

A Fatal Material

I used to have a rubber doll,
And she was like a cat—
That she had many lives, you know,
Is what I mean by that.
She'd tumble off the table—bang!
And not be cracked at all;
If she'd been made of wax, she'd not
Have stood so hard a fall.

She dropped into a river once,
But wasn't nearly drowned;
She bobbed up quite serenely, and
She calmly floated round.
A cat ran over her; of course,
It seemed a bad mishap;
But when I picked her up, I found
She wasn't hurt a scrap.

Yet something always happens and
I've lost my rubber pet.
So I am feeling sad, although
I'm told I 'mustn't' fret.
I lent her to my brother Fred,
And this was the result;
He went—O, dear!—and sliced her up
To mend a cat pult!

—Felix Leigh.

What the Gold Piece Bought.

BY AUGUSTA KORTRECHT.

It was a happy day for the little Jacksons, for that very morning father had broken the toy bank, and counted all the pennies and nickels, and had taken them down town with him, and at dinner time brought back a beautiful gold piece in their place. And more than that,—mother said that, just as soon as Hit was quite well again, they would take the gold piece and buy the party! That was what they had wanted for ever so long,—a party, with ice-cream, you know, and crackers to pull and take out tissue-paper caps. So, of course, they were happy; and Tom and Dick and Meg and Johnnie-Jump-Up, all kissed Hit harder than usual, and started off to school again in high glee.

Mother was very busy that afternoon. She was packing a box of half-worn clothes, to send out West to Uncle Dick's poor people, and, while she brushed and folded and smoothed little dresses and coats, Hit toddled about and reached for things she ought not to have. She reached for the big vase on the table, and Meg's doll, and many other things, but the only thing she got was something round and yellow, and not very large, and, when mother opened the fat little fist, and looked to see what it was, it turned out to be the gold piece.

Miss Mehitabel Jackson would not give the money up, so mother let her alone, only trying to keep an eye on the young lady and the gold piece, to see that no harm came to either of them. The day passed away, and after a while the children came trooping home from school. The very first thing they wanted—after being well kissed, of course—was the gold piece that was going to buy the party.

Then a dreadful thing came to light. The gold piece had disappeared! They searched high and they searched low. Mother shook out Hit's little skirts, and looked carefully under every rug in the room. But there was no sign of the money. Then she asked the baby, 'Darling, did you put it into the drawer?' and 'Did mother's baby throw the pretty money out of the window?' And to every question Hit would show her tiny teeth in a smile and answer 'Yes,'—which you know, was very annoying to the children, who wanted the party so much.

When father came home, he said he would buy another toy bank, and they would start all over again; but they could not quite give up the hope of finding their gold piece, and every few days Meg or Dick or one of the others would insist on turning the rugs all up again, or putting Miss Hit through new questions as to where she had put their money. But it was always the same, and they did not learn anything new.

It was about a month later, when mother got a letter from Uncle Dick about the clothes for his poor people. She read the letter through at breakfast, and, as she came to the last part, she gave a funny little cry, and said: 'O children, do listen to this!'

Every spoon went down into the oatmeal plates, and every child pricked up his ears and listened while mother read:

'And the best of all was the surprise in the pocket of the smallest coat,—Meg's it must have been. If your little ones could have seen the joy that gold piece brought, they would have had a pleasure nothing else can give. Tell them all about it. Tell them the little coat with the precious money went to a baby girl,—a little lame thing, whose back has often ached for the easy chair they have given her now. And tell them the children had a party,—all the youngsters from the neighborhood, each one feeling very fine in something out of the big box. And the way those little chaps joined hands and danced about their crippled queen was a delight to see.'

There was a little more, about candy and apples the children were so de-

lighted with, and then mother looked round at the children a minute, and asked:

'Shall I write Uncle Dick it was a mistake? Perhaps the chair has not been bought yet, and we could still get the money, and buy the party.'

And such a regular chorus came back, 'Oh, no, mother! oh, no!' that Hit took it up, and thumped her spoon against her silver cup to a lively 'rat-tat-tat,' and sang 'Oh, no! oh, no!' until Jane came in and took her, wriggling and squealing, off to the kitchen. — S. S. Times.

Pluck, Not Luck.

A TRUE STORY.

I do not imagine that Frank Cornwell was unlike other boys of his age. He lived with his grandmother and as grandmothers are supposed to spoil little folks, perhaps he was indulged a trifle more than was good for him, but for that we are not responsible; and as he has since grown to manhood, and is ministering to one of the prominent Presbyterian churches in Germantown, the indulgence of his grandmother did not cause serious result.

Frank was a plucky little fellow, but he cried sometimes. I am certain of that, since it is about this very matter that I set out to tell you.

