

A Small Boy's Problem.

wonder how I'd like it, And I wonder who I'd be, Supposing I was somebody else, And somebody else was me? Wonder, I just wonder, What boy I'd like to be, Supposing I didn't like him When I found that he was me!

-St. Nicholas.

Bessie's Stray Letter.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

Bessie gave a wistful glance toward the window. She knew that out of the sun was bright, and the other delightfully cool and pleasant. A friend believed that Marjorie, her little and who lived next door, was playing in her own back yard. Perhaps looked sad; perhaps she wandered and then to the letter box that her father had put in a hole in the fence between the two yards, so that two little girls might play writing letters and keeping post-office. But day, alas! there would be no letters, the little friends had quarrelled.

Bessie thought it over, went through whole trouble from beginning to end and finally came to the conclusion that she was—that she was more to blame than Marjorie, for she had started the dispute which had ended so badly. Besides, hadn't she written to her again so long as she lived? The more Bessie thought over the matter the more she was sorry for her own ugly words, and at last, she thought that she must ask Marjorie to come up with her. Taking a little sheet of paper and a small-sized envelope from her writing desk, she sat down and wrote the following:

My Dear Marjorie—I am so sorry that we have been mad. Ain't you? I think it is foolish and wicked to be angry and not to speak when we might be happy and have good times. Let me forget all about it and make up for my anger and forever. I know you are willing and I am. Forgive me. Baby is here, and I can't come down, for I don't leave him.

'YOUR OWN BESSIE.' In the envelope she wrote: 'My best friend Marjorie, Next door house, Letter box No. 1.'

Then she read the letter over, saying to herself as she did so: 'I'm not quite sure that I spelled foolish and wicked just right, but I can't find and Marjorie will be too glad to receive it.' The next thing she did was to hunt for an old stamp and fasten it with a postage stamp on the left-hand corner of the envelope. That makes it look like a real letter, she thought, but I won't paste it up because it spoils the envelope to tear it open. And now how was the letter to be posted? Bessie had been left to the care of Baby Ned, for her mother had gone to the store. She couldn't even long enough to run down to the yard, for he might wake up and roll off the bed. In her impatience she made up with Marjorie she felt that she couldn't possibly wait until her mother returned. While she was wondering what to do in came Tommie, the milk boy, with the morning milk.

'O, Tommie,' Bessie cried, giving a look of relief, 'you know our post box—Marjorie's and mine—don't you? Somehow she had an idea that anybody who came to the house knew about that wonderful box. But she was mistaken in regard to Tommie. With his mind on the letter on the corner lamp post, he answered readily, 'Of course I do.' 'Well, will you put this in it?' and he handed him the letter.

'Certainly.' Now it happened that Tommie did not notice the queer address, the old stamp, or the fact that the letter was sealed. For reasons of his own he was in a great hurry to get through his route that morning. Taking the precious missive he dropped it in the corner letter box and went off, being satisfied that he had done a kindness for Bessie.

A short time afterwards along came the postman to collect the mail. When he came to Bessie's letter he was at first surprised, then greatly amused. 'How could anybody expect a thing like that to go through the post-office?' he said to himself. 'It was written, of course, by some child, but what am I to do with it?' Noticing that the letter was not sealed, he opened it, hoping to find some clue to the owner. Somehow the contents made him feel very queer, he couldn't laugh now. Indeed, something very much like tears came into his eyes. 'It was foolish and wicked,' he told himself, and then putting the letter carefully into his pocket he added, 'and we, too, will make up for now and forever.'

At twelve o'clock he was on his way home. Just as he reached his own corner he came upon a young man who glanced at him and then turned aside.

The postman put out his hand. 'Don't go yet, Jack,' he said, 'I have something to show you.'

Jack gave him a glad look and replied, 'All right, Hal.'

It was the first time in six months that the two brothers had spoken to each other. In the meantime poor Bessie had been waiting for some word from Marjorie. As soon as her mother returned from the store she had gone down into the yard and looked into the letter box. It was empty. Could it be possible that Marjorie was not willing to make up? But, no, Bessie could scarcely believe that. Several times again she went to the box, and still no reply to her letter. Perhaps, oh! now she knew, Tommie had not understood, and he had put that letter into the real letter box. It was easier to believe that than to believe that Marjorie would not forgive her. But Bessie had to wait until the following morning before she could find out. The minute, however, that Tommie appeared she asked him about the letter.

'I put it in the box on the corner,' he said.

'O, Tommie,' Bessie cried in dismay, 'our box is in the fence in the back yard.'

'I didn't know that you had a letter box there—I'm sorry, honest, I am; never mind, I'll get the letter; I just saw the postman passing,' and Tommie shot out of the house before Bessie could say another word.

