from his window in the morning, to see, with great vexation, the leaves he had so carefully gathered swept in every direction over the lawn. 'Well, there's another day of my thorough gone. I supposed it served me right.' Without a word of complaint, he went over the ground again. Mother came out as he was wheeling away the load of leaves. He looked up at her with a rueful smile, saying: 'Thorough' is a pretty good word, mother.—The Youth's Evangelist.

What Some Boys Don't Know.

The following are extracts taken from letters published in an English paper called the 'Children's Friend.' They were written by prominent Englishmen, from their own experience, at the request of the paper, for hints to boys, and they will, I am sure, be equally helpful to our boys in America. From Mr. Walter Hazel, M. P. 1. That foot ball, however important, is not absolutely the chief end of Life. 2. That only a coward is ashamed to say, 'I can't afford it.' 3. That a great part of school education is wasted, because it is not followed up by subsequent study. 4. That a father's advice may be worth much, though at foot-ball he may be worth little. 5. That clean living and the fear of the Lord are in entire accord with true manliness. From Mr. George Cadbury: 'My advice to boys and girls on leaving school would be, at once take up some work for the good of others. I can never be too thankful that I was induced to take a class of boys, not much younger, but much more ignorant than myself, when I was seventeen or eighteen years of age. From work of this character I have received untold blessing myself now for over forty years. From Sir Richard Tangey: 'I am asked to send a few words of counsel to boys just going out into the world. I am a very busy man; but I cannot refuse to say a few words to those whose battle in life is about to begin. 'Be absolutely truthful in thought and word. Be civil to all; it costs nothing, makes a good impression, smooths away difficulties and often yields an abundant return, sometimes in most unexpected ways. 'Never be afraid you are doing seven pennyworth of work for sixpence in wages. Even if you do this you are still the gainer in experience and skill. 'Be willing, prompt and cheerful. 'Whether you are clerk or artisan, keep your bench and tools in perfect order. In this way much time is saved, and time is money—save both. 'Be sober—be diligent.' PAIN-KILLER IS JUST THE REMEDY needed in every household. For cuts, burns and bruises, strains and sprains dampen a cloth with it, apply to the wound and the pain leaves. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, 'Ferry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

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