

Marjorie's Excuse.

BY EVA EICKEMEYER ROWLAND.
Oh, Marjorie, if you would be good
For just one hour I sighed mother.

Mamma, I cannot help it;
I'm really not to blame;
And if you'll hark a minute,
I'll tell you how it came.

The Missionary Puzzle.

I can't go out for a week!
Master Johnny Amsden's face displayed
a vast amount of disappointment.

'Not for a full week,' said the doctor,
drawing on his gloves.
'Why, doctor, I've just got to go out.'
'What for, I'd like to know,' demanded
Dr. Maxwell, gazing down upon him,

'I guess you don't know much about
missions and missionaries, Doctor
Maxwell,' said the boy, with gravity.
'Maybe I don't. Do you?'
Our society supports a missionary in
China and a native preacher in Burma,

The jolly doctor threw back his head
and laughed again. 'I guess these
measles of yours'll not hurt any missionary
in Burma,' he said. 'They're not as
contagious as all that. You've got
'em pretty tight, you know. You'll
be out in a week.'

'But I've only got this week to earn
my dollar in.'
'What dollar?'
'Why, said Johnny seriously, 'each
of us agreed to earn a dollar extra
for the Burmese preacher, and we're to
have a meeting next week and tell how
we got the dollar. We're to earn 'em
ourselves, you know. I was troubled
a good deal about how I should earn
mine, so the time slipped by until this
week; and it's the last one.'

'How are you going to earn it?'
inquired the doctor, with a twinkle in
his eye.
'I promised to help Mr. Smith, the
market-man round the corner, every
night after school for a week; he said
he'd give me a dollar. So you see,
doctor, if you don't let me go out, I
can't keep my promise.'

'Humph! haven't you a dollar of
your pocket money left?'
'Oh, yes, sir. But that wouldn't be
earning it.'

'It looks then as though I should
have to furnish you the means of earning
that dollar, as I am the one who
keeps you indoors. Of course the
measles can't be blamed.'

'Oh, no, sir! I don't mean that?'
cried Johnny.
'Of course you didn't,' cried the
doctor, with a wink. 'You'd rather go
out and be assistant to a green grocer—
But as you're so fond of working in a
store, I'll give you a job that would
puzzle the best boy Smith ever had.'

Johnny looked at him in some
doubt.
'I'll pay you a dollar if you do it,
too,' said the physician, smiling. 'I'll
let you use your brains instead of your
hands. If you're bright enough you
can earn your dollar.'

'But what is it?' cried his young
patient.
'It's a problem—a puzzle—and you're
to work it out, and here it is: 'There
was a groceryman who had an eight
quart jug full of vinegar. The grocer
had an order for four quarts, but had
only a three quart and a five quart
measure in his store. He told his boy
to get four quarts of vinegar for his
customer, and he was not allowed to
pour out and waste any of the vinegar,
and he had no other vessel to help
him but the two measures. How did
he do it?'

Johnny looked at him blankly and
the doctor laughed again.
'Well, that's a stickler!' declared
the boy.

'Think so, do you? Well the other
boy did it. If you want to be a grocer
some time, you'll have to learn to do
such things, maybe. Now, you've
got twenty-four hours to do that sum.
Good-bye!'

The doctor started for the door, still
laughing. Mary, the maid, came to
let him out; but Johnny ran after him
and asked, just as the gentleman was
stepping into the vestibule: 'Doctor,
doctor! it isn't a joke, is it! You can
really do it?'

'Of course you can, if you're as smart
as that grocer's boy was.'
'Just give it to me again,' said
Master Johnny. 'If one boy's done it,
I can do it;' and the doctor repeated
the problem.

But after he had studied over the
thing a good hour without arriving at
an answer, Johnny began to believe
that that grocer's boy was pretty smart.

'An eight quart jug, a three quart
measure, and a five quart measure—
and that's all!' he exclaimed. 'Well,
I'd like to know how he did it! I'll go
down and see cook.'

Now, cook was fat and jolly, and
didn't mind little boys 'messing' round
in her kitchen if she wasn't bothering
about her dinner.

'Are you bothered to-day, cook?'
asked Master Johnny, looking in at
the door.

'No, honey; everything's doing
beautiful.'

'I want to know how you'd measure
four quarts of vinegar if you had an
eight quart jug full and only had a
three quart and a five quart measure to
turn it into? Or, no! I don't want
you to tell me; for that wouldn't be fair.
But I want to know if you think it can
be done.'

Cook thought some time with great
gravity. 'Laws, honey!' she said at
last, 'I don't see how it can be done,
nohow. But I got an eight jug yere,
an' measures. You kin play they ain't
graduated, an' you kin fill the jug with
water an' try to do it. Warm water,
co'se, so you'll not get cold.'

'What's 'graduated' measures,'
asked Johnny.

'See them lines on the tin there?'
said cook, holding up the measure.
'Those are for pints and quarts,
though that's a three quart measure.
There's a five quart one. There's the
jug. Now, don't spill the water on my
clean floor.' Johnny thanked her and
set to work on the practical working
out of his problem.

