

Willie's Question.

Where do you go when you go to sleep? That's what I want to know.

Nurse puts me to bed in my little room And takes away the light;

Then off I go to the funniest place, Where everything seems queer;

There's mountains made of candy there, Big fields covered with flowers,

Often, dear mamma, I see you there, And sometimes papa, too;

So all of this day I've been trying to think, O, how I wish I could know

A Double Birthday

'Come on Kathleen!' said Muriel Black when school came out.

'Let us wait for Nellie Mitchell,' said Kathleen, gently.

'No, indeed! Why, she's not in our set at all; and she's so shabby. I think it is awful funny you go with her

'I don't care if they do think so,' returned Kathleen, warmly.

'Well, I won't be seen walking home with her, anyway,' said Muriel pertly,

Presently Nellie Mitchell came out, smiling with pleasure to find Kathleen waiting for her,

Kathleen was the daughter of a wealthy man in whose factory Nellie Mitchell's father worked.

'These are mamma's birthday presents to us,' said Kathleen.

'Do you know, mamma,' said Kathleen, when they were alone again in the sweet, Summer twilight,

'Oh, you have been so kind and good,' said Nellie, with an impulsive hug.

'It is always more blessed to give than to receive, little daughter,' said Mrs. Reeves, with a kiss.

'Why, how nice to think we were born on the same day! And we're both just ten years old.

'Oh, no,' said Nellie quickly. 'I never have a birthday party.'

'Why, I've had a party every birthday of my life,' said Kathleen.

'Oh, we are too poor,' answered Nellie, in a low tone.

Kathleen felt that she had asked a thoughtless question, so she hastened to say: 'Well, it is all the better, because you can come to mine.

'Say, he said, 'I've got something to tell you. Come out in the barn, where nobody will hear.'

'You know the thick maple-tree over in our yard. Well, I was up in it a little while ago.

'I don't think I can go to your party either, Kathleen. It's so kind of you to ask me.

'I like you better than any other girl in school,' said Kathleen, loyally.

'Mother, I want to have a very serious talk with you,' she said gravely that night.

'Well, dear, what is the 'seriousness' about?' asked Mrs. Reeves, smilingly.

'It's about Nellie Mitchell, mamma. Wednesday is her birthday, too. And

only think—she never had a birthday party in her whole life! Now, mamma, I want to give her mine. May I?'

'I don't quite understand, Kathie.' 'Well, it's this way. If I have my party I'll have to ask all the girls of my 'set,' as Muriel calls it; and if Nellie comes, she won't enjoy herself

because some of the girls are real mean to her. So I just want to give Nellie my party altogether. It will be here, and we'll have the ice-cream and everything, but it will be Nellie's party, and she is to invite everyone she wants to.

I know all the girls of her set, and they are just as nice as they can be. Truly, mamma, I'd rather have it so.'

'You can have it so if you like, dear girlie,' said Mrs. Reeves, with a loving-kiss.

Next day in school Kathleen unfolded her plan to Nellie.

'You see, it will be a double birthday-day,' she said, gleefully. 'Now, don't say you won't, Nellie, because I've set my heart on it, and I'll be dreadfully disappointed. It's to be your party, and you are to invite just anyone you like.'

'But it's too good of you to give up your party to me,' protested Nellie.

'No, 'tisn't. I want you to have it so. We'll have just a splendid time,' Kathleen assured her.

And so, after much planning, it was all arranged. When the double birthday arrived, a score or more of Nellie's little friends came to the beautiful house where Kathleen lived.

And that long, bright afternoon, in those beautiful grounds that were a veritable fairyland to the little girls about whose own homes were only the merest bits of yards!

And they had tea in a big tent on the lawn, and finally went home at sunset, a band of very tired, very happy little maidens.

Before Nellie went Kathleen took her into the house and showed her two dainty little work-baskets, one lined with pink silk and one with blue, with scissors, thimbles, needle-books, and everything complete.

'These are mamma's birthday presents to us,' said Kathleen. 'The pink one is yours, and the blue one mine. She got them just alike because it is a double birthday.'

'Oh, you have been so kind and good,' said Nellie, with an impulsive hug. 'I can never thank you enough.'

'Do you know, mamma,' said Kathleen, when they were alone again in the sweet, Summer twilight,

'It is always more blessed to give than to receive, little daughter,' said Mrs. Reeves, with a kiss.

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'It's about Nellie Mitchell, mamma. Wednesday is her birthday, too. And

in her little freezer. They're going to take their dolls, I guess. I couldn't hear everything plain, but I heard them say, 'They haven't been to a single picnic all summer, and one of them's been sick.'

