

The Intelligencer's Jubilee.

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1902.

A PREMIUM.

The INTELLIGENCER 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 business enterprise, nor has it been continued as such.

The founder of the INTELLIGENCER in its first issue said, "OUR OBJECT 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 do.

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 fiftieth year may be its best. And we are planning 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 who will be read with pleasure and profit.

We are planning, too, to publish a number of sermons by our own ministers.

We expect to be able to present the portraits 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; the ideas editorial 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 INTELLIGENCER 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, 1867.

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 these four men.

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.

Will the pastors kindly arrange to canvass their people?

We have to depend largely, indeed almost exclusively, on the ministers to 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 due.
2. Renewals for 1902.
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 year indeed.

Christmas at the Peter's Farm

Here's Merry Christmas come again, 'n all my children's home; Sam's in from New York city, 'nd Corneel's come down from Rome; Amanda and her young ones, and my darter Susan's boys,

Arrived last night at ten o'clock with trunks 'nd bags, 'nd noise enough 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.

Had a gift for every one this mornin' on the tree, 'nd what I gave 'em was the sort that used to come to me long years ago when pa 'n ma was managin' the place.

Lord! they didn't please the kids—that's jedgein' by their face. 'nd apples 'n hard cider till you couldn't hardly rest.

And all the presents that I gave were of the very best. 'em at the village store for fifty cents in cash, 'nd fifteen pecks o' winter wheat, a keg o' sourmash,

Two loads o' hay, some butter, and a promise of some eggs—'nd the cost was pretty heavy for a man with shaky legs.

But he was sitting very cold sitting there so still, 'nd it was no use. He pulled himself together, and shuffled down the path to the front gate, because he might see Miss Grace if he went that way.

Sure enough, she was standing on the porch, wrapped in a shawl, and taking to a man. Her small black dog, Peter, was bouncing round her feet.

How Dan detested every atom of that puppy! He looked 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 pret y holly for the schoolroom, and I wanted it so much. The berries are 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 gate.

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.

Dan carry bits from that convenient woodshed shaving from the mill, and haoid him foit,—real money! But what was ne all; she was good toin. Dan a all his starved life, d never il such a smile as Miss ace gave now and then.

He waded to k and cuffs and beatings; home, gibes and taunts and jeet school. He accepted them now w weak indifference. There was inl his littl world no person or thim that could bring light into those mangless yes except Miss Grace. e adored hr.

And now it's Christmas time, and he had nothirto give he. She had told them on mday why they kept Christmas, abt the one great gift of God's Son, e little byy in the manger. He ad never heard that story before; was wonderful. She had spoken abt the loving Christmas spirit. Dan d not understand that very well; or he loved Miss Grace.

When his thoughts reached this point, he stared doo harder at the red mittens, and to big tears rolled down his cheeks. Ionly he had not spent all his money in a coat!

But he was sitting very cold sitting there so still, 'nd it was no use. He pulled himself together, and shuffled down the path to the front gate, because he might see Miss Grace if he went that way.

Sure enough, she was standing on the porch, wrapped in a shawl, and taking to a man. Her small black dog, Peter, was bouncing round her feet.

How Dan detested every atom of that puppy! He looked 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 pret y holly for the schoolroom, and I wanted it so much. The berries are 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 gate.

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 little black dog trotting down the track.

'I ain't hurt,' he said hopelessly; 'jest bumped a little rollin' off'n the track. B—but, but—here a fresh spasm of grief shoek him—'it's them. 'Twas a Christmas gif' fer you-all,—the onlies' one I had.' And he threw himself down in the mud again.

Miss Grace looked where he had pointed. The track was strewn for yards with bits of holly, ground to pieces under the heavy wheels. Only one spray lay uninjured at her feet, and tears rushed to her eyes as she stooped to pick it up.

Then she gathered the boy in her arms, mud and all. 'You blessed child!' was all she could say. Dan stopped crying when he felt Miss Grace's arms around him.

Peter, ungrateful little dog! whined jealously, and snapped at Dan's hand. 'Why, Dan,' said Miss Grace soothingly, 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 Grace's arms.

'Merry Christmas!' he said.—S. S. Times. Aunt Sarah's Baby's Copper. Uncle Tom was rich and old, and lived on a great farm on a high hill, and all his brothers and sisters and nephews thought he was made of money.

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, 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 look 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 though she had been a bloomer.

'That's a singular-looking bird,' said Uncle Tom. 'She is a great layer,' replied the hen's owner. '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 pauper'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.

The Proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Ceam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful."

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.

The chief business of the Christian Church, is not to nurse itself, but to evangelize the world.—Dr. E. E. Ross. A NAGGING COUGH drives sleep and comfort away. You can conquer it with Allen's Lung Balsam, which relieves hard breathing, pain in the chest and irritation of the throat. Give it freely to the children.

NEW EDITION Webster's International Dictionary

New Plates Throughout 25,000 New Words Phrases and Definitions Prepared under the direct supervision of W. T. HARRIS, Ph.D., LL.D., United States Commissioner of Education, assisted by a large corps of competent specialists and editors. Rich Bindings 2364 Pages 5000 Illustrations

We also publish Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with Glossary of Scottish Words and Phrases. "First class in quality, second class in price." Specimen pages, etc. of both books sent on application. G. & C. Merriam Co. Publishers Springfield, Mass.

Dragon Blend

Griffin Blend TEAS

Wholesale only by A. F. Randolph & Son

CLIFTON HOUSE SAINT JOHN, N.B.

A. N. PETERS PROPRIETOR.

SEWING MACHINES

We will sell the balance of stock while they last from \$20.00 upwards, for Cash Only

THE QUEEN, CLIMAX AND NEW HOME.

Every one warranted, and if not satisfactory after 3 months we will refund the money. All machines sold at once as we want the room at

McMurtry & Co.

POCKET MONEY People in your town are constantly sending for Rubber Stamps. You could get the orders and make the profit. We want to tell you about it; you will be interested. WATSON & Co. 817 Broad Street, New York City. Agents Wanted in U. S. and Canada

Dan's Christmas Gift.

BY ISABEL M'KINNEY.

As the day before Christmas, as dreary a day as North Carolina knows. The rain blew in gusts down the valley. Dan a pitiful little handful of human-s 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 comfortable to rest on such a day, with a wind sweeping through the door. Dan had trudged up and the hill a dozen times, filling the on the porch with blocks, and he had emptied his last sackful he kitchen woodbox, had deliber- climbed up again and seated him- to think. This was an unusal ation for Dan, and perhaps his hts were scarcely articulate now, e was feeling.

thin little face under the white as colorless, almost expression- indeed, he was a gray, colorless figure, from the fragment of old t to the great dingy boots. Only, s hands was a pair of scarlet s. He spread them out, and d at them dolefully, though he lled with the pride of possession. Grace had given him those mittens very day for a Christmas gift. ad seen his red hands when he in with the blocks, and had run f the room, and then in again, f little package, saying: 'erry Christmas, Dannie. It's a early, but you shan't wait any ; you need them now.' ody had ever given Dan a s present before; nobody had so good to Dan as Miss Grace ay. From the day when the oved to the village to take e mill Dan had loved her. auded her mother to let