He had a jug full of water and two
empty measures to begin with. First
he poured the three-quart measure full,
and then emptied it into the five quart
measure. Then he poured his three
quart measure full again and filled the
five quart measure out of it.

The water then stood thus: Five
quarts in the five quart measure, one
in the three quart, and two in the
eight quart jug. He seemed no nearer
the solution of the problem than before,
but after a little cogitating he poured
the five quart measure full
back into the eight quart jug.

Then he poured the one quart he
had in the three quart measure into
the five quart measure. Next he filled
the three quart measure again out of
the jug, and emptying it into the five-
quart measure, had solved the problem.
There were four quarts in the five
quart measure and four quarts in the
jug, and he hadn't wasted a drop.

When the doctor came the following
morning Johnny was ready for him.
The doctor seemed to be greatly surprised
at his success, and parted with the
dollar for missions with apparent regret;
but Johnny thought afterwards
that maybe the physician knew more
and cared more about missions than he
appeared to.

Anyway, Johnny was well enough
the next week to go to the missionary
meeting, and put the puzzle to the
society, and they bothered their heads
over it half the afternoon, and Johnny
finally had to invite them to the house,
where he could illustrate the solution
with the jug and measures in question.
—Sunday School Visitor.

Judy a Naughty Dog.

If you could have seen Judy on the
back porch, keeping patient guard over
Mrs. Lemond's little laughing baby
girl, you would not have me believe
that Judy could be naughty.

Well, you shall hear of two or three
of her pranks, and then judge as to
whether or not Judy was a rogue.

For some time, one summer, there
had been hardly any eggs found in the
hen-shed; and at the same time Judy's
appetite had decreased, to the notice
of everybody.

At last Mr. Lemond's children, early
one morning, hid behind a barrel,
where a large heap of egg-shells had
been found the day before. They had
not been long in their hiding-place
when Judy sneaked in. Yes, sneaked
in. First, she looked around in all
directions. Then she put one paw
over the threshold and sniffed, as
though she would say: 'There is
something strange in the air!'

But I dare say she was very hungry
for breakfast. At any rate, Judy was
soon near one of the nests; and,
stretching herself up to it, with a sharp
whack she opened a nice warm egg and
licked up the delicious contents with
great relish. She was just about lifting
her paw for a second whack on a
second egg, when the children burst
from behind the barrel; and off went
Judy, not to return until late after-

noon, when she brought up the cows
in a very proper way, and came for her
usual cracker to the side door, just as
though nothing had happened but what
was good and right.

The next day, too, Judy appeared at
the side door at the right hour for her
cracker.

'Have you brought home the cows?'
questioned old Hannah, as usual.

Judy wagged her tail. But that tail
did not seem to Hannah to stand up
joyfully, as it did when Judy felt that
she had honestly earned her cracker;

and Hannah thought it well to have a
look into the barn, and, sure enough,
the cows were not there.

'You naughty dog! Hannah scolded.
'You go right down to the pasture and
fetch those cows!'

Off Judy ran. Do you think she
knew she had told a falsehood? And
in a very short time there was such a
stampede toward the barn that every
one ran to see; and there was Judy
bringing in the cows at full speed.
And then she came again, with her tail
very joyfully wagging, for her cracker.

One cold day in the winter Mr.
Lemond was at the well, as usual, giving
the cows water. The path from
the barn was very slippery; and it
was very icy, too, about the pump,
and it was slow business. After all
had quenched their thirst, Mr. Lemond
spoke to Judy:

'Take the cows into the barn.'
Judy at once barked, as she did in
the pasture, which meant 'Go!' and
the cows started. Judy let them all
pass along, in line, as cows ought.
Then she followed; but she did not
walk quietly, as a dog in charge ought
to walk. Oh, no! She seized hold of
the last cow's tail and had a beautiful
slide to the barn, down the long,
slippery path.

After Judy had indulged herself in
these slides a few times, the cows be-
came very nervous about going to the
well; and she was given to a friend,
and had to go away a long distance to
live. But I dare say she found ways
to amuse herself in her new home.
—Helene H. Boll, in Little Folks.

Best Lessons.

'Oh, there's that Ruth Knolls and
her brother again! Do you know,
Miss Merton, she is just awfully dull
in school, and we girls laugh at her so
much. She hasn't a particle of
brilliancy.'

Viva chattered this speech out as
she walked along the street beside
Miss Merton.

'She has something far better than
brilliancy,' said Miss Merton.
'What?' said Viva, her cheeks flush-
ing uncomfortably, for she felt that
she had made a mistake, and she was
very anxious to stand well in Miss
Merton's opinion.

'She has a courteous manner. That
is a grace that is very great, but far
too rare. I know Ruth quite well,
and her kindness and courtesy are un-
failing in company or at home. She is
going to grow into a lovely woman-
hood.'

