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RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

A Short Sermon.

Children, who read my lay, Thus much I have to say : Each day, and every day. Do what is right ! Right things in great and small; Then, though the sky should fall, Sun, moon, and stars, and all, You shall have light !

This further I would say : Be you tempted as you may, Each day, and every day, Speak what is true ! True things in great and small : Then, though the sky should fall, Sun, moon, and stars, and all, Heaven would show through.

Helping Too Much.

MAY JOANNA PORTER.

u needn't go to school this after-Annie,' said Mrs. Jones. 'I you take care of Sadie while I go the city for awhile. You'll both t cures a some thin dresses for summer h mixture-Robbie needs new clothes, too. all ready to take the train at one ock, and you'll be my housekeeper the afternoon.

nnie was so completely taken by ment. To think that she, twelveold Annie Jones, was actually to e the responsibility of the house the children for a whole afternoon. eemed too good to be true.

he Jones family lived in a large ge about twenty-five miles from city. Hitherto when Mrs. Jones wished to make a shopping excurshe had called in the services of a an who had once lived in the ily;; but this woman was now away home on a visit, and so Mrs. LATED es had decided to leave Annie as guardian of the household for a

nal Blend efore dinner was really concluded

the table and wash the dishes. It

a considerable piece of work for a

of young hands, but Annie was

tomed to help her mother, and,

thing was in order and she was at

once built a stable which he filled with imaginary horses to Sadie's great delight. Annie felt herself reproved by the unconscious Robbie. 'That's just like

me,' she said to herself. 'I meant to be kind, but I've been trying to amuse Sadie in my own way and not in the way she likes. That's what mamma's always warning me against. I'm glad Robbie doesn't know.'

The game went on until Sadie was satisfied and betook herself to her dolls, playing that they were all sick and that Robbie was the doctor. Annie left the room for a few moments and returned with a radiant face. 'Robbie,' said she, 'I've a splendid plan. I'm going to surprise

mamma by having a nice hot supper when she come home. 'I thought mamma said she'd be

back in time to get supper.' 'So she did, but it'll be ever so much nicer if we have it ready for her. I've just been setting the table with the best dishes, and I've put her new geranium in the center. Doesn't it look pretty ?' Here Annie threw open the dining-room door and displayed her work in triumph. 'It does look nice, Sis,' returned Robbie, who, whatnise that she scarcely breathed for ever may have been his faults, was

certainly amiable. 'Now, Rob, I want you to run down to the butcher's and get a pound of lamb chops.'

'lsn't there some cold meat in the closet ?'

'Yes, but we can have that another night. It isn't sufficiently sustaining darted aside to hide among the leaves. for a woman who's been off shopping. Here's a cookie for you.' Annie, in laughed. Yes, they really must have making this speech, imitated as closely laughed, they were so bubbling over as possible her aunt Melinda, who was with frolic and fun. Three children a very dignified woman, and Robbie felt that he must do his sister's bidding. themselves better than my little fur-He accepted the cookie and ran off to the butcher's.

During his absence Annie descended to the cellar and brought from thence a jar of her mother's best preserves which she attempted to open. This process was a difficult one, and she had not succeeded in opening the jar when Robbie returned. 'That's a dear boy, she said, 'now I'll cook the chops while you open the jar. You may put the preserves in the high glass dish. They'll look prettier in that.' Annie had done very little cooking in the course of her short life, but she had confidence in her own powers and thought that of course she could broil meat as she had often seen her mother do. It was not so easy as it looked however, and she only succeeded in scorching the chops on the outside,

'Well,' mamma said, 'I'll tell you about the funniest game of Itag you ever saw in all your lives - ever !' 'I don't see how it could be funnier than catching Sweetheart !' murmured Perry.

A Game of Tag.

Mamma laughed. 'But Sweetheart has only two feet to run with, if they are quick; and my little runners had. every one of them, four !' 'Four feet !'

'Mamma !' 'Who ever !' 'Yes, four little twinkling feet,

every single one of them,' went on mamma, enjoying the astonishment on four faces. 'I saw them myself, so of course I know. It was the funniest sight ! There were three of them. I didn't want to stop them to ask their names, but I felt sure they were

Nimble and Frisk and Curlover Tail. Anyhow, they might have been. They had on little fur coats, all alike, with stripes up and down the backs-" 'Oh, squirrels ?'

'Yes, little striped squirrels. They were really playing tag; and such fun 'I kept as still as a mouse, and watched them. They were three or four trees in a row, whose branches shook hands with each other and made a long leafy road to run on ; and didn't they run ! Back and forth, back and forth over the green road, how the little spry fellows scurried ! How they

How they leaped and scampered and just out of school couldn't have enjoyed jacketed folk.

'One would be ahead, running with

Many a brave soldier who has stood unflinchingly at the cannon's mouth

Moral Bravery.

has not had the moral courage to stand firm in the cause of right when laughed at by his mates. 'We are told that when Coley Pat-

terson was a boy at Eton, and captain of the cricket eleven, he was present one evening at a 'cricketing supper,' and one of the boys told a nasty, low story. Coley stood up before all his school-fellows and said, 'If any more such stories are told in my presence, I resign my captaincy and leave this school.

'His words took effect, and thus, by the influence of one boy the tone of the great public school was purified and raised. The brave schoolboy became a brave martyr bishop, and laid down his life on an island in the far Pacific.-Sel.

