

Saloons Cannot be Run Without Boys.

Wanted, some bright boys full of life and cheer, To stand at my counter as drinkers of beer, To fill up the racks, without further delay, Of the Army of Drunkards, passing away. Sixty thousand a year will only supply The loss to our trade from the drunkards that die. Send those who can toil, or have wealth to bestow, For profits are small on old drinkers, you know. Let them come from the shop, the school or the home. We'll welcome them all whoever may come Let mothers surrender their sons to our cause And fathers keep voting for good license laws, For if you will vote to keep running the mill You must furnish grists or the wheels will stand still.

-C. A. Ruddeck.

Some Strange Eggs

Little Clay Reess lived in Florida, and he had fine times on the beach near his home. One day he was digging in the sand when up came a queer little object. It was long and narrow and had a tough shell that bent and dented in Clay's fingers. He could not make out what it was. So he ran to Cinda, his black nurse, and showed it to her. Cinda laughed.

'Lawsy, honey,' she said, 'that air am er 'gator's aigg. Dig er way, an' yer'll done fin' er heap mo'.'

So Clay dug away lustily, and sure enough, up came more eggs with every shovelful of sand, five times he filled his little bucket and carried them home to his mother, until twenty-five eggs lay in the box she gave him to put them in. That night, when Clay was in his white 'nightie' and having his 'loving time' with his mother, he asked, 'How came the eggs in the sand?'

'The mother 'gator hid them there,' answered his mother, as she rocked and cuddled her little boy.

'Don't the mother 'gator cuddle her eggs like the mother hen does?' asked Clay.

'No, dear, she leaves them in the sand for the hot sun to hatch out.'

'Well, I fink the 'gator is a very selfish thing!' cried Clay, sitting up in his indignation.

'O, no,' said his mother, smiling. 'That is her way of taking care of them—the way God taught her. She can't cuddle her eggs like the mother hen. She has no soft feathers, and her hard skin would break the eggs if she sat on them. The nice warm sand cuddles them, and the sun helps to hatch them out.'

'O,' said Clay, nestling down again. 'Poor mother 'gator! I so sorry for her. How bad she must feel not to cuddle her eggs.'

'She takes good care of them,' said his mother. 'She often comes to look after her babies, and when they hatch out, she finds food for them and will not let anything hurt them.'

'What would hurt them?' asked Clay, drowsily.

'There are many animals who hunt for the eggs, and I have heard that the father 'gator likes them too, and eats them all up if he can find them.'

'What an awful bad father!' cried Clay, his sleepy eyes coming wide open again. 'Poor baby 'gators. I so sorry for them.'

'But their mother takes care of them, and will not let the father find them, if she can help it,' said Mother Reess, hugging her own little boy.

'Will she go to look at her eggs tomorrow-day?' asked Clay.

'I think she will,' said his mother. 'Then I'll take them all back,' murmured the sleepy little fellow.

'Poor mother 'gator—feel—bad'—but Clay was off into dreamland, where mother alligator and her eggs were all forgotten.

The box of eggs was put in a closet, and neither Clay or his mother thought of them again. A week later, Clay went to the closet for some toys, and heard a strange, rustling noise. He looked up, and saw a box on a shelf with the cover dancing up and down in a frantic manner.

'O, mother!' cried Clay, dancing up and down himself in excitement, 'come here—quick! Here is a box—all alive!'

His mother came running in, and there were a dozen tiny black sn uts peeping out under the box cover. Before she could even scream, out popped a swarm of baby alligators and dropped down to the floor, where they scampered off in every direction. All the eggs had hatched, for the closet was behind a stove and the box in a warm place.

Such a time as there was! Clay jumped up and down, screaming with glee, but his mother was screaming with fright, and she climbed on top of a table to get out of the way of the alligators, who went running about, as if in a hurry to investigate this new,

strange world in which they found themselves. Black Cinda came running in to see what was the matter, and she got up on a chair and screamed too. If Clay's father had not come in they might have been perched there, screaming yet.

Then for a hunt! The baby alligators hid under the furniture and burrowed under the carpets, popping out of every hole and corner. It was nearly a week before the last one was caught. Father Reess shook three out of his boot one morning, and Mother Reess nearly had a fit when she pulled on her stocking and found one in the toe. As for Cinda, she spent the most of her time perched on chairs or tables and screaming, thinking everything she saw was an alligator.

But Clay was not afraid of them. He thought they were the cunningest of playfellows, and begged hard to keep them all. But when his mother told him that the mother 'gator would want her babies, he consented to have them taken to the beach. His father let him keep six, and made a pen for them in the back yard, with a small tank of water in it. Here Clay played with them and they became very tame, and seemed to know their little master.

He was often seen with the whole lot swarming all over him, but his mother could not bear to touch the creatures, though Clay assured her that their way of running up his arm and poking their black snouts into his face was their way of loving him. He kept his pets for a year, then sharp, white teeth began to come in their big mouths, and his father thought they might become dangerous playfellows, so one night they all disappeared and Clay never saw them again. If he had been on the beach the next day, he might have seen six young alligators scampering about as though they did not know what to make of their strange surroundings. I wonder if their mother knew them.—The Congregationalist.

