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Christmas at the Peter's Farm

lere's Merry Christmas come again, 'n all my children's home; am's in from New York city, 'nd Corneel's come down from Rome :

Susan's boys, Arrived last night at ten o'clock with trunks 'nd bags, 'nd noise ugh to last the hull year through, 'nd

plenty more to spare. what's the odds? Noise ain't the worst of ills we have to bear.

ad a gift for every one this mornin' on the tree.

what I gave 'em was the sort that used to come to me ng yars ago when pa an' ma was managin' the place. jut, Lord! they didn't please the kids-

that's jodgin' by their face. apples an' hard eider till you couldn't hardly rest, and all the presents that I gave were of

the very best. om Morpett got 'em at the village store for fifty cents

only for Did fifteen pecks o' winter wheat, a keg sourmash. bubles." wo loads o' hay, some butter, and promise of some eggs-

cost was pretty heavy for a man with all his money ir a coat ! shaky legs. as I thought it over, why, I didn't really mind. Along as they'd be happy 'nd be pleased

hich I don't think my grandsons was, be cause their city ways

with what they'd find;

had in my young days. manda's boy, Ulysses, when he got hi worsted mitts,

oked madder than a hatter in his very maddest fits: when my grandchild Bobbie got handsome rubber ball

at whistled when you squeezed it, he began to kick and squall. have be me way with San's small family, includin'

ill receive of his wife-

why, I do not know, my wife used to beam when I gave her a calico.

act, in twenty presents that I bought and gave away, one of 'em seemed pleasin', an' it sort of spoiled my day.

what is worse, they brow ight me down some fancy sort of jug called 'em Royal W oostershire--the handles looked like slathered on the sid bugs: green dragons sit des of 'em two great brought a watel

n-chain made o' gold that doesn't sel em to fit old man's waist kcoat-sort o' makes me look too kin altogether t and of loud,

he result does not seem to makeme

rvest timet of can't belp thinkin' that the things they've worth t brought to me hree times as much as mine for

upon the tree, when I see 'em actin' like as though y wasn't glad he things I got 'em - why, it makes e mighty sad;

s me pine for Christmas with its ue old-fashioned ring, ifts were incidental, 'nd the season

as the thing. -John Kendrick Banks.

Dan's Christmas Gift.

BY ISABEL M'KINNEY.

is the day before Christmas, as nd dreary a day as North Caroten knows. The rain blew in usts down the valley. Dan a pitiful little handful of humans sitting in a disconsolate heap pile of fresh-smiling locust in the woodshed, looking down ep back yard to the Lee's house. not exactly the most comfortace to rest on such a day, with w wind sweeping through the oor. Dan had trudged up and the hill a dozen times, filling the on the porch with blocks, and ne had emptied his last sackful he kitchen woodbox, had deliberclimbed up again and seated himo think. This was an unusual ation for Dan, and perhaps his hts were scarcely articulate now,

ndeed, he was a gray, colorless | find? figure, from the fragment of old t to the great dingy boots. Only, hands was a pair of scarlet ns. He spread them out, and d at them dolefully, though he in with the blocks, and had run the room, and then in again, She breathed again.

early, but you shan't wait any ; you need them now.' ody had ever given Dan a

as present before; nobody had so good to Dan as Miss Grace ay. From the day when the noved to the village to take uaded her mother to let of crying.

Dan carry bles from that convensmile as Miss ace gave now and himself down in the mud again. then. He wased to k and cuffs

Miss Grace. e adored br. And now it is Christmes time, and he had nothirto give he. She had could say. told them on inday who they kept Christmas, abt the one great gift of Miss Grace's arms around him. Peter, God's Son, e little baby in the ungrateful little dog! whined jealously, manger. He ad never heard that and snapped at Dan's hand. story before; was wonderful. She spirit. Dan d not understand that very well; on he loved Miss Grace. When his thorats reached this point, he stared don harder at the red mittens, and to big tears rolled down his cheeks. Ionly he had not spent

But he was stting very cold sitting Grace's arms. there so still, and it was no use. He pulled himself together, and shuffled down the pathto the front grate, because he migh see Miss Grace if he went that way. Sure enough, she was standing on the porch, wrapped in a s played old hob with Christmasas 'twas shawl, and taking to a man. Her every atom of that puppy! He looked money. with swelling hatred and jealousy as Miss Grace stooped and cuddled the restless morsel in her arms, burying her hands in the long silky hair. But what was she saying?

