Willie I-Won't-Play.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD. ful Willie I-Won't-Play. ways wants to have his way. hatsoe'er the sport may be nsoner's gaolor pull-awayillful Willie I-Won't Play.

ough the game be ju t begun, hen he'll pout and sulk and scowl, ut in the pomy as a day caught owl, ning. spoil the whole glad holiday-Willful Willie I-Won't-Play.

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Where's the boy would be like him, out of arm and strong of limb. earty as a sailor, yet ver in a selfish pet? ame upon his head, I saylful Willie I-Won't-Play. -Exchange.

Cape and the Counterpane. BY MARY HOGE WARLAW.

in my diary, and she says it won't mplete unless I tell how I hap-

e last summer, I wanted to do thing one way and mother said I pane do it another. I have forgotten it was, but I know I wanted to way I always want to do things.

ty cape ? d mother said, 'By all means.' n. I hadn't, but I wouldn't reher. I love stories dearly, but I pped up in that story.

age first. There was a dimity the rest of her letter! cut in a curious fashion, and centre of it was a great square of

with the cape, but I saw that the Banner. terpane was a treasure. first that it pained her very much scover that her dear little grand-Large whter was so fond of her own way. stressed her still more to think it rom her that her beloved namehad inherited this fault. She ed it my besetting sin. She said he story she had promised me, and I am sure. the counterpane was her birthday sent; although it belonged to the y, too. Then she said that when

was a little girl she was perfectly oted to having her own way (she now though, a bit; I say that, it part of her letter) and often made mother very unhappy by her stubnness. They tried punishments praying and everything. Someesthey let her have her own way to what it led to, when they knew behand that it would lead to someig horrid. Once when she was just have one. She was going to make herself. (Grandma is perfectly inderful with her needle, and always Why couldn't I have taken that her while I was inheriting?) en she asked her mother to let her it. There was something very uliar about the cut, and her mother 'No.' But grandma begged so at last her mother said, 'Well, alico that I have no use for. This rnoon, when I have had my nap, may cut out a red cape as an ex-

tern to study over, and she got her d. Then she said to herself, 'I un- for a nap. stand how this cape ought to be cut. ther thought I wouldn't notice as he alighted from his carriage. se notches, but I see exactly what Then the pigs found themselves in a d!' Then she wished she had the in the tip of his nose.

to cut out the white merino cape.'

cutting-out board, just to see how it ! looked. But it was in the room where her mother was asleep. So she spread the pattern to it, and looked at the scissors in her hand. She hadn't really | their mother. made up her mind to do it, when snip, snip!--the scissors seemed to start off of their own accord.

'As well be hung for a sheep as a | the gate for us.' lamb, she then said, and it will be a surprise!' She found herself saying over and over, 'splendid surprise !splendid surprise!' in time to the cutting, to keep up her courage. She was nearly done when G. G. M. called as they all followed their mother to her, (I don't call her that out of disrespect. It takes so long to write greatgrandmother every time). She finished cutting in a tremendous hurry, and days, but you will never care to dig up then ran down stairs with her work in her hand. She tried to look very gay S. S. Times. and confident.

'See, mother,' she began, holding it up. Then an awful look came on G. G. M's face, and an awful sinking in is is a story mother wants me to grandma's heart. She was too sick, too scared, to cry. On one side of her red cape was the paper pattern, still pinned to it, but on the other-oh, on eday, while grandma was at our the other was a neat cape of white dimity, cut out of G. G. M's counter-

'I can't tell you what my mother said,' wrote grandma. 'The green sod stport w my way dreadfully, because that's that grows upon her grave has covered over every harsh word, it any such dma gave mother a queer look and were spoken. But my punishments 'Charlotte, don't you think were three, I was allowed to make the etta should hear the history of my white merino cape, but it was given to my sister Charlotte. The dimity or e was given to me for my Sunday cape, at minute some ladies came, and and I could not say a word. Mother LATE wards I thought grandma had for- trimmed the hole I had made in the counterpane into a square, and how she taught me to fill it in you may see Blend tertain from the way they looked for yourself. (I do not include this there was a lecture, or what among my punishments, although will re dma might call an 'admonition,' doubtless so intended). Worst of all, when I showed symptoms of self-will, ell, last week, on my twelfth birth- after that, I was made to wear the red came a good-sized package for me cape for two hours at a time. And grandma, and on top there was a now, my dearest child-' But my . But of course I opened the head is tired. I don't believe I'll copy

Only, - just suppose mother should A N7 med round with ball fringe. But take it into her head to array me in thing that made the bundle so this oldtimey cape whenever I am ewas a counterpane of dimity ex- obstinate! Mothers are less strict, like the cape, but taking up all nowadays, Grandma herself says so. Still, I think I'd better not run any heted roses, done very fine and risks. Mothers have such a way of I couldn't make out what I was taking you by surprise. - Presbyterian

hen I read the letter. Grandma The Pig that Would See the World.

