

JULY 13 1898

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

I Don't Want To.

There's a lazy little sprite, that takes supreme delight
In jollifying children's faces. Deary me!
Such a tiresome, tiresome elf. I've wished
often to myself
He was out, if fight forever at the bottom
of the sea!

Just look at Freddy's lips when asked to
pick up chips,
Or rock his little sister, baby Grace.
"I don't want to" (that's his name), begins
his little game.
And you'd hardly know 'twas Freddy's
pretty face.

How quick his ugly mask, though 'twas an
easy task.
Slipped over little Ellen's face to-day,
When mamma kindly said: "Please,
laughing bring my thread;
'Twill take you but a moment from your
play."

"I don't want." Then he goes, whining
always through his nose,
Spoiling all the lovely faces. Deary me!
The smiles he puts to rest, and the dimples
I've no doubt,
If they were drops of water, would almost
fill the sea!
—Julia A. Williams, Farm, Field and
Fire-side.

A Little Baby Bear.

If I gave you ten guesses, you would
use them all, and still not be able to
tell me what queer visitor I had the
other day. Do you give it up? Well,
it was a tiny baby bear. A hunter
had caught him in the woods, and
brought him to town in his arms. As
soon as I heard of him, I invited the
baby to spend part of a day with me;
and we had great fun playing together.

Long ago I used to have a picture of
Santa Claus, a fat little man, all dressed
up in a fur suit; and, when I saw the
baby bear, I could almost believe that
my picture had come alive. He had
the same short woolly legs and fatrily
poly body; and there, too, was the
droll, grave face, looking as if he were
just trying to keep from laughing. He
came right into the house as if he had
known me all the three weeks of his
life, and walked about under the chairs
and tables; for he was no larger than
a big cat. His little, pointed black
nose went into everything that he saw;
but, as soon as he had got a smell, he
trotted away, and put his nose into
something else. He seemed to be
hunting for some small thing that he
had known in the woods, where he was
born and lived so easily. Snuggled up
in his mother's nice black fur. When
he got through with the less of things,
he went higher. Right up to the tip-
top of a great armchair he climbed,
and hung himself across the back as if
he were hanging himself out to dry.

There he rested a little while. Then
drawing himself into a ball, off he
rolled on to the floor with such a thump
that I thought he must have hurt him-
self. But he thought not; for, with-
out even waiting to rub his knees, he
ran across the floor to stand up on his
hind feet in front of my bookcase. He
reached out one of his soft paws, and
patted the backs of the books, as if to
say, "I like you very much, but I have
not time to read you just now."

I am sure you would have thought
him very cunning if you had seen him
tipping about on his hind feet with a
tiny yellow orange in his arms. He
hugged it tight against his breast, and
set a row of wee baby teeth in the
skin. But I did not catch a glimpse of
his tongue until I gave him the hand
mirror. The moment he saw the baby
bear in the glass, a pink-tongued, like
a curled rose-leaf, came out, and made
loving little smudges all over the bright
glass.

Again and again he lifted up the
glass, and peeped underneath to find
the baby bear behind it. I suppose he
wanted a good hug beside the kisses;
and I don't wonder, for he was soft
and nice to squeeze.

When his dinner time came, I gave
him his milk in a bottle with a rubber
top. When he saw it, he reached out
and whimpered for it, just as a hungry
baby does. He stood up and took the
bottle between his front paws, and
tipping it up, sucked away so fast that
soon there was no milk left.

Then when he saw that it was all
gone, he lifted up his little black coat-
sleeve, and wiped off his milky mouth.

On his way back to his home the
children got about him on the street,
clapping their hands; but he seemed to
like the fun, and made them laugh
louder by standing up on his hind legs
and walking like a cunning little man.
He wanted to stay out in the street to
play some more when he got home;
but you see it was past bed-time,
and he had to be taken in. I am glad
to be able to tell you that he did not
cry at all as he trotted in and round
his own little bed, that must have
seemed nice and home-like, all ready
for him in the corner.—St. Nicholas.

There is many a wife whose husband
belongs to church, who never suspects
that he has religion.

The Tender-Hearted Society.

It was a very cold morning in early
February, and Gladys Burton dressed
herself for her grumblingly; but her face
cleared as she remembered what had
happened the evening before. It had
been Sunday, and Gladys had made up
her mind to be a follower of Jesus
Christ; and now, as the remembrance
came back to her, her lips began to
smile, and happy tears filled her eyes.
"I must follow Jesus, all the while, at
school as well as at home," she whis-
pered to herself; and downstairs she
went with an earnest look upon her
face.

