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#### Kiss and Make it Well.

I sit at my window and sew and dream. While my little boy at play Reguiles my thoughts from hem and seam As he frolics the livelong day: But time and again he comes to me With a sorrowful tale to tell, and mother must look at the scratch or

I kiss his head, and his knee and his

Then kiss it and nake it wel'.

And the dear little grimy hand; nd who can fathom the magic charm. And who can understand? For I even kiss when he bites his torgue, And love works its mystic spell, or there's never a cut, nor a scratch nor a

But mother can kiss it well.

Tis a foolish whim, do you say? Ah, yes! But the foolish things of earth Have taught the wise since a little child In Bethlehem had his birth. and we know that many an older heart-We know but we do not tell-Vill never be free from its bitter smart Till kisses have made it well.

-May Ellis in Woman's Home Companion.

#### What Ralph Saw.

Ralph had been sick a whole month, and now that he was able to sit up again he liked to have his chair by the window, where he could look out and watch the men who were at work upon new house which was being built there came a cry of 'Caw ! caw ! caw ! ext door.

growing before his eyes. Nothing else

amber for a certain part of the build-

side him while he sawed the beard. Pretty soon he looked around to get is pencil, and it was gone. He looked bout a few minutes; then he took anther pencil from his pocket. He APES marked another board with this and aid it down as before, and when he wanted it again, it, too, was gone.

The man now began to look vexed, and he searched all about, probably expecting to find some mischievous oy around, Ralph thought. But findig no boy and no pencils, he berrowed nother pencil of one of the workmen, nd this time, when he got through CESS using it, he put it in his pocket. So managed in this way to keep the he he had borrowed.

Presently he seemed to have meas red all the boards he needed, and then he began nailing them in place. e took a handful of nails from the ocket of the big apron that he wore and laid them down within easy reach. le used a few of them, and when he thed around for more there were nor ore there. Then he stood straight p, took off his cap and scratched his

Ralph had been watching all this me, and had seen where all the missng articles went, and now at the man's erplexity he laughed aloud. Mamma ho was in the next room, heard the erry laugh, and it did her good. She termined to go in as soon as she ished the dusting and see what was husing Ralph so much.

After the loss of his nails, the workn seemed to think something was tong. He looked all about, quesoned some of the other carpenters, nd finally went to work once more. at this time he took the nails from pocket only as he needed them, once in a while he would look ound as if watching for somebody. t as nobody appeared, he at last emed quite to forget his mysterious ses, and to work on in his usual

was a warm day, and as the sun nigher he began to feel very warm. alph could see how heated he looked, d finally he took out a large red adkerchief and wiped his forehead. e seemed a very absent-minded of workman, for now he laid his again turned to his work.

outed, and mamma hurried to his

'Don't take your eyes off from it. quite turned his back to his handhief, down swooped a big black , picked up the handkerchief, and smile. off with it.

mamma!' he said. And then he explained to her how the crow had been playing jokes on the carpenter all the morning. Mamma laughed, too, and then she said, 'I think Ralph, that we will have to arrest Mr. Cr w. Shall

we tell the man who his tormentor is?" 'Yes,' said Ralph; 'enly do please wait till he finds his handkerchief gone. So they waited, and presently the man turned to take up his handkerchief, for he had grown very warm

again His look of blank astonishment when he found it gone was to much for both Ralph and mamma, and they laughed till the tears stood in their eyes.

Then mamma went out on the front step and ried to call to the man, but he was shouting and gesticulating to the other workmen in such a frantic way that she had to go over to the building before she could make him hear her.

Ralph watched from the window. He saw the man turn at last and listen to what his mamma had to say, and he saw them both go around to the farther end of a pile of lumber, where there was a space between two boards, and there, safely stowed away, were the pencils, the nails, and the handkerchief, as they expected.

Then Ralph saw mamma point up into the branches of a tree which stood near, and from which, as she did so,

The other workmen shouted with He was so glad that the men were laughter. At first the subject of Mr. at work there just at this time, for the Crew's practical joke was inclined to days sometimes seemed very long to be angry, but at last his better nature him, and he liked to see the house conquered and he laughed with the rest. As he went back to work Ralph entertained him for so long at a time. saw him take the handkerchief and tie But one day the funniest thing hap- it under his chin, and mamma explained pened at the new house. A strange when she came in that he said he workman appeared upon the scene, but would have to tie his cap on or the this workman hindered more than he bird would be flying off with that next.

But Jim Crow seemed satisfied with Ralph was at his accustomed place his morning's work, and after his trick at the window and was watching a car- was discovered he flew off home, and penter who was measuring pieces of the p or workman was left in peace.

As Ralph was much better the next ing. Ralph saw him take out his day, mamma said she believed that his neasure and mark the length with a laughing so hard over Jim Crow's pencil. He then laid the pencil down pranks had done him more good than medicine.-Ex.

### Tillie's Knitting-Work Lessons

When my grandma was young little girls were taught to do many useful things. Little girls thought it no hardship to wash and dry the dishes, and spread up the beds after a stronger hand had shaken the great feather mattresses; and all the doll-clothes of those days must have been well made, because the 'little mothers' were given every day a lesson in sewing, crocheting or knitting as soon as they were old enough to learn.

One day, one summer, grandma's mother called her three little daughters to her and said: 'I am going to teach you to knit. I will give a reward for the first pair of socks; and how proud papa will be to wear them !'

Then she gave Lucinda, Alida and little Tillie each a great ball of yarn and a set of shining knitting-needles. She patiently spent a great deal of time in showing them how to 'set up a sock' on three needles and how to hold it, and how to use the fourth needle to really 'knit.