BY MARY A. ROBERTS.

Piggy longed to see the world. He wrote nearly a page about self-will had little glimpses of it when a man obstinacy and the trouble they brought corn and water for his mother. the people who indulge them, and | Piggy was not happy in his straw nest, people besides. Then she said so he crawled through a crack in the sty, and followed the man one day.

'There is a big house on the other side of a fence,' he said to his brothers and sisters on his return. 'That is sent me the cape as an illustration | where they keep the good things to eat,

> So the next day the whole pig family looked through the meshes of the fence at the big gray house.

'I am sure that that is the place where the good things are stored,' said Piggy. 'Of course, the man is going there for something to eat.' 'I am not so sure,' said little white

Wuggy. 'Mother says that we are the hungriest creatures in the world.' The pigs hunted up and down the fence, but found no hole to crawl through; then they ran back to their mother, and told her all about it.

B. bout my age a new kind of cape came 'Do not go beyond the fence,' said their mother. 'You will bring your-'Do not go beyond the fence,' said selves trouble.

> 'But we want to see what is beyond the fence, - we want to see the world, said the pigs in a chorus.

in the fence.

'Come on !' called Piggy. rietta, I shall give you a piece of told us not to go,' and she scampered | did?

back to the nest. The other five followed Piggy. What fun they had! They drank a iment. If it succeeds, I will trust trough of milk which was meant for Betsey could not carry all at once. the hens, and Piggy washed his soiled Jocko took these, one by one, and white sides in the chickens' drinkinghis permission set grandma wild to

out the trial cape at one, but her water. her was firm. It had to be done They ate all they wanted of that, and | it in the tub. er her eye, she said. At last she then started on a tour of inspection. xed to have the calico and the

Some bright milk-pans were airing on a low bench. The pigs went all hearth; and, for aught he knew that he went up stairs into the company over them with their muddy noses. m, the only place where she could They dug up some sod near the well up a piece, rubbed it on the clothes, safe from interruption. She had with their naughty round noses, then thought at first of disobeying. It they climbed to the porch, and upset a pair of shining scissors on the the potted plants. When they were et-table that put the idea into her tired, they stretched themselves out too. Jocko was working with a will,

'Look at those pigs!' said the master,

mean. If I were to cut it, she deep, dark barrel, and when they ald say, 'Well, did I ever? Only scampered away to their mother, each think of my having such a clever one of them had a bright copper ring

pain, and the others joined in the wail. | ing. There was a bolt on the kitchen

her red calico on the bed, and pinned from the clover-field. It is beautiful, slipped the bolt in a twinkling. Then and the blossoms are delicious,' said he went back to his tub, and washed

'Oh-o!' wailed Piggy.

even so much as a blossom.

'Your noses will be well in a few any more sods,' said their mother. -

### VIGOROUS OLD AGE

Obtained Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

MR. WILLIAM GRAY, OF NEWMARKET, TELLS HOW HE BECAME HALF AND SEVENTY AFTER HAVING SUFFERED GREAT TORTURE FROM SCIATICA AND RHEUMATISM.

From the Express, Newmarket, Ont. Mr. William Gray, who is well and favorably known in the town of New market and vicinity, is rejoicing over his release from the pains of sciatica and rheumatism through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A reporter of the Express called upon him for the purpose of obtaining particulars of the cure when Mr. Gray gave the following story for publication:-'About two and a half years ago I was seized with a very severe attack of rheumatism. The pain was simply torturing. At times the trouble was they ache so. seated in my knees, then in my hips. For nearly a year I suffered along, working as best I could, in the hope of being able to overcome the disease. During the day the pain was less severe but at night it was just as bad as ever. To increase my torture I caught a cold which resulted in an attack of sciatica in my right leg. If I walked a short distance I would be seized by sharp a used up man; my appetite failed me, and I could not rest at night on account of the pain. I tried one medicine after another without avail. I also consulted doctors with no better result. I was beginning to think that I was doomed to suffer the rest of my life when one day a friend strongly advised me to try advice and procured a supply of the pills and began taking them according to directions. Before the third box was finished I noted a change for the better, so I continued the use of the boxes when my trouble had entirely l disappeared. To day I am free from pain and feel that life is worth living, even at the ripe old age of seventy. can now do a day's work with many men who are twenty years younger than I. I thank God for my restoration to

health through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I trust other similar sufferers will give them a trial, for knowing what these pills have done for me I am sure they cannot fail being as beneficial to others similarly afflicted. If the blood is pure and wholesome disease cannot exist. The reason Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure so many

forms of disease is that they act direct-'y upon the blood and nerves, thus reaching the root of the trouble. Other medicines act only on the symptoms of the trouble, and that is the reason the trouble always returns when you cease these medicines. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make permanent cures in kidney troubles, rheumatism, erysipelus, anaemia and kindred diseases. But be sure you get the genuine which bear the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box.