He went fishing one day with a number of other boys, and although he was small, I can assure you he thought himself quite as large as any boy in the party. He was learning more and more every day about this big and wonderful world, and felt certain that the fish would bite his hook however much they might slight those of the other boys.

But the fish would not bite on that particular day. The boys sat patiently for some time before they finally decided to adopt another method. Then one little fellow said, 'Let's take off our shoes and wade in, dig holes and catch them with our hands.' The water was shallow, they could easily do it, and the word was no sooner said than shoes were flying in all directions preparatory to stepping in.

Frank was somewhat afraid, but I am glad to tell you that no one would ever have guessed so from his actions. He threw off his shoes as bravely as the other boys, and laughed as merrily when the cold water sent creeps over him; although, when nobody was looking, he brushed a little salt water from his eyes.

Now fish are contrary sometimes and are not easily caught, even when boys and men use all the ingenuity of which they are possessed. They seem to have some blind instinct which preserves them from danger. The boys dug holes in the sand; some succeeded in catching a few, but dear little Frank the hero of our story, had not a single trophy to show as the fruit of his labor.

Frank dug down by the side of a rock, and this I consider a very brave act, because he was afraid of snakes, and was every minute expecting one to appear. Still he stuck his little hands under and dug away; he was plucky enough for anything when he had once decided upon a course of action.

Suddenly he screamed. It was not a shriek of delight, but rather one of horror and dread. He had caught something—or rather, something had caught him, since a great snapping turtle had enclosed his mouth over one of his fingers and held on with a death-like grip.

Now Frank had something of the spirit of a martyr. He came of good Southern stock, and some of his ancestors had been noted for bravery. But he forgot it all now and yelled as seldom a boy is heard to yell. His voice sounded more like the blast of a trumpet in battle than anything else I can think of at the present time.

Boys are sympathizing creatures, at least these boys were. They went to work with a will and took turns in pulling the snapping turtle and holding Frank. It was not the turtle's nature to let go, and the harder the boys pulled, the stronger the turtle held on, if that were possible.

Then one bright boy said, 'I'll fix him, I'll cut his head off.' It might have seemed a cruel thing under some circumstances, but now it was the last resort. So they cut off the turtle's head. You will pity poor Frank when I tell you that the turtle still held on, at least that part which was fast to his finger. They took a penknife and pried it off, and then Frank found to his great joy that his finger was still left.

They marched bravely home, and if they did not have any fish, they found plenty to talk about. Frank was the hero, and his pluck was the subject of the conversation.

'Pluck is a funny little word,' said Frank's grandmother, as she listened to the story, and drew the boy tenderly to her. 'If you drop the p it is luck, but I have no faith in that word whatever. And since your finger is

left and you are not much the worse for the accident, it will not do any real harm, and may increase your power of endurance. Indeed, my dear boy, I have a feeling that God has in store for you some great and particular work and that you will live to be a message bearer to dying men.'

Grandmother was right; to-day Frank is a minister of the Gospel of Christ. Chris. Intelligencer.

The Story of Dick, the Turtle.

Dick's life is not all sleeping and worm-hunting. Every second day he has a long swim in the bath, and he has certain social and domestic duties to perform which are very important.

When company is expected, Dick has to wear his swellest garb, a broad crimson ribbon, which is tied around his shell and into a huge bow upon his back. So attired, he gravely marches about as if he considered himself no unimportant personage. When all the pets are 'dressed up' with similar ribbons, the effect is very comical.

Dick has to do his share of the work, too; for this is insisted upon by a very young lady, whose commands are not to be trifled with. She owns a small cart and a vague number of dolls, including one springy rubber man.

To the hinder edge of Dick's shell is affixed a ring,—a solid gold one, by the way; for it rightly belongs to the stem of a certain watch. The cart has a cord and a gold snap, which should be at the end of a watch-chain I know of. This snap is fastened to the ring, the lady dolls are seated in the cart, the springy rubber man is placed upon Dick's back, and hay—away they all go for a ten foot dash down the stone walk.

This performance never fails to delight the young lady who owns the dolls, while Dick does not mind it in the least. One terrible day—I almost shudder to think of it!—the rain had left a pool about four inches deep at a low spot in the walk. Dick was hitched up to take his party for its usual airing; and lo! 'he yunned away,' as the young lady put it. Away he went full gallop, straight for the pool. The party came near being drowned!

So exciting was the work of rescue and the restoring to consciousness of the lady passengers that the rubber man was forgotten. Later, after the pool had been dragged and everything possible had been done, he was found in a thick-growing plant, where Dick had left him a la Absalom.

