

A Junior Partner Wanted
 Here's a junior partner wanted by Will Succeed & Co., who do a rushing business way up in Fortune Row.
 We've seen their advertisement—No capital required; get the boys with pluck and courage are just the kind desired.
 We want a boy who has no fear of steady, plodding work; who does not wait for luck or fate, who seizes a task to shirk.
 We slowly, surely, dig his way through problems hard a score, and still has grit and courage left to try as many more.
 We takes each schooltime lesson and makes it all his own, as laying up his fortune in good foundation-stone.
 We does not wait for help to come from fairy, witch or elf, laying hold on Fortune's wheel, turns it around himself.
 If it grinds and will not move with all his care and toil, we gets each shaft and gearing well with 'Perseverance Oil.'
 We knows that luck is but a myth and faith is but a name; we Phod and Push and Patience and last will win the game.
 We hads like this are just the kind for Will Succeed & Co., who are wanting junior partners every Friday.
 We at Eastport, Calais and St. John's daily up to LARCHELLE.

'Tim has the floor—go on, Tim,' said Uncle Julian, smiling.
 'And after the eggs hatched it was just the same. He'd take care of the babies daytimes.'
 'While the old lady took a 'day off,' eh?
 'All her days off, Uncle Julian, truly. Every single day he did it. I think he went on the nest just about ten o'clock and stayed till about four o'clock. Anyway, that's the way he did Saturdays and Sundays, when we could watch him. Wasn't he a kind little father-one?'
 'To be sure he was! Any other discovery?'
 'Yes, there's how the little mother-one feeds her babies. That's the funniest of all. You ought to see her, Uncle Julian! She lets the baby-pigeon poke his bill clear into hers and then kind of pumps his breakfast into it. I guess she must have a little pantry in her throat where she gets breakfast all ready for him.'
 'Yes, she has! she has!' exclaimed eager Davy; 'I discovered that, too! And I found something about it in a book. It says you can't raise a pigeon-baby by hand—no, sir! If you do he'll die, 'cause he's 'customed to have his mother pump food into his bill like that. She gets it all der—derged ed for him.'
 'Right!' cried Uncle Julian, 'you beat Christopher Columbus himself! Go on, Tim.'
 'That's all,' Timothy said, slowly, cramming his 'notes' back into his pocket.
 'Now, Davy.'
 Davy was dancing from one foot to the other in great excitement.
 'I've got another one!' he shouted.
 'Yes, sir, I discovered how they drink water! They don't hold their heads back and let it run down their throats, same as other birds do, Uncle Julian. They keep their bills right in till they've got all they want, same as—as an ox.'
 'Good!' Uncle Julian cried. 'You're right, Davy. They're an exception to all the bird tribe.'
 Of course, on account of that one last discovery, Davy got the prize. But it really didn't matter. Timothy said, as long as they were twins.
 'You'll find it up in your barn chamber to-morrow after school, Davy,' Uncle Julian said, briefly. And the next afternoon—well, what do you suppose the Curley Twins found was Davy's prize? They scurried up into the barn chamber, three steps at a time.
 'Hark!' whispered Timothy, suddenly.
 A beautiful soft, cooing sound came to them faintly.
 'It is!' whispered Timothy.
 'Yes, sir, it is!' breathed Davy.
 And it was! There, in a little room boarded off in a corner, they found the Fantail couple and their two babies. That was the prize Uncle Julian gave.—The Congregationalist.

