FEB 20 1901

When Pa takes care of me,

He says to Ma, 'By Jing !

Comes on me when I've got the most to do.

But I suppose I've got to get it through

With; so you needn't fuss one bit about

It seems that everything

When Pa Takes Care of Me.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

never occurred to Jinkey that there, 'So you think there is a party still | Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic could be anything new or strange to and you have come !' she said.

him that lived in the woods. 'Ho ! look out there-I'm coming !' about on his stocky front legs, in sur

'Look out now ! we're coming-my the big music-box ; and Miss Crewe let printed on the wrapper. If your dealwhy don't you fly, and let me see those her forefinger ; and then she took her soles of your long hind feet, white and on her knee and told her a beautiful spotty against your dark body, and story.

wag !

himself, and stood still, and seemed to Ralph's little chair.' grow larger, as he looked at Jinkey over his shoulder.

'Bah ! who's afraid ?' snapped Jinkey, and then he sprang at the rabbit creature. But O! what a surprise ! Instead of the soft, warm fur of the cup, holding her little finger stiffly ordinary rabbit, into which one's jaws on either side of the slender backbone, Jinkey's teeth encountered hard, spiky, -what were they anyhow, that hurt so and saucers. dreadfully, and couldn't be scratched

out of one's face ? O the pain of it ! and O the howls of

bellowed and trilled forth his anguish, like the kind of party that is only two dollars and cents. And fifth, a gooduntil his master came running to him people, like you and me."

through the bushes and calling to his pet dog. One glance at poor Jinkey Crewe, as she passed Flossy the seed- his own now and then."- Reformed was enough to show just what had cakes.

happened to the knowing Jinks; for They had just finished tea when head, sides, mouth, nose, and ears there was a tremendous ring at the were pierced and covered thickly with door-bell, and mamma and nurse quills, the sharp quills of the wicked hurried in breathlessly. Flossy was little 'rabb t,' which had turned out kissed and scolded and cried over, and to be a porcupine.

and not a purgative medicine. They There was a box full of queer-shaped | enrich the blood from the first dose to pieces of wood that fitted together into the last and thus bring health and snorted the brave Jinkey, prancing a tiny table and char and bedstead. strength to every organ in the body. Flossy and Miss Crewe played with The genuine pills are sold only in prise to see that this 'rabbit' didn't this a long time. Then there were boxes with the full name, "Dr. Wilsome beautiful ivory chessmen, and liams' Pink Pills for Pale People,

master and I ! I am Jinkey-Jinkey Flossy open the cover and feel the er cannot supply you send direct to the terrible ! Why, O rabbit creature, prickles on the brass barrel softly with the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

that button of a tail of yours that won't By and by it began to grow dark.

Miss Crewe rang the bell, 'Bring tea, But the creature wouldn't run- Parker,' she said, and bring it in the toy wouldn't move even. He just humped [tea set, and give Miss Florence, Master

' What kind of a boy does a busi-Flossy sat in the small chair, and

Miss Crewe sat opposite her in one ness man want ?" was asked of a merthat was nearly as low. The hot chant.

chocolate was delicious, and Flossy He replied, "Well I will tell you drank gravely out of the tiny porcelain In the first place, he wants a boy who does not know much. Business men out. It was so much nicer than the generally like to run their own busisank until they fixed themselves firmly bread and milk in her silver porringer ness, and prefer some one who will at home! There was a little toy listen to their way rather than teach chocolate-pot, too, besides the creamthem a new kind. Second a prompt pointed, stinging nettles, or quills, or pitcher and sugar-bewl, and the cups boy; one who understands that seven o'clock is not ten minutes past.

Flossy leaned back in her chair, and Third, an industrious boy, who is not afraid to put in extra work in case of

'I love you,' she said. 'I like bread need. Fourth an honest boy-honpoor Jinkey! How he screamed and and butter with things between it; I est in service as well as in matters of

natured boy, who will keep his tem 'I am glad to hear it,' said Miss per, even if his employer does lose Church Record.

YOUR BEST WORK.