Dick, for a time, strove to make friends with the black turtle; but of late he has discovered his own image in a mirror which extends to the floor of the studio. He climbs up the carved moulding, and intently regards his reflection for an hour at a time. Whether he fancies that he has found some captive maiden of his race or merely desires to be sociable, as other turtles are upon logs, I am not prepared to say.

Taken upon his merits, Dick is a harmless and most interesting pet. He has already shown much more intelligence than would be expected of a turtle, and I should not be astonished if a few years of good treatment developed his faculties much further. — Our Animal Friends.

What Split the Log.

'There is nothing like giving a boy a little encouragement once in a while, said a wealthy down-town merchant, the other day. 'I know I owe a great deal to a remark a crabbed old farmer made to me when I was quite small.

'I was trying to split a cross-grained hickory log, and, as our wood-pile was close by the roadside, my efforts attracted the notice of the farmer, who stopped his team.

'I was greatly flattered by his attention, because he was the crossiest and surliest man in town, and never took any notice of us boys, except to sit in his orchards with a shot-gun in his hand when the apples were ripe. So I put in my best licks, and covered my hands with blisters, but the log refused to split. I hated to be beaten, but there seemed no help for it. The old man noticed my chagrin.

'Humph! I thought you'd hev to give it up!' he said with a chuckle.

'Those words were all I needed. I made no reply, but the way that axe-head went into that log was a revelation to me. As I drove it into the knots, they yielded. There was a cheerful crackle, the gap widened, and soon the halves lay before me, and the farmer drove of discomfited.

'But I never forgot that scene.

When I first went into business, I made mistakes, as every young man will. But whenever I got caught in a doubtful enterprise, I remembered that my friends were standing around waiting for the chance to say 'I thought you'd have to give it up!'

'In spite of myself, that old farmer gave me the key-note of my success.

'So you see that if a boy has any grit

in him, he is bound to profit by the right sort of encouragement; and in that connection I may remark, a well-placed sneer is often worth more than a barrel of taffy.' — Puck.

Scrofula the Cause.

Eczema, catarrh, hip disease, white swelling, and even consumption have their origin in scrofulous conditions. With the slightest taint of scrofula in blood, there is no safety. The remedy for this disease in all its forms is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which goes to the root of the trouble and expels all impurities and disease germs from the blood.

The best family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

The Pigeons Saved the Baby's Life.

An incident occurred recently in the family of G. F. Marsh, a member of the Pacific Coast Pigeon Society, says the San Francisco Examiner, which proved to him in a most impressive manner the valuable services which may sometimes be rendered by the carrier pigeon, and probably explains some of his enthusiasm in that direction. His little baby boy was taken suddenly sick with most alarming symptoms of diphtheria. The mother, watching by the bedside of the little one, dispatched a message, tied on a carrier pigeon to her husband at his store on Market Street. In the message she wrote the nature of the child's alarming illness, and made an earnest appeal for medicine to save its life. The bird was started from the home of the family, near the Cliff House, five miles from Mr. Marsh's Market Street store.

The bird flew swiftly to the store, where Mr. Marsh received it. He read the message, called the doctor, explained the child's symptoms as his wife had detailed them in her message, and received the proper medicine. Then trying the little vial containing the medicine to another pigeon, he let it go. The pigeon sped away through the air, straight for the cliff. It made the distance, five miles, in ten minutes, a distance which would have required the doctor three-quarters of an hour to cover. In twenty minutes from the time the mother's message was sent to her husband the baby was taking the medicine. Naturally enough Mr. Marsh is partial to pigeons, for he considers that he owes his baby's life to one.

Death to Moths.

A housekeeper writes to an Eastern contemporary: 'It gives me pleasure to inform you what will entirely exterminate, root out and destroy every moth, or egg of moth, whether in carpets, cloths or furniture. I have a large house full of the richest carpets, all very woolly, also rich furniture, all of which has been in use since 1875, and not a moth has been seen at this date. But the first year we moved in we had millions, although everything was new. Twice a year I take turpentine and a paint brush and saturate the edges of carpets around, move all the furniture, and get at the dark and dusty corners and in dark closets. I rub the brush all over if carpeted. For rich furniture take paper and wet it with turpentine, and nail the paper under the sofas and chairs. The smell of this will drive out the moths and kill their eggs.'

A strip of flannel or towel folded several times lengthwise and dipped in hot water, then slightly wrung out and applied about the neck of a child suffering with an acute attack of the croup will usually relieve the sufferer in the course of ten minutes if the flannel is kept hot.

'My brethren,' said an old African preacher, 'a good example is the tallest kind of preaching.'

THE D. & L. EMULSION benefits most those having Lung troubles with tendency to hemorrhages. A few bottles taken regularly make a wonderful improvement. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Lim.

SORE FEET.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: 'For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet, so much so that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure.'

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 Paralee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into composition of Paralee's Pills.

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