Before breakfast came family prayer,
and Gladys looked up with wonder at
the words her father was reading, for
they were her own daily portion. The
word which impressed her most was
one she had never seemed to notice
before, "tender-hearted." "Be ye kind
one to another, tender-hearted." Gladys
pondered over that word on her way
to school. Surely it must mean feeling
another's troubles, and sympathizing
with others' sorrows. The way seemed
shorter that morning, and Gladys forgot
all about the cold, unpleasant weather.

At luncheon time Elsie Rundall and
Lulu Foster ran to her as usual, and
they were soon busily talking as only
little girls can talk.

"Isn't she an ugly girl?" said Elsie,
showing whom she meant by the little
nod towards a girl about their own age,
who was walking, in a forlorn fashion,
alone at the other side of the play-
ground.

"Mother says we should call no name
ugly," said Gladys.

"Well, she's extremely plain," said
Lulu.

"I don't think she is," put in Gladys.
"Her clothes are plain and dull-looking,
but she can't help that, and I don't
think any of us would look pleasant
had we been nearly two weeks at school
without any one caring to play with us
or talk to us."

"I'm sure I have not been unkind to
her," murmured Elsie rather reproach-
fully.

"Nor I," said Lulu.

"No, and I have done nothing to
her," said Gladys; "but we have all let
her alone, and we ought to have tried
to love her."

"Gladys, you are queer," they said.
"I don't think I am, but I will tell
you all about it." And with flushed
face and downcast eyes Gladys told
about Sunday evening, and all her new
wishes and hopes.

"It sounds beautiful," said Elsie, with
a long sigh. "I should like to follow
Jesus, too, Gladys."

Lulu said nothing, but her hand stole
gently into her friend's, and somehow,
without any more talking, the little
girls went across to the lonely little
Daisy, and she was admitted into their
friendship. And it was only the be-
ginning of good things amongst Miss
Mason's scholars. Without planning
it or knowing it in any way, Gladys
had that morning started a "tender-
hearted" society, and those who joined
it were always carrying out some work
of love on those who were not so happy
as themselves.

One of their first ideas—and oh! I
cannot tell you what pleasure it gave
to the little kind-hearted girls them-
selves—was to send a valentine to each
of the girls in the school who seemed
poorer and more friendless than them-
selves. Gladys and Lulu prepared
them and painted them in their very
best style, with loving words of greet-
ing. They were the nicest valentines
I ever heard of, giving such pleasure
both to giver and to receiver.—Beech-
Holme.

How One Lad Started.

An old newspaper man told the fol-
lowing story not long ago, which is in-
teresting, in that it shows what pluck
and ambition will do for a boy:

"Several years ago I was detailed to
cover some disastrous floods in the
lower part of the state. After travel-
ling slowly all the afternoon, about
dusk we began getting in the flooded
district. The conductor expressed
some fears about the condition of the
track, so when the train reached
Boyleston, I hunted up the telegraph
operator to learn what the chances
were of reaching the scene of the flood
that night.

"While discussing the probabilities
the train boy came up and called out to
the operator: 'Oh, Mr. Jackson, have
you that shorthand book you promised
me?'"

"When he had gone the operator
apologetically said: 'The boy is study-
ing shorthand, sir.'"

"Rather a bright boy he seems," I
remarked.

"Oh, yes, he knows a deal of short-
hand already, and he can send on the
wires almost as good as I can."

That sort of boy aroused my curios-
ity. I got hold of him when the train
started and found out a little of his
history. Nothing extraordinary, you

know, a country lad of poor parentage
endeavoring to earn his living. We
were rolling along, it seemed to me,
very rapidly, when I felt the car give a
sudden lurch; then followed a terrific
bumping and as the thought flew
through my mind that the rails had
spread, the car toppled over on its side
with a crash. I came out of that
wreck bruised and battered and with a
broken leg.

"They got me into a house close by,
and later I heard that fifteen people
lost their lives. While waiting for the
doctor I wondered how I could get the
news of the disaster to the office. I
thought of the train boy. Just the
chap, and I got one of the men in the
house to search for him. In a short
time the boy came for me. He had
escaped with a few scratches. I ex-
plained to him what I wanted. Well,
gentlemen, the boy knew everything
about that accident, even to the num-
ber of spikes in the spread rail, and I
took my copy down in shorthand like a
professional.

"Before I got through I gave up—
fainted you know—and I never learned
till some time after how the matter
came out. It seemed from the dicta-
tion I gave him he got enough of an
example out of it to enable him to
finish the rest of the story in the same
style, and got it over the wires in time
for the edition.

"They never knew at the office that
the story of the disaster had been set
by a train boy until a couple of days
later, when the corrected list of the
killed and wounded reached them. As
the boy failed to put my name on the
list he sent in, and receiving what they
thought was my report, they had in-
cluded I had escaped. Several weeks
after, when I was able to get about I
hunted up the lad, and made him a
sort of portage of mine; he is now one
of the most brilliant men in the pro-
fession!"—Harper's Round Table.