'I am sorry I spoke so,' said Viva.
'I really don't know anything about
her except that she stumbles so dread-
fully in her lessons.'

'No doubt she is very sorry about it,
and I am sure she works faithfully. It
is a fine gift to be quick and bright in
understanding things. But you know,
my dear, that it is far more important
to be kind-hearted and gentle. When
you girls go out in the world no one
will ever ask or know whether you got
good grades in algebra and Latin. If
you have done your best, it is wrought
into you whether your best is very
good or only mediocre. But be sure
of this: Every one who meets you
will know without putting you through
an examination whether you are a
gentle woman or not. It isn't practical
to quote Greek or discuss psychology
or read Shakespeare with every one
you meet, but you can always speak
kindly and listen courteously, and
quietly look out for the opportunity to
do the little deeds of kindness that
make our lives so much more worth
living.' —Union Signal.

Two Ways

After Sammy had eaten his dinner,
he went out behind the barn to feed
the chickens, and there he saw Peter
Drew out in his garden. 'Halloo!' he
shouted, 'what are you going to do this
afternoon, Peter?'

'Don't know,' answered Peter, with
a scowl; 'spect it's pick apples.'

Sammy laughed. 'I've got mine all
finished,' he said, joyously. 'I filled
five sugar barrels this morning. Mother
says I'm a regular beaver for working.
Did you work like a beaver, too, Peter?'

Peter sniffed. 'I sat on the stone
wall 'most of the morning.'

'Restin'?' inquired Sammy.

'Yep,' answered Peter, and then he
scowled again.

'I'm goin' nuttin' for my rest,' said

Sammy. 'Nut trees an' woods an'
squirrels are heaps better for restin'
than stone walls. I think.'

Peter did not answer.
'I wish that you could go nuttin'!'
exclaimed Sammy, earnestly. 'Do you
s'pose you'd work like a beaver pickin'
up your apples if another beaver should
come over to help you?'

Peter smiled. 'I might try,' he
said, quickly.

So over the wall jumped Sammy,
and away to the orchard ran the two
little boys; and, oh, how fast they did
work! I do not believe that there ever
was a fat, furry beaver who did his
work any faster. And at last the
barrels were filled, every one of them,
away up to the tip-tip. Not one single
rosy apple was left in its grassy bed.
And then off to the woods ran the two
little boys, and somehow they both felt
very happy.

'I think I'll make-believe I'm a
beaver every day when I have got to
work,' declared Peter with a smile,
which was a very good thought indeed.
—Mayflower.

A Toad Story.

One day my father, sister, and I
were out in the garden, watching a
little toad.

My father took a little stick, and
very, very gently scratched one side of
the toad and then the other.

The toad seemed to like it; for he
would roll from side to side, and blink.

I was so interested that, when they
went in, I took the stick, and did as
my father had done. I thought, if he
rolls from side to side as I touch him,
what would he do if I ran the stick
down his back?

I did so; and what do you think
happened? His skin, which was thin
and dirty, parted in a neat little seam.
There was a bright, new coat below.

Then my quiet little toad showed
how wise he was. He gently and care-
fully pulled off his outer skin. He
took it off the body and his legs first,
and then, blinking it over his eyes, till
—where had it gone? He had rolled
it into a ball and swallowed it.
—Adopted from Our Dumb Animals.

A Spirit-Level to Live By.

A little boy saw his father using a
spirit-level to see if the board he was
planing was 'true' and straight.

'What's the use of being so careful,
papa?' he asked. 'It's pretty good, I
guess; it looks so.'

'Guessing won't do in carpenter
work,' said his father, 'sighting' along
the edge of the board, and shaving it
the least bit. 'You have to be just
right. Folks guess at too many things.
God doesn't like that way of living.'

'Guess there aren't any spirit-levels
for living by!' laughed the little boy,
watching him.

'Yes, there are,' said his father,
earnestly. 'You'll find them in the
Bible. Try all your actions by that.
Make 'em true and straight, and no
guess-work about 'em!' —Richmond
Christian Advocate.

A Boy's Composition

Water is found everywhere, especi-
ally when it rains, as it did the other
day, when our cellar was half full.
Jane had to wear her father's rubber
boots to get the onions for dinner.
Onions make your eyes water, and so
does horseradish when you eat too
much. There is a good many kinds of
water in the world—rain water, soda
water, holy water and brine. Water
is used for a good many things. Sailors
use it to go to sea on. If there wasn't
any ocean the ship couldn't float and
they would have to stay ashore. Water
is a good thing to catch fish in. No-
body could be saved from drowning if
there wasn't any water to pull them
out of. Water is first rate to put fires
out with. This is all I can think about
water—except the Flood.

SKEPTICISM.—This is unhappily an
age of skepticism, but there is one
point upon which persons acquainted
with the subject agree, namely, Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil is a medicine
which can be relied upon to cure a
cough, remove pain, heal sores of
various kinds, and benefit any inflamed
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