Cannot be done unless you have good without pure blood. You may have pure blood by taking Hood's Sarsaapologies and explanations were made prilla now. You cannot realize the

Religious

The

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 health. You cannot have good health | testimeny of pastors is that it is a valuable helper in all their work.

Him; I'll take charge of him while you move. arity of rest the are out.' arly sus But Ma makes him repeat all she has said trouble About what he's to do ; gue s s' e afraid ne, the , then_ To let him try his way led to-Of watching me, the day and -When Pa takes care of me. When Pa takes care of me, He puts me on a rug, Gives me a kiss and hug, Then brings in every pillow he can find, And piles them up in front, at sides. kidner behind and cur Me: 'So that you can't hurt yourself,' he of th : "From ey Pilla re, I ca savs.

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And then he gets my picture-books, and lavs Them down teside me and my blocks

and toys, And says: Now, go ahead ; make all the

noise You want to; I don't care.' And I sit there and stare.

When Pa takes care of me.

When Pa takes care of me, n for Easton ever and FR No book or toy or game Seems, somehow, ju-t the same. And, by and by, I'm through with every

> And when I cry Pa says, 'Have you begun Already? What's the matter, anyway There's everything you own ! Why don't

you play ? Stop crying now ! You won't? Well, what is wrong

Come now ! I'll sing.' And then he starts some song About 'Bye, Baby, Bye !' And I lie flat and cry,

ALI When Pa takes care of me. When Pa takes care of me,

He grabs me up at last, Slend Te And starts to walk, real fast,

Tell your neighbour about the INTELLI. GENCER, and per suade him to subscribe. The Boy Wanted In Business.

nd Tead ve boug tries

> To act as if he liked it ; but he sighs, And sighs, and keepsa-looking at the clock And out of the window, up and down the block,

For sight of Ma: and when she does . Son come in, She grabs me quick. and says, 'It is a sin!' norland

And Pa looks mad, and-I-I m glad the time's gone by When Pa takes care of me. NTE

-Francis C. Williams, in Lippincott' Magazite.

What "Jinkey' Knew.

O! but 'Jinkey' knew a lot! He assisted master's slippers were. He knew all." service where the meat was kept in the iceorization box. He knew where the cat hid her kittens, where the rats lived, where the squirrels climbed to in the trees. arge, Ha He knew where his master kept the ore age big gun, and the little gun, and the st time i rod for fishing. He knew-but what's lit given. the use of telling you more, since Jinkey believed he knew everything ? mpany

'This is a nice morning for hunting,' said Jinkey to his master one beautiful day. Jinkey didn't talk, you know he just banked and wagged and wiggled out what he wanted to say.

Jinkey wanted to say that he knew a place in the woods where there was a woodchuck's hole. He wanted to say that he knew where quails were hidden, and where the old gray squirrel lived. Oh, how he wagged his stubby tail and cocked his knowing ears when his master put on his slouch hat and slung his big gun over his shoulders But, dear me, I had almost for-

K8 gotten to tell you who 'Jinkey' was. Well, I suppose you have guessed . B. already that he was a small dog of

some kind ; and so he was, a little foxterrier, with one eye very white and pink, and the other eye very black and brown, and a black nose, and a stubby tail, and, of course, a very knowing wink.

'Let's get up into the woods and see what we can find,' said Jinkey's master n man talk.

'Yes, let's get up into the woods and see what we can find, 'answered Jinkey, in dog talk.

don't know much if you couldn't leave a porcupine alone. I'll take you to the dentist's and he'll pull 'en all out-all

the wicked, wicked, cruel quills.' And do you know, children, that terribly nice party.

the good dentist and Jinkey's kind master had to sit up until long after your bedtime before they succeeded in Nicholas. removing, with a pair of sharp tweez-

ers, the last of the sharp quills that were giving poor Jinkey so much pain.

'You're a good dog, and a nice, patient dog, Jinkey.' said his master, just knew everything. He knew where as they strode home together in the the ball was. He knew where his dark; but you don't know much, after

> ' I thought I did,' wagged Jinkey, in dog ta k ; but I guess, after all, I didn't or I d never have touched that funnylooking rabbit.'- Examiner.

The Party.

'I think I'll go again to the party," aid Flossy.