We haven't been able to find any ee of charever seen a woman so upsot in all my wanted it so much. The berries are hen what I had for her came out-jes very scattering this year. Do you know where we can get any, Mr. Jacobs?

> Dannie stood still. Mr. Jacobs didn't know, but he did. He slipped away unseen, and ran softly out the

Christmas morning dawned clear and beautiful. It had rained hard during the night, and the earth was muddy, but the sky was blue, and the air warm and soft for December. Along the railroad track, where the walking was best on a muddy day, came Dan, his face actually happy, his arms full of handsome holly branches loaded with berries. He had walked miles since daybreak, and was very tired, but he could almost see Miss Grace's house now. He had reached the cut where the railroad passed between steep banks of clay only a mile from the village, when suddenly he saw a litt'e black dog trotting down the track. It was Peter, and Dan knew Miss Grace must be somewhere near,probably in the woods on the bank. He stopped and looked up. Peter danced down the track and stopped in front of him, barking furiously, as at a sworn enemy.

Just then another sound caught Dan's ear, -a rumbling, and then long shriek. It was the ten-o'clock train, close at hand. Dan stepped to one side, and flattened himself against the bank to let it pass, but Peter did not step to one side. He only barked harder than ever as the earth trembled before the advancing monster. Dan clasped his holly so tightly that the leaves scratched his arms mercilessly, and stared straight at the little dog, a strange look growing in his widening eyes. Peter would be killed, and he was glad. But Miss Grace would be sorry. His breath came hard and fast He never saw Miss Grace standing on the bank, nor heard her frightened cry He saw only foolish little Peter, and felt the rush and throb of the train as it entered the cut, and then he sprang on the track.

Miss Grace closed her eyes. The whirlwind swept past, and she heard Peter bark. She felt strangely weak, and, not daring to look over into the thin little face under the white cut, she turned to hurry down by the as colorless, almost expression- parh to the track. What would she

came bounding to meet her, wriggling all over with elation at his adventure. But she looked past him with fearful eyes. She saw Dan lying face down cates affections of the throat and lungs, lled with the pride of possession. in the mud beside the track, and her and cures piles, wounds, sores, lame Grace had given him those mittens | heart stood still; but, as she drew very day for a Christmas gift. nearer, she saw that his head was rest- horses and cattle. ad seen his red hands when he ing on his arm, and that great sobs were shaking him from head to foot.

erry Christmas, Dannie. It's a asked gently, bending over and touch- always great when they are done for

ing the clay-plastered shoulder. The boy started at her voice, but did not raise his head.

'Where is it, Dannie?' she asked his muddy, tear-tracked face. He was ness, sick headache, a d all affections e mill Dan had loved her. too weak and tired even to be ashamed of the organs of digestion. Price 25

'I ain't hurt,' he said hopelessly; ient woodsheand shavingfrom the 'jest bumped a little rollin' off'n the mill, and hagaid him foit,-real track. B-but, but'-here a fresh money! Buthat was no all; she spasm of grief shock him - 'it's them. was good toim. Dan all his 'Twas a Christmas gif' fer you-all,amanda and her young uns, and my darter starved life, d never it such a the onlies one I had. And he threw

> Miss Grace looked where he had and beatings home, gibes and pointed. The track was strewn for taunts and jeet school. le accepted yards with bits of holly, ground to them now w weak idifference. pieces under the heavy wheels. Only There was inll his littl world no one spray lay uninjured at her feet, person or thirthat couldbring light and tears rushed to her eyes as she into those maingless wes except stooped to pick it up. Then she gathered the boy in her arms, mud and all.

