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Willie's Question.

Where do you go when you go to sleep? That's what I want to know. There's loads of things I can't find out, But cothing bothers me so.

Nurse puts me to bed in my little room And takes away the light; I cuddle down in the blankets warm And shut my eyes up tight.

Then off I go to the funniest place, Where everything seems queer; Though sometimes it is not funny at all, Just like the way it is here.

There's mountains made of candy there, Big fields covered with flowers, And lovely ponies, and birds and trees, A hundred times nicer than ours.

Often, dear mamma, I see you there, And sometimes papa, too; And last night the baby came back from heaven.

And played like he used to do.

So all of this day I've been trying to think, O, how I wish I could know Whereabouts that wonderful country is, Where sleepy little boys go. -The Independent.

A Double Birthday

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

'Let us wait for Nellie Mitchell, said Kathleen, gently. Muriel tossed her head.

'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 | so much, and all the girls think so,

'I don't care if they do think so,' returned Kathleen, warmly. 'Nellie is just as nice as she can be, and it isn't her fault if her clothes are shabby. I'm sure they are always neat and clean. Mother says it is not right to judge people by their clothes. She likes Nellie.

'Well, I won't be seen walking home with her, anyway,' said Muriel pertly, as she ran off.

Presently Nellie Mitchell came out smiling with pleasure to find Kathleen waiting for her, and the two little girls started up the street in the bright afternoon sunshine.

Kathleen was the daughter of wealthy man in whose factory Nellie Mitchell's father worked. A great many of the factory men's children went to the same school as Kathleen, and were for the most part snubbed and ignored by the girls of Muriel Black's 'set,' for even these little girls could be very silly and snobbish at times. But Kathleen had been trained by a wise and good mother to be kind and thoughtful in her treatment of others, and she never thought of look ing down on Nellie for Muriel Black's reasons. The two little girls were very good friends, and often walked home

ICCES from school together. Nellie was rather pale and quiet Her mother was dead and her father was drunken and often unkind. Nellie never complained, but sometimes there were black-and-blue bruises en her forehead. Her aunt, who kept house for them, was not very good to her, either. Kathleen had heard the other little factory girls say this, and she felt ery sorry for Nellie.

> 'Next Wednesday is my birthday, she told her, as they walked along the treet. 'And I'm going to have a party. 'It is my birthday, too,' said Nellie. Kathleen opened her eyes.

'Why, how nice to think we were oorn on the same day! And we're both just ten years old. We're kind of twins, aren't we? Are you going to ave a party?'

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

'Why, I've had a party every birthday of my life,' said Kathleen. 'I you have one?"

Nellie, in a low tone.

Kathleen felt that she had asked a lives. houghtless question, so she hastened o say: 'Well, it is all the better, be- until Tom came. ause you can come to mine. You Come out in the barn, and not let them out, by and by they o, could you? We will have swings nd ice-cream and the loveliest cakes nd things.

Nellie looked uncomfortable.

o ask me. But-but-the other girls ou'll have won't like it. They wont

'I like you better than any other rl in school,' said Kathleen, loyally. invite us.' But she did not sav anything more, me in a very brown study.

as talk with you,' she said gravely fun. at night.

'Well, dear, what is the 'seriousness'

only think—she never had a birthday in her little freezer. They're going to I want to give her mine. May I?

party I'll have to ask all the girls of them's been sick.' Lois is always pre my 'set,' as Muriel calls it; and if tending that her doll's got measles or Nellie comes, she wont enjoy herself something.' 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-

Next day in school Kathleen unfolded her plan to Nellie.

'You see, it will be a double birthday,' 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

'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 as ured 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. At first they were a bit shy and frightened, for they did not understand it very well :

And what a splendid time they had, that long, bright afternoon, in those beautiful grounds that were a veritable | talk it over. fairyland to the little girls about whose of yards! They had delightful games and swings, and Kathleen's big brother gave them each a ride on his Shetland pony. And they had tea in a big tent on the lawn, and finally went home at sunset, a band of very tired, very happy litt e maidens.

Before Nellie went Kathleen took them a war dance.' 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 comp'ete.

'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 Kathlee, when they were alone again in the sweet, Summer twilight, 'this has you'll be good, I guess we'll let you in. been the nicest birthday I ever had. We're just ready to sit down to dinner, When Muriel and the other girls come | but we can put on two more plates.' to a party, they are all so dressed up that we don't have much fun at all. And there's 'most always some of them cross at the others. But Nellie's girls were glad they came. friends aren't a bit like that. I enoyed myself most amazingly.' concluded Kathleen, dragging in the biggest word she could think of to honor the occasion.

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

An Interested Party.

ZELIA M. WALTERS.

Archie climbed down the maple-

tree in a state of high excitement The two little girls who had just departed from beneath the tree did not choke.' look around, so they did not see him thought everybody had. Why don't climb over the fence into Tom Brady's yard. If they had, they might have 'Oh, we are too poor,' answered suspected mischief, for 'those beys' were the torments of Elsie's and Lois'

Archie stood outside and whistled

'Say,' he said, 'I've got something where nobody will hear.'

