

A Junior Partner Wanted.

There is a junior partner wanted By Will Succeed & Co., Who do a rushing business Way up in Fortune Row.

I've seen their advertisement— No capital required; But the boys with pluck and courage Are just the kind desired.

They want a boy who has no fear Of steady, plodding work; Who does not wait for luck or fate, Who scorns a task to shirk.

Who slowly, surely, digs his way Through problems hard a score, And still has grit and courage left To try as many more.

Who takes each schooltime lesson And makes it all his own, Thus laying up his fortune On good foundation-stone.

Who does not wait for help to come From fairy, witch or elf, But, laying hold on Fortune's wheel, Turns it around himself.

And if it grinds and will n't move, With all his care and toil, He rubs each shaft and gearing well With 'Perseverance Oil.'

Who knows that luck is but a myth And faith is but a name; That Plod and P. sh and Patience At last will win the game.

And lads like this are just the kind For Will Succeed & Co., Who are wanting junior partners 'Way up in Fortune Row.

Too Particular.

I feel quite sure that one reason that some boys do not succeed in retaining positions they have secured, or that their friends have secured for them, is because they are too particular. They are inclined to define too closely the boundaries of their duties, and are too unwilling to go beyond those boundaries. One day last spring my wife's maidservant came to me and wanted to know if I could tell her where to find employment for her boy of sixteen years.

'You know,' she said, 'that his father died two months ago, and I cannot keep Hugh in school any longer. I have answered a dozen or more advertisements in the papers, and have tried in every way to get a place for him. I am in great need of his help in providing for my family, and you do not know how grateful I would be if you could help me to secure a situation for him.'

Now it happened that the very next day I was in the office of a friend of mine who is the manager of a large establishment, and just as I was leaving his office he said to me: 'You do not happen to know of a clean, willing, bright boy who wants a place do you?'

I thought at once of the son of my maidservant, and I said: 'Why, yes, I do. I know of a boy who needs a place very much, and he impresses me as a very bright boy. If he is as faithful as his mother in doing work, he would please you. What kind of work would you want him to do?'

'Oh I want him for general office work. The boy I have is very satisfactory, but his folks are going to move out of town next week, and he is going with them, so I must start in with a new boy on Monday.'

'Do give Hugh Hoopes a chance,' I said. 'I will have him come at once to see you if he may.'

'All right; send him around. He shall have the place if he can fill it.'

I felt that a bit of real good fortune had come to Hugh when he secured the position in my friend's office. The work was not very hard, and I knew that my friend would deal justly with him. It was, moreover, a place in which there were excellent opportunities to 'work up.' I congratulated Hugh on securing the position, and advised him to do his utmost to please.

I might ask him to do. I told him some of the more important things, and I was very much surprised the fourth day after he came to work for me to have him object to doing something I asked him to do.

'Why,' he said, 'I thought that was the other boy's work.'

'So it is usually,' I said, 'but the other boy has gone over to the other side of the city for me, and may not be back for several hours, and I want that work done now.'

'He did the work, but evidently under silent protest. A day or two later, when he was not doing anything at all, I asked him to do something else he had never done before, and he said:

'It isn't my place to do that.'

'My boy,' I said, 'it is your place to do anything reasonable I may ask you to do during the hours that I am paying you for your time. Do you not think so?'

He said that he did not come to me with the expectation of doing anything and everything. I tried to show him that he ought to be willing to give all the service he could during the hours for which I paid him, but he was sullen and impertinent, and I was compelled to send him away at the end of the next week. I wanted to keep him to oblige you and on his own account, for he is really a very capable boy, but he must change his ideas regarding his duty to those who employ him before he can hold a place very long.

This was true, and every boy who reads this should bear in mind the fact that the too particular boy, the boy who is unwilling to serve, the boy who would rather be idle than do anything 'not nominated in the bond,' is the boy whose life will be a failure. Better far have the spirit of the boy whom I hired to work for me on Saturdays a few years ago. He came to me the first Saturday with his sleeves rolled up and said:

'Now I am ready to sail into anything you happen to have for me to do. My time is yours.'

That boy will 'get along' in the world.—The American Boy.

A Shaggy Newsboy.

The railroad ran along one side of a beautiful valley in the central part of the great state of New York.

I stood at the rear end of the train, looking out of the door, when the engineer gave two short, sharp blasts of the steam whistle. The conductor, who had been reading a newspaper in a seat near me, arose, and, touching my shoulder, asked if I wanted to see a 'real country newsboy.' I, of course, answered 'Yes.' So we stepped out on the platform of the car.

The conductor had folded up his paper in a tight roll, which he held in his right hand, while he stood on the car, holding on by his left hand.

I saw him begin to wave the paper as we swung around a curve in the track, and a neat farm house came into view, way off across some open fields.

Suddenly the conductor flung the paper off toward the fence by the side of the railroad, and I saw a black shaggy form leap over the fence from the meadow beyond it, and alight just where the newspaper, after bouncing along in the grass, had fallen beside a tall mullein stalk in an angle of the fence.

It was a big black dog. He stood beside the paper, wagging his tail and watching us as the train moved swiftly away from him, when he snatched the paper from the ground in his teeth, and leaping over the fence again, away he went across the fields towards the farmhouse.

When we last saw him he was a mere black speck moving over the meadows, and then the train rushed through a deep cleft in the hillside, and the whole scene passed from our view.

'What will he do with the paper?' I asked of the tall young conductor by my side.

'Carry it to the folks at the house,' he answered.

'Is that your home?' I enquired.

'Yes,' he responded; 'my father lives there, and I send him an afternoon paper by Carlo every day, in the way you have seen.'

'Then they always send the dog when it is time for your train to pass?'