A Jealous Pet Horse.

In a boarding stable in New York
there is a horse whose name is Tatters.
He is the pet of Mrs. D., who owns
and drives him. She always gives him
an apple or carrot before starting on a
drive and another on returning, the
latter being given after his bridle has
been removed, and he has learned to
wait patiently for the dainty until that
time.

On the same floor of the stable is
Mr. B.'s horse Phil. Mrs. D. used
frequently to give an apple to Phil
after giving one to Tatters. The latter
would manifest displeasure at this in
a mild way, but his demonstrations
never went beyond the shaking of his
head and laying back of his ears.

But one evening, while Tatters, who
had just come in, was waiting for the
removal of his bridle, Phil, who was
ahead of him, was the recipient of an
apple from Mrs. D.'s hand as she dis-
cussed to Mr. B.

A moment later the groom had re-
moved Tatters' bridle, and at once his
mistress offered him his apple. He
turned his head away and refused to
touch the fruit. Mrs. D. followed
him into his stall and tried to coax him,
but he began munching his hay and
would not look at her.

Then Mr. B., and after him the
groom, tried to induce Tatters to take
the apple, but to no purpose. He was
hurt because his mistress had given an
apple to Phil before giving one to him,
and he would not forgive the affront.

His owner's feelings were much like
those of the horse, and she left the
stable with tears in her eyes. Before
starting out the next day, she had a
friend give a carrot instead of an apple
to Tatters, in the hope that if he had
not forgotten the unintended affront
the carrot might break the association
with the apple.

He took the carrot eagerly. Then
he took one from his mistress' hand,
and you may be sure she has never
since then given apple or carrot to
another horse while Tatters was in
sight.—New York Observer.

The Way to Independence.

"Come, Charlie. I want you to
drive a few nails in the shed for me,"
said Nettie to her brother the other
day.

Charlie was splitting wood at the
time, and her father, overhearing the
request of his daughter, said:

"Why not drive them yourself?"
"Because I can't," she replied.

"Because you can't!" he responded.
"Why, McCarthy says there's no
such word in the book. Come here,
and I'll show you how to drive nails."

With hammer in one hand and nails
in the other he went into the shed,
drove a few into the door, and then
gave the remainder to Nettie. She
found it an easy thing to drive the
nails, and felt quite proud of her
achievement in the mechanical art.
She having completed the work, her
father said:

"Now, my girl, that lesson makes

you independent. Some of these days
I'll teach you how to drive a horse,
sharpen a knife, and whittle too with-
out cutting your fingers. Don't let
the doors creak on their hinges for
want of an oiled feather; or the little
children's shoes, or your own shoes,
get hard in the winter time for the
want of a little grease.

"And as for you, my boys," said the
father, turning to Charlie and his little
seven year old brother, "you ought to
learn how to make a bed, sweep a
room, or sew on a button. A little
cooking will not hurt you. Many a
beefsteak and fish have I cooked in my
day, and my mother told me when I
was a boy that I could beat any boy
making a pot of coffee. There is no
telling what your lot may be, or where
you will be cast sometime during life.
The most helpless people I have met
with were those who could only do one
kind of work. All you boys and girls
should learn some one thing very well,
and make that your dependence for a
living; add to it as much skill as you
can, for it costs nothing to carry
knowledge, and it enables you to pave
your way to independence."—Maine
Farmer.

For Girls.

The habit of thoroughness in house-
keeping leads one to keep rooms in
good order and the table beautifully
appointed. I know a girl who says
that she takes great pains with her
room whenever she thinks her Aunt
Mary is coming to see her, because
Aunt Mary's sharp eyes discover every
speck of dust and observe any trifles
that are in the least out of order. Aunt
Mary is a bit of a critic, and her niece
is a little afraid of her comments.

In other words, the aunt had made a
coward of the girl. I do not like the
idea of being in bond to anybody,
whether an aunt or a stranger. It
would seem to me a far better way to
feel that one must answer to one's self,
and that one would not feel satisfied
unless she could look at herself in the
glass and say: "There, everything is
done in the best possible manner, and
you cannot find any fault with me
today. Try, if you dare!"

I wonder whether you are particular
to write notes of thanks very soon
after receiving gifts or acts of courtesy?
The value of a note of thanks is great-
ly increased by its being prompt. If
some friend leaves a bunch of violets
at your door, and you fail to acknow-
ledge it until the flowers have faded,
your thanks, when they do come, are
tardy. When flowers are sent to
those who are ill, they, of course, can-
not repay the courtesy by a little note
themselves, but one of the family
should do it for them. Your note of
thanks should be very genial, showing
that you are really pleased by the kind
attention, and the happier because of
it. Do not be afraid to write warmly
and cordially on such occasions. If
stiff and formal, you are unjust both
to your friend and yourself.—Harper's
Round Table.