#### Jocko's Washing.

Jocko sat on the kitchen window-sill 'You must not go,' said their in a brown study. He was watching Betsey do her washing. After a while The next day,' the pigs found a hole | she took the basket and went out to the clothes line. She never thought Jocko was trying to learn to wash; 'No, no!' said Wuggy. 'Mother but what do you think that monkey those whose occupation necessitates

Part of the clothes, already washed plumped them into the dirty suds. Then he looked round for the soap. The grass was young and tender. He could not find it. Betsey had left

But no matter. There was plenty of black coal in the scuttle on the would answer just as well. So he took and scrubbed them on the washboard.

Some clean towels and dishclothes lay on the dresser; and in they went in my becoming totally deaf in one ear washing everything he could lay his paws on, when he saw from the window

Betsey coming back. Of course, he was helping her very | Oil and poured a little of it into my much; but people are not always ear, and before one-half the bottle was grateful when they have reason to be and he was doubtful in her case. There of deafness being cured by the use of might be a difference of opinion, and this medicine.'

'On, my nose!' squealed Piggy in he was determined to finish the wash-'Wuggy and I have just returned door. Jocko sprang to the door, and

Betsey found herself locked out, and 'I meant to take you along, but you knew mischief was up. She shook and were not here when the man opened | pounded the door, scolded and coaxed all to no purpose. She went round to She spoke in gentle tones, while her the window, but that was fastened crestfallen children crept off to a corner | down; and she was so fat and clumsy and hid their poor little noses in the she could hardly have managed to climb in, even if it had been open. 'I was so hungry!' squealed Piggy, Again she coaxed, again she scolded and shook her fist at him. Jocko the clover-field. But he could not eat | doubled his brown paw and shook it at her, grinned and chattered, and scrubbed harder than ever.

Poor Betsey fairly cried, and no wonder. After all her hard work, to see her clean clothes sopped in dirty suds and daubed with coal! Jocko had thrown in the bluing bag and the salt,-salt cellar and all-for he had seen her use salt, in washing a dress, to set the color. And her dismay was complete when he snatched up some delicate lace collars and cambric handkerchiefs, and threw them in pell-meil with the rest.

By this time Betsey's mistress had heard the knocking from her room. She came down-stairs, stopped Jocko's proceedings, and opened the door.

Jocko was kept out of the kitchen on Monday mornings ever afterward -Mary Johnson

#### Start at the Right Place.

A young girl was trying to wind a skein of yarn into a ball which her brother was holding on his outstretched

'I wish you would hurry,' said the boy. 'I can't hold this thing much longer. My arms are ready to drop off,

I'm doing it just as fast as I can,' the girl replied. 'Boys are so impa-

'Girls are slow,' the brother retorted. It was at this juncture that the mother heard a hasty call for assist-

'What do you want?' she asked a pains in the hip and in time I became | she appeared at the sitting-room door her sleeves rolled up above her elbow and her hands covered with flour.

'This yarn is all tangled up, mamma

and I can't wind it. 'You have doubtless started with the wrong end 'said the mother; and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took his brushing the flour from her hands, she proceeded to straighten out the snarls, then turned the skein and handel it back to her daughter. 'There now, take this end, and you will find pills till I had taken ten or twelve that it will run smoothly. You started wrong.'

The boy had embraced the opportunity to slip outside, and was off to his play, so the girl stretched the yarn across the backs of two chairs and wound it as best she could; and with the right end in her hand she soon had the work accomplished.

Young people find trouble with great many things in life because they do not begin at the right end. A girl who goes to a ladies' college to "finish her education" before she has mastered the first principles of the English langrage, is beginning at the wrong place. The boy who wants to begin business life as foreman or manager, without commencing as an apprentice and thoroughly learning the first principles of the trade, is sure to have a great deal of trouble. The only sure way to get to the top of the tree is to start at the bottom.

A new year is before you. Take care which end you begin to wind from.—Reformed Church Record.

Lay not up against your neighbor the sin of yesterday. He may have re pented of it to-day.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous ex citement. The delicately constituted the financier, the business man, and great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and and boiled, were left in the rinsing- | to get sleep cleanse the stomach from tub. There was a large wash, and all impurities with a a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

> THAT HACKING COUGH is a warning not to be lightly treated. Pyny-Balsam cures with absolute certainty all recent coughs and colds. Take it in time. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

TOTALLY DEAF .- Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I warmed the used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases

# The

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