'We'll just pay them up,' said Tom. The thought of ice-cream was too much.

Then the boys whispered for some time. The words 'Indians,' 'horns,' 'dogs' and 'drums' might have been disingenuous amid much laughter.

It was easy for Archie to discover the day of the party, and early that morning Lois and Elsie began carrying things out to the playhouse.

A little later two strange figures stole out of the barn. They looked like two small Indian chiefs.

'Let's go and be nice and help them have a jolly party for the Murphy's,' said Archie.

'Oh, no,' said Archie; 'let's play we're good Indians come to visit them. And we'll take the candy we bought, and you get your music-box, we'll give them a war dance.'

In a few minutes there was a rap at the playhouse door. Lois opened it, and the two Indians bowed almost to the ground.

'Go away,' said Lois, 'we don't want any boys.'

'But we aren't boys,' pleaded Tom; 'we're good Indians, and we've come to help your party. I'm Big-Man-with-a-Music-box, and he's the Tall-Candy-Man.'

'Please let us come,' added Archie; 'we'll give you a war dance, and we'll be just awful good.'

'Well,' said Lois, 'if you're sure you'll be good, I guess we'll let you in. We're just ready to sit down to dinner, but we can put on two more plates.'

The Indians kept their word and behaved beautifully. They delighted every one with their war dance, and were so obliging and merry that the girls were glad they came.

'Oh, dear,' sighed Elsie, when the party was at an end, 'boys are so lovely when they're good. I don't see why they won't always be good.'

'Ant I don't either. Do you?—Chris. Standard.

Bump the Cross Words.

'Mamma, I really don't mean to say naughty things,' said Eddie.

'Why, when I feel cross, the cross words just rise up in my throat, and out they will come, or else I would choke.'

'No,' said mother, 'don't let them out.'

'How can I help it?' said Eddie. 'You must learn to shut your mouth, and make a fence of your lips, so that the cross words cannot get out.'

'They'll come again, more and more of them,' said Eddie.

'No, if you will keep them back, and not let them out, by and by they will stop coming.'

Then Eddie stopped to think. After thinking he said: 'I know; it is just like kitty. When kitty came here, she thought she could jump right through the window glass. But she only bumped her head against the glass, and could not get through. And then she stopped trying. And perhaps the cross words will be just like kitty. When they can't get through the fence they will stop coming. I will just let them bump their heads against my lips.'

And so he did, and he conquered bad words.—Texas Advocate.

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It was wrapped in a newspaper, and in the boot she discovered a piece of paper on which was scrawled this remarkable bill:

Miss Ann to J. Briggs, Dr. One patch.....\$.15 Pester..... .10

The consciousness of the living God is the most powerful factor in life. It alters life, determines conduct and brings new duties and responsibilities.

Whoever by word or deed lessens the suffering of men lightens their burdens, dissipates their sorrow and contributes to "peace on earth and good will toward men" is doing Christian work.

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PYNY-BALSAM cures all coughs. It soothes, it heals, it cures quickly and certainly. Pyny-Balsam sells more widely every year.

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The Intelligencer's Jubilee.

A PREMIUM.

This is the INTELLIGENCER's fiftieth year—its jubilee year.

We are 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. 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.

New Features.

We desire that its fiftieth year may be its best. And we are planning to make it 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 Women'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 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 now. Those who are in arrears will be doing the paper a kindness by remitting at once.

2. Prompt advance payments. These 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 above, to mark the semi-centennial year in another way.

We are therefore, offering 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.

Rev. Jos. McLeod has been editor and manager since March 1867.

The INTELLIGENCER offers to every subscriber a group picture of the four men who have had to do with its management. The picture is 12x16, printed on fine paper, suitable for framing.

Conditions

The Premium picture is offered to all subscribers to the INTELLIGENCER. The conditions are as follows:

- 1. To every present paid-up subscriber who pays one year in advance.
2. Where any arrears are due they must be paid, and also, a year's advance subscription.
3. To every new subscriber paying one full year's subscription,

Now is the Time.

The present is a good time to 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 direct attention to the claims of the INTELLIGENCER and 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 and cause they and we stand for great service if they will give this matter attention now.

Three things the INTELLIGENCER needs,—

- 1. Payment of all subscriptions now due.
2. Advance renewals.
3. New subscribers from every congregation in the denomination in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Let work on these lines go on in every congregation.

Let us make the INTELLIGENCER's fiftieth year a Jubilee year indeed