Davy's Prize.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.
 Here's company at our house,' announced Uncle Julian, one morning.
 Curley Twins received the news with keen interest—everything at the Julian's was of interest.
 Perhaps you wouldn't call them any, really, for Auntie and I they have come to stay. It's a couple, you know. They are beautiful little creatures and so behaved and quiet! On short acquaintance I've only discovered one in them—they are vain. Well, and I would be if we had such beautiful tails—
 Uncle Julian—tails!
 They haven't got tails, Uncle Julian? said Julian dropped down on the step between the Curley Twins, laughing.
 'But they have—perfect beauties!' said. 'I'd like to have you get acquainted with them. Come in and see your way home from school.'
 They promptly at ten minutes past the Curley Twins called on Uncle Julian's 'company.' They were up in the pigeon loft strolling round, with beautiful soft white heads tucked back proudly till they almost hid their beautiful white tails.
 'Gee!' shrieked the Curley Twins in chorus.
 'Why, I didn't know you'd ever introduced! How did you know names?' smiled Uncle Julian.
 'They're the Fantail couple from the north. See them show off—I told they were vain. I think they ought to set up housekeeping at once, smart little fellows! Now, look boys, I'm going to offer a prize—the Curley Twins 'looked' there, in the prize and Uncle Julian went there beautifully. The brown twin was the yellow twin in token of a prize—this way. The boy finds out the most interesting facts about the little Fantail couple, and weeks, shall have a prize. You come up and call on them as often as you like, out of school hours.'
 'Was such fun! The Curley Twins over in Uncle Julian's loft early in the day, and the more they studied watched the little snow-white beauties the more they enjoyed it.
 'Well,' Uncle Julian said, at the end of the six weeks, 'who's ahead?'
 'I guess Davy is,' the brown twin replied.
 'Of course it's Tim'thy,' the yellow twin rejoined.
 'You must call in our evidence and see,' laughed Uncle Julian. 'Because you are half an inch taller than Davy. What have you discovered about the Fantail couple?'
 'Timothy had made 'notes.' He took them out of his pocket, grimly crumpled.
 'Well,' he said, 'first I know they're each other—they're the greatest beauties, Uncle Julian! The other day the mother-one was kind of washing the other-one's face and brushing his hair, same as Grandma does to papa's. I guess you'd have laughed at Julian! He stood just as still! I guess you'd have laughed at another thing, while the eggs hatching the father-one used to come daytimes to rest the mother-one, yes, sir, he did!'
 'I discovered that, too!' Davy said, excitedly. 'An' about their tails—'
 'That's from me,' cried Fred, as

mother unpacked a pretty carved bracket.
 'And I made the cuffs, mother; do you like them?' said Kitty.
 'They are very nice, dear,' answered mother; and I am sure Nance worked this pretty night-dress case. And I think I know who did this, too.'
 Jem laughed as she picked up his picture.
 But, before she had time to thank them, the door opened; and who should trot in but Baby!
 She carried a big basket covered with feathers and garden flowers.
 Here's my present, mamma,' she cried. 'It's a bonnet for you to wear when you go to church!'
 Mother said afterward that she did not know when she had laughed so much, while Baby sat on the pillow, crowing with delight.—Little Folks.

A Spelling Lesson.

It was a private day school for little girls, and mother had told the teacher that Grace could spell all such words as 'cat' and 'dog' and 'rat.'
 Soon after mother had gone the spelling class was called out.
 'Phoebe,' said the teacher, 'you may spell 'pig,' and then tell us what kind of a noise little pigs made.'
 'P-i-g, pig,' spelled Phoebe correctly, 'and this is the noise they make—'Que, que, que, que.'
 'That is excellent,' said the teacher. 'Now, Rosalin, you may spell 'dog,' and tell me what kind of a noise he makes.'
 'D-o-g, dog,' replied Rosalin, 'and our doggie says, 'Boo-woo-woo,' and sometimes he growls real ugly when the cat comes around.'
 'Very good indeed,' the teacher said. 'Sallie, you may spell 'cat,' and tell what noise she makes.'
 'C-a-t, cat,' responded Sallie. 'Sometimes she says 'Mew,' sometimes she purrs, and when the dog bothers her, then she hisses at him.'
 'Splendid,' exclaimed the teacher. 'Now, Grace, you spell 'love.'
 'Oh!' laughed Grace, 'I can spell 'love.'
 Then she ran up to the teacher, threw her arms around her neck and gave her a sweet, rousing kiss on the nearer cheek.
 'That is the way I spell 'love' at home,' said Grace demurely, while the teacher and all the little spelling class girls laughed.
 'That is a beautiful way to spell 'love.' Do you know of any other?' asked the teacher.
 'Why—Yes, ma'am,' answered Grace, looking around. 'I spell 'love' this way, too.' Then she picked a lavender from the teacher's dress, brushed a fleck of dust from her sleeve and put in shape the topsy-turvy books on the platform desk.
 'I spell 'love' by working for mamma, papa, little brother and everybody when they need me,' she said.
 The teacher took the little girl on her lap, and said: 'Grace, that is the very best way of all to spell 'love.' But who can spell 'love' the way the book has it?'
 'Why, I can!' exclaimed Grace—'L-o-v-e, love!'
 The teacher hugged her, called her a dear little girl, and then dismissed the class.—Charles H. Dorris, in Sunday-school Times.

How The Twins Sold Plums.