On the corner he met the postman. 'Say,' he cried to him, 'I put a little letter in your box there for Bessie Mathews—it was a mistake, it ought to have gone into an old box in her back yard, I didn't know about it—can—'

'Yes, I can,' said the postman, with a smile at Tommie's troubled face, and from an inside pocket he drew forth Bessie's little letter. 'Is that it?'

'Yes,' the boy answered eagerly, 'I am so delighted to find that it isn't lost.'

The postman smiled again. Then he astonished Tommie by saying, 'And I am delighted that it was lost.'

A few moments later Bessie had put her own letter into her own letter box. Of course, she soon received an affectionate reply from Marjorie. That night she told her mother how happy she and Marjorie were, now that they had made up, but the dear child never knew that her loving little letter had brought gladness to the hearts of two young men as well.—Central Presbyterian.

When the Cap Fitted.

Duke looked up from the bone he was gnawing and glared at his little mistress and her visitor. His bushy tail did not even hint at wagging, there was a fierce light in his eyes, and a low growl rumbled down in his throat.

Ruth caught Marian by the arm. 'Oh, let's run!' she cried. 'He's going to bite us.'

'No, he won't if we don't touch his bone,' Marian felt ashamed of her dog, and vainly tried to think of some excuse for his conduct. 'I don't know what makes him act so,' she said, as the two walked on.

'Is he always as cross as he has been since I came?' asked Ruth.

'He didn't used to be,' returned Marian, sorrowfully. 'But now he's getting crosser and crosser all the time.'

They had reached the front porch by this time, and behind the woodbine stood Marian's brother Paul. His face was red with anger, and his fists were clenched. 'I'm going straight to mamma, Miss!' he exclaimed, as he saw Marian. 'We'll see if she lets you talk that way!'

'What way?' asked Marian in astonishment; and Ruth thought of her own brother, and felt very glad he was not as ill-tempered and unreasonable as Paul.

Paul paid no attention to his sister's question, but he went into the house, slamming the door very hard. A few moments later, mamma's sweet voice called, 'Marian, dear, I want to see you.'

Marian obeyed quickly. Mamma was waiting for her in the sewing-room, and her face looked puzzled and sad.

Paul sat by the window, and it was plain that he had been crying. Marian looked from one to another in astonishment.

'How is this, my daughter?' mamma began. 'Paul tells me he heard you saying to Ruth that he is growing crosser and crosser all the time.'

Marian stared, then broke into a hearty laugh. 'Why, mamma, we weren't talking about him at all. Duke growled at us, and Ruth asked me if he always acted so cross; and then I said he is getting crosser and crosser all the time.'

'Oh!' said mamma, and then she, too, laughed. 'Run back to your play, dear,' she said, cheerily. 'It was only a mistake, it seems.'

When Marian had left the room, mamma looked over at Paul. His cheeks were redder than before, but now it was shame that colored them instead of anger. 'I just heard them talking about being cross, and I supposed that meant me,' he explained.

'It was a rather queer mistake, wasn't it?' mamma asked. And Paul made no answer.

'If your father had overheard that conversation,' mamma continued, after waiting a moment for Paul to speak, 'would he have thought the girls were talking about him?'

'Of course not,' said Paul, indignantly.

'But why not?' persisted mamma. 'Because he isn't ever cross, and they couldn't have meant him.' Paul spoke earnestly, though he could not help smiling as he met his mother's meaning look.

'Exactly,' said mamma, nodding her head. 'And it was easy for you to make the blunder, because you have been cross and ill-natured through almost all of Ruth's visit. The cap fitted you, and you put it on without waiting to see if it was meant for you or not. Uneasy consciences, my boy, make people very sensitive about what they happen to overhear.'

'A boy who tries his best to do right, doesn't need to worry over what people say about him. And that sort of boy will not be likely to think that all the unpleasant things he overhears are meant for him.'

Paul went back to his play a wiser boy, and let us hope a better one. He had made up his mind that when the cap fitted himself and ill-natured Duke, it was time for a change.

Charlie's Prayer.

Charlie's grandmother went often to the Old Ladies' Home to visit the inmates and cheer their hearts with little gifts of flowers or fruits, a sympathetic word or a whispered prayer.

Charlie had fallen in the way of going with her, until at last every week saw him helping grandma up the front steps of the Home. To be sure, the top of his head only came to grandma's elbow, but he felt very large and strong.

The dear old ladies in the Home grew very fond of their little visitor, and watched for his coming eagerly. His bright face was like sunshine to them in their quiet, uneventful lives.

One day old Mrs. Adkins fell sick, and she lay in her little room a long time. Because she suffered very much and grew no better, she found it hard to be patient, so grandma went often to see her.