'No,' said he, 'they never send him. He knows when it is time for the train, and comes over here to meet it of his own accord, rain or shine, summer or winter.'

'But does not Carlo go to the wrong train sometimes?' I asked with considerable curiosity.

'Never, sir. He pays no attention to any train but this.'

to call my attention, for fear I should not get out on the platform till we had passed Carlo.

'So Carlo keeps watch on the time better than the conductor himself,' I remarked, 'for the dog does not need to be reminded.'

The conductor laughed, and I wondered, as he walked away, who of the young friends would be as faithful and watchful all the year round as Carlo, who never missed the train, though he could not 'tell the time by the clock.'—Our Dumb Animals.

Master of Himself.

That was a unique way in which Mr. Smith, a merchant of an Eastern city, in want of a boy, is said to have tested the young applicants who came to him. He put a sign in the window: 'Wanted, a Boy; Wages \$4; \$6 to the Right One.'

As each applicant appeared, the merchant asked, 'Can you read?' Then he took the boy into a quiet room, gave him an open book and bade him read without a break until told to stop.

When the reading had been going on for a few minutes, Mr. Smith dropped a book to the floor and then rose and moved certain articles about the room. This was sufficient to pique the curiosity of some of the candidates. They looked up, lost their place on the page, blundered, and the merchant said:

'You may stop. I shall not need you at present. I want a boy who is master of himself.'

If the reader was undisturbed by Mr. Smith's movements, a lot of roguish puppies were tumbled out of a basket and encouraged to frolic about the floor. This proved too much for most of the boys. They looked, hesitated, and were dismissed.

Boy after boy underwent the same treatment until over thirty had been tried and had failed to control their curiosity. At length, one morning, a boy read steadily on without manifesting any desire to look at the puppies.

'Stop!' said the merchant finally, 'Did you see those puppies?'

'No, sir,' replied the boy. 'I could not see them and read too.'

'You knew they were there?'

'Yes, sir.'

'All right. I think you will suit me,' said the merchant. 'Come to-morrow. Your wages will start at \$4, and if you prove master of yourself, as I think you will, you shall have \$6, perhaps more.'

It was not many weeks before the wages were \$6, and promotions followed. Now the young man fills a high position in the store.—Youth's Companion.

Sammy's Idea.

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 don't know nothin' about beavers,' he said crossly. '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 didn't answer.

'I wish that you could go nutting!' 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 O 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-top. 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.

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.'

A Dog's Loyalty.

One of my brothers, when a young man, says a writer in the Contemporary Review, owned a handsome Newfoundland answering to the name of 'Skookum,' the same being Chinook Indian for 'good,' and amply deserved.

When my brother married, Skookum was graciously pleased to approve of his choice and extended a courteous but distinctly condescending friendship to the new member of his family, evidently thinking that, perhaps, after all three might be company in spite of the proverb. But he drew the line at four; and, when the first baby came, his courtesy gave way.

He not only absolutely refused to come and look at the little tot and be introduced to the new member of the family but, if it was brought into the room, would instantly either leave it or march off to the farthest corner and lie down with an air of offended dignity.

And yet the moment the baby was placed in his perambulator and started out through the garden gate for a constitutional down the street, Skookum would promptly range up alongside of the carriage and escort it through the entire trip, keeping a most vigilant eye upon any stranger, canine or human who ventured to approach his charge without a cordial greeting from the nurse-maid. The minute, however, that the gate was safely reached again, he considered his duty done and relapsed at once into his former attitude of jealous contempt. He evidently felt that, no matter how much he might disapprove of the baby personally and even feel free to express this feeling within the privacy of the family circle, yet the youngster was, nevertheless, a member of the family and entitled not merely to defense, but to respectful attention before the eyes of the outside world. As the baby grew older, he soon came to like him for his own sake; and they were the best of friends.

Keep Yourself Strong

And you will ward off colds, pneumonia, fevers and other diseases. You need to have pure rich blood and good digestion. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood rich and pure as no other medicine can do. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite and invigorates the whole system. You will be wise to begin taking it now, for it will keep you strong and well.

Hood's Pills are non-irritating Price 25 cents.

Home Hints.

Cleaning that only covers up the dirt is not cleaning at all.

A little nourishment at regular hours during the night is needed by the very weak.

A hot drink at bedtime often rests, refreshes, and soothes both the sick and the well.

If food must be given when there is no relish for it, make it plain but nourishing. Give it in such cases punctually, as you would a medicine.

Never wear a short stocking, or one which after being washed, is not at least one-half inch longer than the foot. Bear in mind that stockings shrink. Be sure that they allow your toes to spread out at the extreme ends, as this keeps the joints in place and makes a strong and attractive foot. As to the shape of the stocking the single digital or 'one-toed stocking' is the best.

Irish Potato Cakes.—Boil carefully four good-sized potatoes. Whendone, drain, dry and mash. Add half a cupful of hot milk, a teaspoonful of butter, a level teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, and beat until the mixture is light and smooth. Stir in not more than half a cupful of sifted flour. Make into small cakes; bake in muffin-rings on a griddle, or they may be baked in gem-pans.

We should be willing to be nothing and nobody, but not willing to be unuseful.—Spurgeon.

He that places himself neither higher nor lower than he ought to do, exercises the truest humility.—Colton.

Nothing exposes religion more to the reproaches of its enemies than the worldliness and hardheartedness of the professors of it.—Matthew Henry.

GENERAL DEBILITY AND A "RUN DOWNS" state calls for a general tonic to the system. Such is the D. & L. Emulsion. Builds you up, increases your weight, gives health. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P. O., Ont., writes, 'I have tried Parmelee's Pills and had them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well.'

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