

SEPT. 11, 1901

**The Rock-a-Bye Boat.**

A boat that leaves at half-past six on the busy port of Play, reaches the haven of Slumberland the close of the day.

The tiniest passengers, who rocks so gently, oh! the wee ones nestle in their berths, the boatman begins to row!

The sounds so low and sweet (a mother's lullaby) travelers smile and close their eyes as of angels high.

The travelers tarry too long on the busy port of Play, the anxious boatman coaxes and calls, grieves at their delay.

At last to the rocking boat, he bears them down the stream, and weak and swollen, and swelling, sickness, slumber, St. analysis, general Price 50c.

AL S. A week from STON. 31st. the are St. and B. WEDNESDAY, 4.45 o'clock every FRIDAY. at 6 p.m. at Eastport. Calais and St. Lally up to LAECHELL.

**Miffit Became a Hero.**

ANNA BALCOMB WHEELER.

Miffit and 'Sweet Marie' are able. Marion is a little girl whose name is away out west, but Mamma brought East that Miffit is benefited by the bracing Miffit is a small white and who considers himself indispensible as a body guard, and Sweet Marie is a dolly that Marion's uncle from gay Paris.

Play on the beach a greater time, Marion with her dolly pail making the most wonderful mountains, lakes and canals; sipping about and barking at fish and jelly fish, and Sweet Marie sitting in a stately silence behind big rocks.

had a glorious time, but one thing happened. Marion saw a corn man going his daily rounds among the cottages, and for Miffit and Sweet Marie, she went to the house to tell mamma would very much like to have a corn.

course followed, but Sweet Marie through possessing several acornments, like opening and shutting eyes and crying when you rub her ribs, could not walk, so she sat sitting among the rocks.

at Marion quite a while to which color to choose, pink pop corn or molasses pop corn.

it took her a long while to when mamma found it necessary to her face and hands and change it, so it was quite an hour before back to Sweet Marie.

Where was Sweet Marie? Where were the rocks? Nowhere to be seen, began to race back and forth, wildly and looking out over where a tiny speck of pink up and down.

do you suppose it was? Sweet Marie de soie gown. Marion have known it among a thousand tide had come in and Sweet Marie out to sea.

dolly, my dear dolly, but full will be drown—ded. Oh, Marion, Marion, while Miffit caper her with the greatest sympathy every motion of his wiggly fingers. The few bathers, attracted by the girl's cries, hastened to but none of them could swim.

it, sir,' said one of them. Miffit looked out to the water's edge back again, gave an apologetic and lifted his head and

ch it, sir,' said the same voice, and all slapping their hands in way of encouragement.

repeated the same performance time venturing into the little way; then catching sight of the mistress, now flat upon the ground disconsolately, he hesitatingly, then plunged bravely into the breakers and struck out for Marie.

all bedrown—ded too,' sobbed who now sat up to see what all meant.

Miffit'll take care of him, mamma, appearing on the bank taking her distressed little dolly. However, she was not in her mind. Miffit was no wasn't the kind of dog that barks to the water, in fact he had of it, especially since papa had begun to give him a rub and rubbing in the surf, and to which he very reluctantly submitted. His experience as was limited to this, and a dolly back to land as fast as get there. To do Miffit was going after Sweet Marie supreme test of his devotion,

and some dogs would have failed to meet the test.

Miffit kept on, spluttering the water which a swimmer of greater experience would never have allowed to creep into his eyes and nose, but he gained steadily, and when a minute or two later he seized Marie in his mouth a great shout went up, and Marion clapped her hands and laughed aloud.

Holding Sweet Marie out of the water as far as he could, Miffit turned shoreward, but after a few moments they saw he was beginning to be very much exhausted, and called many encouraging things. 'Good dog,' 'Fine fellow,' 'You'll make it, old boy.' Some of the bathers waded out as far as they could to meet him. Poor Miffit, he was such a mite of a dog, and somehow the shore seemed so far away. He swam more feebly now, and the dolly's dress flapped in his eyes, he seemed like a feather that would float away at any moment. Ah! that is just what he did, going one way and Sweet Marie going the other, when one of the bathers, saying, 'I won't let a little dog get ahead of me,' struck out. There was a great splashing for a minute, but he got them both, and brought them to Marion. Miffit, exhausted and dripping, was too feeble even to shake himself, and Sweet Marie was limp enough, her Parisian gown ruined beyond hope. But regardless of their condition they were gathered into two little arms and hugged and hugged and hugged, and that is how Miffit became a hero.—Christian Work.

**What a Rainy Day Taught Helen.**

BY NELLIE ALLEY.

Down came the rain with a steady patter, patter, as though it never meant to stop. The prospect was anything but pleasing to little Helen Worcester, as she stood with a gloomy face pressed against the window pane, watching two bedraggled sparrows hunting for seeds in the wet road.

Poor little Helen's face had grown darker and darker as she stood watching the raindrops, for it was Saturday, and she had planned to spend it all out of doors. Mamma had even promised her that she might have a luncheon under the apple tree with one of her little schoolmates. Now it was raining so hard that even if it should stop, which did not seem at all likely, it would be altogether too wet to go out to play. Dolls and all her games had lost their charm, and she was feeling so disconsolate that two big tears were just making their way down her cheeks, when mamma opened the door and came into the room.

'Why, Helen, dear, whatever is the matter? Is that mamma's sunbeam weeping?'

'I'm afraid I'm not a sunbeam at all to-day, mamma; this rain is so very disappointing I really can't help crying.'

'Do you think, dear, it will help matters to have rain in the house as well as out?'

'No, I suppose not, but there isn't anything to do, and it's so lonesome when it rains. I don't see why it had to rain to-day.'