She dragged a foot-stool up to the bureau and stood on tiptoe to reach Mrs. Daniel Albright. Mr. Albright the drawer, and, after a good deal of has for many years filled the position balancing, pulled out her pink sash.

"I think that my hands are clean," she said, looking at the fat fingers. the time.'

She could not tie the pink sash herself, and nurse would be sure to curl covery from a severe illness through her hair and scrub her hands some the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. more if she came ; so Flossy wound it round and round over her blue pinafore, and pinned it with a safety-pin. Iculars of her illness and cure for Fortunately, her bonnet and cloak were hanging on a low peg, and she pulled them on, and trotted downstairs, and slipped out at the side door.

thought so as she looked out of the Pink Pills. For some years prior to

And talks to me, and pats my back, and his master as he picked up his suffer- and rubbers were put on, and her ing pet and tucked him under his arm. bonnet was tied neatly and snugly 'You are a good little dog; but you under her chin.

ate her sandwiches slowly.

She put her chubby face up to Miss Crewe to be kissed.

"I love you,' she said. 'I will come again a great deal; I think this was a

'So do I,' said Miss Crewe, returning the hug with interest.--St.

If you have paid for this year, thank you. If you have not paid, make it nece sary for us to thank you.



A Campden Lady Cured of Its After Effects.

SHE WAS LEFT WEAK AND RUN DOWN, AND UNABLE TO REGAIN HER STRENGTH UNTIL SHE USED DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

In the village of Campden, Ont., and throughout the surrounding coun-

cry, there are few people better known or more highly esteemed than Mr. and of village postmaster, in addition to conducting a boot and shoe business. But it is with the postmaster s estim-'Nurse washes them a great deal of able wife that this article has chiefly

to do, as it gives, practically in her own words, the particulars of her re-To a reporter who asked Mrs. Albright If she would consent to give the parpublication, she said : "If you think my experience will help some other sufferer, I am quite willing to give it, for I may tell you that I am a very boy than five cents worth of sweets .--It was raining hard. Miss Crewe enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Williams'

high French windows of the great the winter of 1898 I suffered with a house across the dreary street. It was lame back, which frequently prevented

a good thing that she had had the chil- me from doing my household work. dren's party yesterday, when it was Later exposure to cold developed pleasant. It had been a change to see sciatica, and every movement of the the little faces, and of course she had body caused intense pain. In this been glad to have some gaiety for Amy way passed gloomy days and restless while she was with her; but now the nights, until the wrater of 1898, when little niece was gone-'I am thankful my trouble was aggravated by an

Begin taking it to-day and see how quickly it will give you an appetite, strength and vigor and cure your rheumatism, catarrh or scrofula.

All liver ills are cured by Hood's Pills 25c.

Fefore this month closes we would like to hear from all whose subscriptions are

Five Cents' Worth of Travel.

We know a bright boy whose great longing is to travel. His parents have no means with which to gratify him in this respect. He occasionally earns a few pennies by selling papers and doing errands. Instead of spending the money foolishly, he carefully treasures it in a small iron box, which he

calls his safe. One day, after earning five cents, he dropped them into the box in the presence of a companion of about his own age, and exclaimed, There goes five cents' worth of travel!' 'What do you mean ?' asked the other boy. 'How can you travel on five cents ?'

'Five cents will carry me a mile and a half on the railroad. I want to see Niagara Falls before I die. I am nearly four hundred miles from them now, but every five cents I earn will bring them nearer, and a great many other places worth seeing. I know it takes money to travel, but money is money, be it ever so little. If I do not save the little, I shall never have the much.'

Some boys squander every year the cost of a coveted trip to some point of interest. Small amounts carefully kept will foot up surprising results at the end of the year, and almost every doctor will certify that five cents worth of travel is better for the health of the Edward Foster Temple.

Every subscription counts. Not one should be delayed.

We have always heard that the tongue was the only edged tool that grows sharper by use. It is, too, the only edged tool that can heal wounds as well as made them. This is clao worth thinking about.

'Well, Jinks, don't howl so,' said to Miss Crewe. Then Flossy's cloak good it will do you until you try it. 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.

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