One week grandma wasn't well, so Charlie went alone to see their friends. He went about from room to room, making a little call in each till he came to No. 19, where Mrs. Adkins lay. His heart ached with sympathy as he stood beside her and saw the tears in her eyes.

'Could I hold your head?' he asked, anxiously. 'Mamma likes to have me when her head aches.'

'No, thank you, deary. Your soft little hand could not reach my pain. No one but God can cure it.'

Charlie felt that he must do something, so remembering grandma's habit he asked quaintly, 'Shall we have a little word of prayer?' just as he had heard her say it.

Even in her pain the old lady smiled, but she only said, 'I should be very glad, dear.'

Down went Charlie on his knees; his chubby hands were clasped and his blue eyes reverently closed as he said: 'Dear Jesus, she is very sick, and she's suffering worse than if she had a bad headache. If she's too sick to be cured, please let her go to sleep and wake up in heaven. Amen.'

Much relieved, he stood up and reached for his cap. Mrs. Adkins put her arm about him as she said, tenderly, 'I think Jesus has helped me already and I just want to tell you I'd rather God would answer that prayer than any other you could have thought of. I have so many dear ones waiting for me in heaven, and no one here any more. Good-bye, little comfort.'

The next time Charlie and grandma visited the home the little room was empty, for Mrs. Adkins had gone to sleep a few days before, and wakened in heaven.—Christian Work.

Home Hints.

A little finely grated horseradish added to milk will keep it fresh for several days.

A tumbler of cold water (not iced) is an excellent thing before breakfast in the morning. It washes out the stomach, prepares the food and tends to regulate the bowels.

How to Make Good Toast.—Toast something that is usually rather slighted, has risen almost to the dignity of a specialty. Directions: The bread, cut thin and carefully trimmed, is laid in large bread pans, each slice singly, and a row standing around the edge, and then put in the oven to brown. It comes out a rich golden color and deliciously crisp.

GOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE without regular action of the bowels. Laxative Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co. Ind., writes: 'I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used.'

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, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

THERE IS NOT A MORE DANGEROUS class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a pulmonary of knowledge efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swollen neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

ESTABLISHED 1859.

JAMES R. HOWIE.

150 Queen Street.

Women's Tailored Suits.

Vogue, Style, Fashion, call it what you will, in the general run of cases, make high prices, Chlones in garments may, if the merchant wills, be turned to selling advantage and price raised, not so here. We pride our selves on our selections. We have ferreted out some stylish cloths and prepared to manufacture them into Stylish Suits and at very close prices.

Jas R. Howie

POCKET MONEY

People in your town are constantly sending for Rubber Stamps. You could get the orders and make the profit. We want to tell you about it; you will be interested. WARETON & Co Sberbrook, P. Q. and Derby Le Agents Wanted in U. S. and Canada

DR. ATHERTON.

Late Lecturer on surgery, Women's Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to St John's Hospital for Women, Toronto. has resumed practice in Fredericton, N. B.

Dragon Blend

-AND-

Griffin Blend TEAS

are unequalled. Ask your Grocer to get them Wholesale only by

A. F. Randall & Son

The Religious Intelligencer

Is the only Free Baptist paper in Canada. For forty-eight years it has been the organ of the denomination—the faithful advocate of its doctrines and interests. It has done invaluable service for our cause, and has the strongest claims on all our people. It is the only paper through which full and accurate news of Free Baptist ministers and churches can be had, and in which the denomination's work, local and general, is properly set forth. Every year the Conferences commend it to the people. The testimony of pastors is that it is a valuable helper in all their work.

No other paper can fill its place in a Free Baptist family.

And there never was a time when our people needed the INTELLIGENCER more than now.

The life of the INTELLIGENCER is so completely identified with the life of our denomination, and it is so important an arm of our work, that we cannot too strongly urge upon all our people the necessity of giving it hearty support—both for their own sake and for the sake of the cause it represents.

It is very important that the denominational paper should be a regular visitor to every Free Baptist home. Besides the INTELLIGENCER's value as a denominational paper it is generally acknowledged that there is no better religious and family paper published in the Dominion.

The price is as low as the price of any religious paper of its size in these Provinces. It is worth to Free Baptists much more than it costs them.

Send your subscription for this year:

THE SOONER SENT THE BETTER

Send a new subscriber with your renewal.

\$2.50 will pay for both one year.

Pastors can help much by speaking to their people, soliciting renewals and new subscribers.

Let there be a rally all over the field in behalf of

THE INTELLIGENCER.

Eight pages of summarized classified news. Eight pages of practical agriculture and live stock articles. Eight pages of interesting fiction and magazine features.

Weekly Mail & Empire

Sections. 24 Pages.

\$1.00 PER YEAR