'You blessed child!' was all she Dan stopped crying when he felt

'Why, Dan,' said Miss Grace soothhad spoken abit the loving Christmas | ing, when she could speak, 'Peter is your Christmas gift. You saved his life, and every time I see him I shall

think of you. Dannie looked up, and Miss Grace waited. At last, with a smile, he picked up the little dog, and patting the silky head, placed him in Miss

'Merry Christmas!' he said .- S. S

Aunt Sarah's Baby's Copper.

Uncle Tom was rich and old, and lived on a great farm on a high hill, small black do, Peter, was bouncing and all his brothers and sisters and round her fee How Dan detested nephews thought he was made of

So, when Uncle Tom came to see his first baby niece, it was expected he would do something handsome.

But Uncle Tom was so odd one could never tell where to find him; and when he looked at his lovely niece, Fret y holly for the schoolroom, and I and said she was as pretty as a young puppy, and laughed his loud, jolly laugh, he just tossed her a copper, and that was all.

Mamma Sarah was so indignant she threw it back without saying a word. But Uncle Tom was too good-natured ever to be offended, and only laughed again, and, putting the copper in his pocket, he went away whistling, to ook at some cows somewhere.

He bought the cows and paid for them, and while he was putting up his money, a hen flew out of a barn window close by, cackling-a very odd hen, with a high crest, like a peacock's, and white feathers down her legs, as hough she had been a bloomer.

'That's a singular-looking bird,' said Jucle Tom. 'She is a great layer,' replied the

'Got one of her eggs you will sell me?' asked Uncle Tom, taking out Aunt Sarah's baby's copper.

'I guess so. Here, Rad, you run up to the nest in the horsebarn chamber, behind the stalls. That is Paulet's nest, and I guess by the sound you will find a new-laid egg there.'

In a minute Rad ran back with the egg warm and white, and Uncle Tom paid the copper, and taking it home, put it under a setting hen, and in due time out popped a chicken. The chicken grew to be a hen, and the hen proved as great a layer as her mother.

So Uncle Tom saved so many eggs to pay h m for his trouble and his corn, and sold the rest, or turned them into chickens for the benefit of Aunt Sarah's baby, who kept growing along to girlhood, and then womanhood, and was still as pretty as ever.

At last Uncle Tom sold some of the hens for a lamb. The lamb became a sheep, and the mother of many sheep, until the sheep were sold for a cow.

So year by year, while Aunt Sarah's baby grew older her property grew larger and more valuable, until on her wedding day Uncle Tom took home to her in a line, like the procession going into the ark, first a flock of hens, then a drove of sheep, and, following after, a herd of cows- a handsome dowry and only the rightful income from her first copper.--Churchman.

mony, repeatedly laid before the public in the columns of the daily press When she gained the track, Peter proves that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil - an absolutely pure combination of six of the finest remedial oils in existence-remedies rheumatic pain, eredi-

The smallest things become great when God requires them of us; they 'Where are you hurt, Dannie?' she are small only in themselves; they are

GOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE Without regular action of the bowels. Laxa -Liver Pills regulate the bowels, Dan sat up, drawing his sleeve across cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliouscents. All druggists.

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Never criticise the church in any point until you have done your best to remedy that defect; for after that you will not criticise.

CHILLED TO THE BONE? A teaspoonful of Pain-Killer in a cup of hot water sweetened will do you ten times more good than rum or wiskey. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis. 25c and 50c,

The chief business of the Christian Church, is not to nurse itself, but to evangelize the world. - Dr. E. E. Ross.

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Intelligencer's

A PREMIUM.

The Intelligences is nearing the end of another year of its life.

The next year will be its fiftieth—its jubilee year. It was not begun as a mere busicess enterprise, nor has it been con-

The founder of the Intelligencer in its first issue said, "Our OB-JECT IS TO BE GOOD."