When they reclined at ease on the

hay Archie told his story. 'You know the thick maple-tree over 'I don't think I can go to your party in our yard. Well, I was up in it a lither, Kathleen. It's so kind of you little while ago. I was hiding from Albert, and Lois and Elsie came and sat down under it. I waited, 'cause I ant to play with me, and Muriel thought I'd jump down and scare lack will make fun of my dress. Oh, them. But what do you suppose they the cross words will be just like kitty. began talking about? Well, they're When they can't get through the going to have a party, and not going to

'That's mean,' said Tom, but both nd after parting from Nellie she went he and Archie knew why they weren't invited. They teased the little girls 'Mother, I want to have a very seri- so much that they often spoiled all the

'They're going to have it in the playhouse,' Archie went on. 'They're be about?' asked Mrs. Reeves, going to cook things on the stove, and mation goes from bad o worse. Allen's they've asked mother, and she's going to Lung Balsam, containing no opium, 'It's about Nellie Mitchell, mamma. give them a lot of things, and—oh, cures deep-seated affections of throat ednesday is her birthday, too. And yes-Elsie's going to make ice-cream and lungs.

party in her whole life! Now, mamma, take their dolls, I gues. I couldn't hear everything plain, but I heard 'I don't quite understand, Kathie.' them say, 'They haven't been to 'Well, it's this way. If I have my single picnic all summer, and one of

> We'll just pay them up,' said Tom The thought of ice-cream was too much. Then the boys whispered for some ime. The words 'Indians,' 'horns,' 'dogs' and 'drums' might have been dis inguished amid much laugh er.

> It was easy for Archie to discover flew over to Tom's house, and the two boys shut themselves up in the barn. By eleven o'clock the playhouse door was closed. The party had begun.

A little later two strange figures markable bill: stole out of the barn. They looked like two small Indian chiefs. They wore crowns of feathers and moccasins and blankets, and their faces were streaked with paint from Tom's paint box. Archie carried a small dog under one arm, and a tin horn under the other, while Tom had his drum suspended before him. They crept up very quietly to the window of the playhouse and looked in. Then they dropped to the ground and gazed at each other shame-facedly.

This was what they had seen: a little table set out for a sumptuous feast, and the three children of poor widow Murphy looking on eagerly, while but Mrs. Reeves was so kind and Lois and Elsie were pu ting on finish-Kathleen so jolly that they were soon | ing touches in the way of flowers and paper napkins.

'Let's go away,' said Tom.

They paused in the feace corner to

own homes were only the merest bits have a jolly party for the Murphy's,' said Archie. .

'We'll have to take off these things, said Tom, doubtfully.

'Oh, no,' said Arc ie; '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

the playhouse door. Lois opened it, and the two Indians howed 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 B g-Man-witha-Music-box, and he's the Tall-Candy-

'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

The Indians kept their word and beand afraid of spoiling their clothes haved beautifully. They delighted every one with their war dance, and were so obliging and merry that the

'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. "Then why do you say them?" an

swered mamma. "Why, when I feel cros, the cross words just rise up in my throat, and out they will come, or else I would

"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, 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 fence they will stop coming. I will just let them bump their heads against

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

By Bribing the Nerves with opium you may stop a cough but the inflam

An Extra Charge,

Many are the stories told of people who have charged high prices for 'knowing how' to do various kinds of work, but it remained for an old cobbler in a Massachusetts town to add a hitherto unconsidered item to his bill.

He was clever at his trade, but as the years went by he showed a growing distate for steady work, and was irritated beyond measure if any one tried to hurry him over it.

An insistent customer who, unmindful of past favors, had drawn the cobbler away from his peaceful conthe day of the party, and early that templation of sky and field from his morning Lois and Elsie began carrying do rway to patch a boot for her, found things out to the playhouse. Archie her foot-wear on the porch when she returned from a walk that evening.

> It was wrapped in a newspaper, and in the boot she discovered a piece of paper on which was scrawled this re-

Miss Ann to J. Briggs, Dr. One patch..... \$.15 .25

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

Wheever 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.

How to Cure Headache .- Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake 'Let's go and be nice and help them and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P. Q., writes: 'I find Parmelee's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

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> If a child eats ravenously, grinds the teeth at night and picks its nose, you may a most be certain it has worms and should administer without delay Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, this remedy contains its own cathartic.

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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 to 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. But through all the aim has been to send to the homes it has been permitted to enter a paper of high christian character, all whose teachings and influences would berefit its readers.

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 p'anning, 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 trief 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 In-TELLIGENCEE, 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 Intelligences. 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 Jubilce premium picture.

During the life of the Intelligences four men have been connected with its management: Rev. Ezekiel McLecd 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. McLeed, 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.

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

Will the pastors kindly direct attention to the claims of the INTEL-LIGENCER 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,-

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Scotia we hope to have new subscribers.

2. Advance renewals.

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Let work on these lines go on in every congregation.

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