Making Fire.

We have all read of savages making fire by rubbing sticks together. They have several ways of doing it, or, rather, different savages have different ways. One of the simplest is to rub one stick in a groove in another, rubbing briskly and bearing on hard. There is a bit of soft pine board that I tried the experiment with the other day. That is it. 'See!' said I to my students in child-study, 'when I plough this stick up and down in the groove, the fine wood that gathers at the bottom begins to smoke a little and turn black. By working long enough and fast enough I should set the dust on fire, but it is too tiresome when a match will do as well, and one can buy a whole bunch of matches for a penny. We get our fire by rubbing, too, only we use something that kindles quicker than wood, so that a single scratch on some rough surface develops heat enough to light it.'

'What is it?' asked one of our young friends.

'Phosphorus,' I answered. 'I have some in this bottle. You rub this metal button, Tommy, while I take some of it out on the point of my knife. Now touch it with the button. See! It is hot enough to set the phosphorus afire. We might kindle our fires this way, but we find it more convenient to put the phosphorus on the end of a stick and mix it with something to keep it from lighting too easily. Then all we have to do is to rub the phosphorus point against anything rough, the friction heats it, it takes fire, and our light is ready.'

A match is a small thing, but you wouldn't believe the American people paid out more than \$27,000,000 for matches last year, would you? It looks big, but it is a fact. Now take a pencil and figure it out. Fifty millions of people in this country; they use on an average five matches each per day, that is 250,000,000 matches daily, or 2,500,000 boxes of 100 matches in a box every day. These boxes retail at an average of three cents each, making \$75,000 a day for matches, or \$27,375,000 a year. And then to think that nearly three-fourths of all these matches were supplied by one company! If they didn't make \$8,000,000 clear profit out of it, they didn't make a cent. They own thousands of acres of timber land in Michigan, and their lumber is cut by their own men and shipped on their own boats, and then they have contracted for nearly all the world's supply of phosphorus years ahead, and the new manufacturers starting into the business find themselves overmatched in many ways by the old company, which can still control the trade and make a fair profit on its investments. They control twenty two or more factories, and one of them has a capacity of 72,000,000 of matches daily.

Did you ever hear of the traveller who was stepped by some barbarous people who knew nothing of matches?

They would not let him go through their country, and while they were debating whether to kill him or send him back, he grew tired of waiting and thought he would take a smoke. So he filled his pipe, and taking a match from his pocket struck it against his boot, lighted his pipe, and thought no more about it. To his surprise the people who were watching him suddenly ran off, and directly there was a commotion in the village. After a while the chief came back very humbly bringing him loads of presents, and begged him to go his way in peace. What was the reason? They had seen him draw fire from his foot as they thought, and were afraid that such a conjurer might burn them all up if they offended him. That was a lucky match for the traveller.

The first lucifer match was made in 1798.—Michigan Advocate.

A Spirit Level to Live By.

A little boy saw his father using a spirit-level to see if the board he was planing was "true" and straight.

"What's the use of being so careful papa?" he said. "It's pretty good, I guess. It looks so."

"Guessing won't do in carpenter work," said his father, "sighing" along the edge of the board, and shaving it the least bit in the world.

"You have to be just right. Folks guess at too many things. God doesn't like that way of living."

"I guess there ain't any spirit-level's for living!" laughed the little boy, watching him.

"Yes, there are," said his father, earnestly. "You'll find them in the Bible. Try all your actions by that. Make them true, and straight, and no guesswork in them!"—Jewels.

Boys as Inventors.

It is not surprising that, with all their alertness, their love of trying something new, and their large bump of curiosity, wide-awake boys should be numbered among the world's great inventors. Such is the fact.

That indispensable feature of the steam engine, the valve-motion, came into being through the mind of a bright lad, named Humphrey Potter. He was employed once to work the valve-levers on an old-fashioned engine in a mine. As he was engaged in his task, he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction while others did not.

He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve-lever; and the boy then had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after the foreman came around, and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine, he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of so great an invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in a practical form, and made the steam engine an automatic working machine.

The power-loom is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never heard of such a thing. He whittled one out with his jack-knife, and after he had it all done, he, with great enthusiasm, showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him that would spend his time on such things.

The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made another power-loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, and showed it to his master.

The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It was worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the proceeds.

In about a year the blacksmith wrote the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman, who was the inventor of the celebrated power-loom.

You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his own son was presented to the farmer as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year ago.—Vick's Magazine.

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Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without labor is perilous.—Confucius.

He that may hinder mischief, yet permits, it, is an accessory.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION regarding the popular internal and external remedy Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of Headache. Parnee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown Ont., writes: "Parnee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

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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 which 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; besides 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 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.