It has been continued in the same spirit and for the same purpose. On the eve of its Jubilee year, its editor is anxious for nothing so much as that the paper may be and do in the fullest and best sense what

it was born to be and de. During its nearly half-century of life the Intelligencer has had its full share of struggles. All religious papers, as all religious enterprises, have difficulties-and some that are not religious have them, too.

But all the time the Intelligencer has held to its purpose-to promote the Kingdom of Christ, and has moved along without halting step.

That there have been mistakes and imperfect work none know so well, nor regret so much, as those who have had to do with making the paper. But through all the aim has been to send to the homes it has been permitted to enter a paper of high christian character, whose teachings and influences would better its readers.

New Features.

We desire that its fiftleth year may be its best. And we are planring to make it, so far as possible, more attractive and more useful.

We are expecting through the year contributions from a number of ministers and others which iwill be read with pleasure and profit.

We are planning, too, to publish a number of sermons by cur own

We expect to be able to present the pertraits of a number of our ministers, with brief sketches of their labors.

The usual departments will be kept up: The Sunday School lesson; the Woman's Mission Society: the Children's Page; News of Religious work everywhere: Notes on Current Events; Denominational News; choice selections for family and devotional reading; be ides editorials and editorial notes covering a wide range of subjects.

Fiftieth Year Celebration.

A fitting celebration of the Intelligencer's 50th year would be a large increase of circulation.

There is room for it. There are hundreds of homes of Free Baptist people into which the denominational paper does not go.

All these it desires to enter regularly. But it cannot get into them without the assistance of its friends. Those who know it have to be depended on to introduce it to others.

We ask of all pastors and, also, of all others who believe in the Intelligencer, and the cause for which it stands, to make now an earnest and systematic canvass for new subscribers.

Besides new subscribers, there are two other things the INTELLI-GENCER needs:

1. Payment of all arrears. A considerable amount is due. All of it is needed and needed now. Those who are in arrears will be doing the paper a kindness by remitting at once.

2. Prompt advance payments for 1902.

These two things well attended to will be a most timely and gratifying way of celebrating the INTELLIGENCER'S Jubilee.

A Premium.

Asking the friends of the Intelligencer to make special efforts in its behalf, we wish, besides the new features for 1902 outlined in a previous issue to mark the semi-centennial year in another way. We have, therefore, arranged to offer an Intelligencer Jubilee

premium picture. During the life of the INTELLIGENCER four men have been connected with its management:

Rev. Ezekiel McLeod was the founder and till his death its editor. His connection with it was from January 1st, 1853 till March 17th,

*Rev. Jos. Noble was associated with Rev. E. McLeod, as joint publisher, the first year. Rev. G. A. Hartley was joint owner and associate editor with Rev.

E. McLeod for two and a half years-July 1858 to Jan. 1861. The present Editor. The Intelligencer offers to every subscriber a group picture of

Conditions.

1. The premium picture will be given to every present subscriber who pays to the end of 1902—the Intelligencer's Jubilee year. This, of course, requires the payment of arrears when any are due.

2. Every new subscriber paying a year's subscription in advance will receive the picture.

Now is the Time.

The present is a good time to begin work for the INTELLIGENCER. From every Free Baptist congregation in New Brunswick and Nova

Scotia we hope to have new subscribers.

'Vill the pastors kindly arrange to canvass their people? We have to depend largely, indeed almost exclusively, on the ministers o present the claims of the denominational paper, and to press the canvass for subscribers. They will be doing the paper the cause they and we stand for a good service if they will give this matter attention now.

Three things the INTELLIGENCER needs, --

1. Payment of all subscriptions now dre.

Renewals for 1902.

these four men.

3. New subscribers from every congregation in the denomination in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Let work on these lines begin at once. Help us make the Intelligencer's fiftieth year a Jubilee ye v indeed.