The Proprietors of Parmelees Pills are constantly receiving letters similiar to the following, which explains itself. Mr John A Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes :"I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful" As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic.

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The Eleven

Of our students who during the month of all his might to keep ahead, and the April secured good positions without ing for their oiplomas, because their emp'overs were already satisfiad with their attainments, are naturally glad th y atended the right school Another ELEVEN obtained their diplomas during the same month, and are also glad Our Practical Accounting, the Isaac Pitman Shrrthand and Touch Typewriting are what qualify our students for their SUCCESS: S

Religious

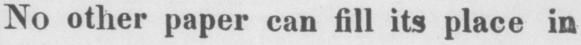
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Blend Te mother hurried off to catch the a have bo Robbie went to the station to will recei his mother off and then went back free of ch In town to school for the afternoon session. ie, in high good humor put little e in her crib for the usual afterer nap, and then set to work to

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ANTE des, was both ambitious and inrious, so in the course of an hour fastest sel lished.

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ty to enjoy a new book which had L. M03 given to her. ody, assiste

had spent some time in reading Sadie called, 'Annie, Annie, I'se ry of the ".' The elder sister hastened to elfish servi little one and dressed her neatly er afternoon clothes. Then they authorizatio amily. hentic blog nded to the sitting-room and e began to cast about for some-. Large, 0 more a

want my blocks,' she declared, you s'all build a house, and I s'all , credit give k it down.'

> mie obediently built a house, and ver, and a barn and a temple, one the other. Then she began to of the occupation. 'Now, Sadie, build a house, and I'll read awhile.' I wants 'oo to play wid me.' 'Oh, Sadie, I'm going to read now. e here and let me read to you and et you see the pictures in my new

at I like my blocks more better.' e it isn't good for you to play all me. You ought to learn to like If you don't, you'll never be olar. Now just listen to this story.' Annie began to read and Sadie began to cry. Annie her voice and Sadie cried louder. ow, Sadie, I'm going to put away blocks because you won't listen to eading. So saying Annie quickly d the blocks in their box to great amazement. The blocks her best loved toys. She was tomed to play with them when would. She stopped crying at and sat herself down in her little 'I want mamma,' was all she

Sadie, you can't have mamma low ; she's gone to the city to buy e new dresses. Won't that be

while the inside was almost raw. She had just dropped one of them into the fire and was trying to take it out with afork when Robbie exclaimed, 'Whew! Annie looked over her shoulder, only to see that Robbie, in despair of opening the glass jar in any legitimate way, had seized upon a boy's tool-a hammer. The result was, a broken jar, a broken dish and a floor covered with preserves.

At this unfortunate moment Mrs. Jones entered the room.

Oh, mamma, we were going to give you a great surprise, and now see what's happened !' Mrs. Jones looked very grave at the aspect of affairs in the kitchen, but her face expressed still greater concern as she asked : "Where's the baby?"

'Oh, mamma, I don't know. I'm afraid I've forgotten her.

A search was made for Sadie, who was found in the pantry with the contents of the molasses jug slowly trickling over her clothing, while her face and hands were quite besmeared with the sweet, sticky stuff. 'My darling ! my darling !' This was all that Mrs. Jones could say, as she darted off to lay aside her wraps and then returned to look after poor, neglected Sadie.

'I'm so sorry, mother,' Annie stammered out, through sighs and tears. Well, we won't talk about it now. Just get me a basin of water, so that I can clean up this little girl, and afterward you may help me get the kitchen

in order and prepare supper. Your father's coming on the next train.' A half hour's work made things look

better, and then the family sat down to the table, to eat the evening meal.

others after him, helter-skelter. When they caught him, as they were sure to do by and by, it was his turn to catch; and so the funny game went along.

'I imagined their mother must be at the window, with the baby in her arms, maybe, watching the fun. I was so interested that I suppose moved incautiously-who knows but I clapped my hands, too, when they caught Curlover Tail? Anyhow, there

was an alarm, and-presto ! my little friends were gone ; they had all scampered home. They are never far from home, and the front door is always open.

all told. 'Oh,' breathed Sweetheart, softly, how I wish I could've seen that game

o' tag !' 'So do I !' echoed Debby Doolittle. Don't I!' cried Perry. And little Lawrence would have wished so too, if he hadn't been fast asleep you see. -Youth's Companion.

Just Try It.

It is said there is nothing more difficult to discover than the exact age of woman who wishes to keep the fact a secret. But here is a little scheme which a mathematician has discovered to find out the age of any person.

Having engaged that person in pleasant conversation, you proceed

something after the following manner -speaking very innocently, of course. "There is a very simple problem in arithmetic which very few people are able to see through yet it is as easy as possible. I wonder if you can do it? This sets the woman on her dignity, and probably she wants to do it at once.

"Think of a number corresponding to the numerical order of the month in which you were born. Oh, no, you need not tell me.'

(To make the explanation clear, we will assume that the figure is 2-standing for February-and that the age is thirty.)

"Now multiply that figure by 2," you continue, "and add 5. Done that? Well, multiply that by 50, and add

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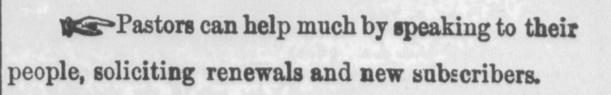
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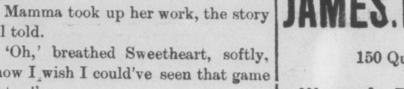
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