Eli and Eben, the twins, had a plum-tree. Grandpa and the man Joshua sprayed it in the spring, when they sprayed the other trees, and grandpa helped to thin the fruit. But the boys had to get up early two or three mornings a week all summer to jar the tree for curculio; they kept the grass and weeds away from it, they watered it, and put salt and ashes about it, and in the fall they had a fine crop of plums to sell.
 Eli could climb better than Eben, so he gathered the plums putting them in little baskets.
 'Don't sell anything but plums, boys,' he said, pleasantly. 'I've known folks to sell more than they meant to. A man up Canton way took some pears down to the store one day to sell. They looked nice, and Mr. Brown bought them, but he had to throw away 'most all of those in the bottom of the basket, and that man can't sell anything more to Mr. Brown. He sold the truth along with his pears. Grandpa went off to the barn, and the twins looked at each other.
 'Let's look the plums over again,' said Eli. 'I don't know about that box over there.'
 'I'm afraid there's one in here that isn't nice, too, said Eben, soberly picking up another box. 'We'll sell good ones or we won't sell any.'
 Eli nodded. 'That's so.'
 They did sell nice ones, for Mrs. Fitch, the minister's wife, told grandpa a week afterwards that she hoped the twins would raise plums every

year she lived in Demster, for she never bought such plums before.
 'I'm glad they didn't sell truth and honor when they only mean to sell plums,' said grandpa.—Young People's Weekly.

Creaking Shoes.

'Oh, dear,' said the weary invalid, as she put her hand to her aching head, 'it seems as though that constant noise will drive me wild.'
 'What noise?' queried the friend. 'I do not hear anything unusual.'
 'No, I presume you do not notice it, but I am so nervous that any slight noise disturbs me. What I refer to is the squeaking of Bridget's shoes as she goes about her work. Every step she takes I hear that 'squeak, squeak,' until I am nearly distracted.'
 'Well,' said the friend, cheerily, 'if that is all, I am very glad, for it can be so easily silenced.'
 'Just put a little boiled linseed oil in an old pie tin, and then set the shoes in it—the soles in the oil and the heels outside of the tin, and then let them remain there all night. There does not want to be oil enough to come up on the outside, but just to wet the bottom of the soles.'
 'I wonder if we have any in the house. I'd like to have Bridget give her shoes a dose.'
 'I'm going to find out; and if there isn't any, I'll run home and get some.'
 Let any one who tries this remember that boiled linseed oil is boiled when you buy it. Some people have thought that they must boil it themselves.—Exchange.

Only half a Point.

A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship; but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of an officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.
 'You are half a point off the course,' he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.
 'You must steer very accurately,' said the looker-on, 'when only half a point is so much thought of.'
 'Ah, half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks,' he said.
 So it is in life. 'Half a point' from strict truthfulness stands us upon the rocks of falsehood. 'Half a point' from perfect honesty, and we are steering for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to the summit at one bound, but goes one little step at a time. Many think lightly of what they call 'small sins.' These rocks do not look so fearful to them.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y. writes: 'I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money.'

MONEY SAVED and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, Dr. Thomas Electric Oil—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

HUNDREDS OF OPINIONS agree upon the fact that Pain-Killer has alleviated more pain than any one medicine. Unequalled for diarrhoea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Anaemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Weakness, Palpitation, Throbbing, Faint Spells, Dizziness, or any condition arising from Impoverished Blood, Disordered Nerves or Weak Heart.

Weekly Mail and Empire
 Sections, 24 Pages.
 \$1.00 PER YEAR

The . . . Religious Intelligencer

Is the only Free Baptist paper in Canada. For forty-eight years it has been the organ of the denomination—the faithful advocate of its doctrines and interests. It has done invaluable service for our cause, and has the strongest claims on all our people. It is the only paper through which full and accurate news of Free Baptist ministers and churches can be had, and in which the denomination's work, local and general, is properly set forth. Every year the Conferences commend it to the people. The testimony of pastors is that it is a valuable helper in all their work.

No other paper can fill its place in a Free Baptist family.

And there never was a time when our people needed the INTELLIGENCER more than now. The life of the INTELLIGENCER is so completely identified with the life of our denomination, and it is so important an arm of our work, that we cannot too strongly urge upon all our people the necessity of giving it hearty support—both for their own sake and for the sake of the cause it represents. It is very important that the denominational paper should be a regular visitor to every Free Baptist home. Besides the INTELLIGENCER's value as a denominational paper it is generally acknowledged that there is no better religious and family paper published in the Dominion. The price is as low as the price of any religious paper of its size in these Provinces. It is worth to Free Baptists much more than it costs them.

Send your subscription for this year: THE SOONER SENT THE BETTER

Send a new subscriber with your renewal. \$2.50 will pay for both one year.

Pastors can help much by speaking to their people, soliciting renewals and new subscribers.

Let there be a rally all over the field in behalf of

THE INTELLIGENCER.