Courteous Boys.

"I treat him as well as he treats me,"
said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him
because he did not attempt to amuse
or entertain a boy friend who had gone
home.

"I often go in there and he doesn't
notice me," said Hal again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"O, I don't mind! I don't stay
long."

"I should call myself a very selfish
person if friends came to see me and I
should pay no attention to them."

"Well, that's different; you are
grown up."

"Then you really think that polite-
ness and courtesy are not needed
among boys?"

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't ex-
actly mean that; but his father, who
had listened, now spoke:

"A boy or a man who measures his
treatment of others by their treatment
of him has no character of his own.
He will never be kind or generous or
Christian. If he is ever to be a gentle-
man, he will be so in spite of the
boorishness of others. If he is to be
noble, no other boy's meanness will
change his nature."

And very earnestly the father said:
"Remember this, my boy, your own
self, every time you are guilty of an
unworthy action because some one else
is, is degraded by it. Be true to your
best self, and no boy can drag you
down."—Christian Work.

Don't Abuse Beasts.

"When I was a boy and lived up in
the mountains of New Hampshire I
worked for a farmer, and was given a
span of horses to plough with, one of
which was a four year old colt. The
colt, after walking a few steps, would
lie down in the furrow. The farmer
was provoked, and told me to sit on the
colt's head, to keep him from rising

while he whipped him, 'to break him
of that notion,' as he said. But just
then a neighbor came by. He said:
'There is something wrong here; let
him get up and let us examine.' He
patted the colt, looked at the harness,
and then said: 'Look at this collar;
it is so long and narrow, and carries
the harness so high, that when he be-
gins to pull it slips back and chokes
him so he can't breathe.' And so it
was; and but for that neighbor we
would have whipped as kind a creature
as we had on the farm because he laid
down when he couldn't breathe.

"It was only the other day I heard
of a valuable St. Bernard dog being
shot, because, having a wound on his
head, concealed by the hair, he bit a
person who handled him roughly.
Boys, young and old, please remember
that these creatures are dumb. They
may be hungry, or thirsty, or cold, or
faint, or sick, or bruised, or wounded,
and cannot tell you. Think before
you strike any creature that cannot
speak."—The Presbyterian.

Cigarettes.

Suppose a boy has a lot of cigarettes
and smokes a few of them every day.
Is there any injury in this? I can tell
you, for I have had such boys for
patients. Such smoking, even in
so-called moderation (as if there were
any such thing as moderation in stimu-
lants for the young!) will do three
things for him: 1. It will run his pulse
up to one hundred or more per
minute. 2. It will reduce his weight
below the healthy standard. 3. It will
reduce his strength and general vitality,
as will appear in his pale complexion
and his diminished appetite. . . .
Cigarette smoking is one of the worst
habits physically that a boy can form.
It injures the heart and digestion, and
it tends to check the growth. It gives
a lad false and silly notions, and it
does not bring him into good company.
—Harper's Young People.

All Sorts.

My little two-year-old has added
something new to the story of Joseph
and his brethren. I told him the
Bible version of the story, and he
seemed much interested in Joseph's
coat of many colors. When I had
finished, he said, "Papa, tell me about
his pants!"

The future is uncertain, but if you
keep your blood pure with Hood's
Sarsaparilla you may be sure of good
health.

A Syllabic Slipp.—Dr. Carpenter
was noted for the quickness of his wit,
and it was a common saying in town in
which he lived that he always had an
answer ready when it was required.
He was once introduced as Dr. Carter.
Immediately his friend saw his error,
and corrected himself. Never mind,
said the doctor: it's only a slip of the
pen.

Baby Brightness.

Soon fades when Diarrhoea seizes on
the little form. Dr. Fowler's Extract
of Wild Strawberry has saved many
infants' as well as adults' lives. Mrs.
W. Walters, Richmond Street, Hamil-
ton, Ont., says:—"I cured my baby
of a bad attack of Cholera by using Dr.
Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.
No thing else did any good, but the
baby improved from the first dose of
the Wild Strawberry."

Had La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson,
Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter
I had La Grippe and it left me with a
severe pain in the small of my back
and hip that used to catch me when-
ever I tried to climb a fence. This
lasted for about two months when I
bought a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Elec-
tric Oil and used it both internally and
externally, morning and evening, for
three days, at the expiration of which
time I was completely cured."

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer
excruciating agony after partaking of a
hearty dinner. The food partaken of
is like a ball of lead upon the stomach,
and instead of being a healthy nutri-
ment it becomes a poison to the system.
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