'Run and get mamma her mending basket, Helen, then bring your little chair over here by the window, and we'll see if a story will not relieve that lonesome feeling.'

The mending basket was brought, and as she worked away on a big hole in Helen's stocking, mamma began her story:

'Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do?' sighed the rose. 'I am so thirsty I can hardly endure it. I have sent every rootlet just as far as I can after water, and now I have used it all up. I really am afraid I shall die. I love the sun, but oh, his beams are so hot they are withering me up,' and she dropped her beautiful head in utter discouragement.

'And I,' sighed the grass, 'am nearly perishing too. My beautiful green dress is all turning a dirty brown and all for lack of a good bath. Oh, that the good south wind would send us some rain.'

'Just think of me,' moaned the peavine. 'Here I have been doing my best to get my peapods filled for the good folks in the house, but how can I? when I've had y strength enough left to hold myself up? If the rain doesn't come soon I shall die before I get half my work done.'

'Alas,' sighed the berry bush, 'I, too, shall fail of my work if the rain doesn't help us speedily. How can anyone expect me to produce juicy berries if I have no water to put into them? Sunshine is all very well, but it won't do alone, and the children will be so disappointed if I am not able to give them some berries.'

'You people down there are not the only ones that are suffering,' chirped the bird from the apple tree. 'The ground is so dry that the worms have gone so deep I can't find a single one, and you can't imagine how hard I have

to work to find enough to keep my family alive.'

'If this is a complaint bureau, I'll enter my complaint,' snorted the horse, poking his head over the fence. 'It's so long since I've had a mouthful of fresh grass, I've almost forgotten how it tastes.'

Just then up stole the south wind, and softly caressing these complaining children, whispered: 'I know you are suffering, dears, but just be patient a little longer and I will do my best for you,' then she hurried away to find some clouds.

She worked so hard all night that when morning came the sky was covered with clouds, and as soon as they understood the situation they sent the rain drops down in a hurry to comfort these poor forlorn children of Mother Nature.

At the comforting touch of the rain drops the drooping things began to revive; the rose began slowly to lift her beautiful head, the grass began to look green again, the pea vine straightened itself, the berry bush began work at once, and the robin chirped his thanks as he flew down to pick up a big fat worm.

'Thank you, mamma,' said Helen, looking up with a happy face. 'I didn't know I was so selfish in not wanting it to rain when everything needed it so much. Now I am going to the window to see how happy things are growing, and oh, mamma, there is the robin pulling up a great long worm. I'm so glad now that it's rainy, for, after all, I'll get the most benefit from it.'

'Yes, dear, our Heavenly Father knew what was best, better than you did, and we can always trust Him, darling, to do the best thing for us even though we cannot see it at the time.'—New York Observer.

**He Sold His Chance.**

Boys who enter upon a business career little realize how closely and critically they are watched by their employers. Large business concerns have many large salaried offices waiting for the right man. Integrity, honesty, and obedience are rare qualities, and demand a higher premium than ever. In fact, all business houses are looking for the right boy as they have never looked before.

The superintendent of one of the largest department stores in the country engaged a lad of fifteen in the most subordinate capacity, at wages of three dollars a week. The boy was at the bottom of the ladder, at the very position where the heads of departments in that store had started years before.

The head of the department where he was stationed watched him carefully day by day, and reported upon him most favorably. He said: "Here is, at last, the young fellow we have been looking for." The next in authority took his turn in watching the lad. He became profoundly impressed with the boy's obedience, his integrity, his loyalty, and commended him to the head of the firm.

The firm had a consultation over the boy. How could that lad suspect that gentleman, whom he hardly ever saw, who seemed so far above him, and to whom he felt that he was absolutely insignificant, would be watching him with almost as much care as if he had been the son of the senior partner? The head of the firm said:

'We will give him six months, and if he stands the test we will advance him rapidly.'

The six months were almost up. So interested had the superintendent of the store become in the youthful prodigy that he personally took to watching him day by day.

One morning the superintendent noticed the boy hide something in his pocket. He stopped him.

'What have you there?' he said to the lad. The boy paled and blushed.

'Oh, nothing,' he said. He was asked to turn his pocket inside out, and upon him was discovered twenty-five cents in change, which he had just pilfered.

The boy was immediately dismissed. He had lost his chance of high preferment, of honor, of dignity, of respect, and even of wealth, for a temptation so petty as to seem ridiculous. He had sold his character for twenty-five cents!—Youth's Companion.

**Various Hints.**

Convulsions may be frequently cut short like magic by turning the patient on his left side. The nausea as an after effect of chloroform or other narcosis may be generally controlled in the same manner.

When chilly from exposure breathe deeply and rapidly, and the increase in bodily warmth will be surprising.

Yomiting after the administration of chloroform may frequently be prevented by replacing the inhaler with a linen cloth steeped in vinegar, allow-

ing it to remain over the face for some time.

People who have weak hearts should always have their principal meal in the middle of the day, and with as little water as possible.

Strong spirits of ammonia applied to the wounds of snake bites or rabid animals is better than any caustic. It neutralizes the virus.

Carbolic acid poisoning can be cured by giving cider vinegar diluted with equal parts of water in half tumblerful doses every five or ten minutes for a few times.

Cocaine poisoning is antidoted well by strong coffee.

Potassium permanganate is an efficient antidote if taken while morphine is still in the stomach. Grain for grain it will completely decompose morphine.

A baby may be filled up to the neck with milk and still be hungry.

In prescribing infant foods it is worth remembering that rice is an astringent and farina a laxative.

No HOME should be without it. Pain-Killer, the best all-around medicine ever made. Used as a liniment for bruises and swellings. Internally for cramps and diarrhoea. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry-Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

**FAGGED OUT.**—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parnee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parnee's Pills.

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**TELL THE DEAF.**—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

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