The maid, Dinab, was to show them how to shape the heel and toe, and 'narrow' and 'bind off,' as she herself was to be away for some weeks.

So every day, very soon, each little girl took her ball and needles, and went away to her own favorite nook; and for some time a very lively race went on for the prize.

Then Alida began to weary, even before one sock was completed; and Lucinda's sock grew very slowly, though the knitting always showed even and smooth.

But how li tle Tillie did work! Her small fingers fairly flew. Her little white pet rabbits nibbled at the ball of yarn, and wondered why Tillie did not have a word to say to them. Every day she took her little stool out into the grape arbor and diligently knitted away, though the shouts of the children paddl ng in the brook came to her ears, the loudest among them the voices of her two sisters.

'I will finish first,' she said. 'I will ride now?' win the prize! I know I can!'

After a very long time to Tillie, and a surprisingly short time to the sisters, adkerchief down beside him while Tillie announced-it was on the day after mamma's return home—that her Mamma, come quick, quick!' Ralph socks were finished; and then Alida wished she had not been having such a good time and had more to show than pointed to the window. 'Now, just one-half of a sock, not very tidythe that man's handkerchief,' he looking. Lucinda had finished one sock, and it was very prettily and amma wondered what Ralph meant evenly knitted; but she, too, was

The three little girls hovered near

But what do you think?

holes where Tillie had dropped a sti eh I give it away when I want it myself?" every now and then! Alas! and the other sock was quite as bad.

socks will have to be darned before you feel happier and better yourself. they can be worn.'

the careless work.

'Never mind, Tillie,' she said, 'you will get the prize, for you did knit the first pair !'

'Well, grandma's mamma grandma was Tillie-gave them each a prize for learning to knit -a litle work-box, with meedles, scissors, thread and tiny thimble.

'Tillie has learned something else, too, I think,' said mamma. as she stooped to kiss the tear-stained and sorry little face. Then she gave Tillie her work-box, a pretty blue one, and said in a whisper: 'Make haste slowly!'

Grandma says it has been over fifty years since she won that prize, and she has forgotten how to knit; but the lesson she learned along with her knitting she will never forget .- Little Folks.

### What Color Tells in Horses

Whether or not a horse's color is an indication of his breeding and powers of endurance is a much disputed question. The color theory doubtless originated among the Arabs, for centuries famous as horsemen. Its exponents say that it is the result of constant observation and long study, but many competent horsemen deride it as a superstition.

Be this as it may, the chestnut is the Arab idea of perfection. In this connection it is significant that the majority of successful race horses have also seem to have carried off the greatnut and the bay, and consider the latter color about as desirable as the former. The dictionary defines bay as a shade of chestnut.

Horses of a rich seal brown are good to look upon, but among the Arabs rarely fetch a large price, as they are considered lacking in hardihood, prone to sickness, with little or no endurance. Roan horses are by many regarded as very hardy, but all horsemen do not concur in this opinion, and, as the race-horse trainers express it, the where in the breeding.

mind, sugges ive of the funeral, which | land. possib y recounts for some of the prejudice against it. A black horse is a nightmare to his groom, for his ceat shows the slightest speck of dust or dirt, and a little gust of wind often spoils hours of hard grooming. When a black horse has been exposed to the sun and weather for some days, his coat fades to a rusty, washed-out color.

White horses always suggest the circus. Their coats are even more difficult to keep clean than a black horse's, and are very seldom in a presentable condition. It is most disagreeable to drive behind a gray horse or years. white during shedding time. Then one's clothing is sure to be covered with clinging hairs, that are very noticeable.

Piebald and skewbald horses attract too much attention to the rider or driver to be considered quite the thing, and, like the white horse, remind one of the saw-dust ring. A mixed coat is a pretty strong indication of low breeding.

There is an ancient tale of a band of Arabs being pursued by their enemies, which sums up their theory about a horse's color. Among the fleeing band was a man with unusually keen eyes ght, and from time to time he would describe to his leader the h rses ridden by the enen y.

'What manner of horses do they

'Black horses.'

'Then there is no need of haste. asked, 'What manner of horse do they

'Bay horses.

'Then we must ride harder.' A few hours later the leader asked, Are they horsed again?'

'They ride chestnuts.' 'Then we ride for our lives.'-Reformed Church Messenger.

### Stingy Jimmy.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you she did as she said, and pretty ashamed that little Tillie had outdone away a penny, nor a bite of an apple or a crumb of candy. He couldn't Tillie laid the pair of socks on bear to lend his sled r his hoop or his mamma's lap with a triumphant little skates. All hs friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to then how Ralph did laugh and clap while mamma slipped one of the socks reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

'If I didn't want it,' he said, 'p'r'aps There were about a hundred little! I would give it away; but why should

· Because it is nice to be generous, said his mother, 'and think about the Mamma smiled as she said: These happiness of other people. It makes If y u g ve your hoop to little Johnnie, Alida laughed merrily, but Lucinda | who never had one in his life, you will put her arms around poor little Tillie, feel a thousand times better watching whose tears were falling softly over his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it y urself.

'Well, 'said Jimmy, 'I'll try it.' The hoop was sent off. 'How soon shall I feel better?' he asked, by and by. 'I don't feel as well as I did when I had the hoop. Are you sure I shall feel etter?'

'Certainly, 'answered his mother, but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel better all the sooner

Then he gave away his kite and thought he did not feel quite as well as before. He gave away his saxpence that he meant to spend for raffy. Then

'I don't like this giving away things, it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better.

Just then Johnny ran up the street bowling the whoop, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a turn. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said:

You might give Johnny my old overcoat; he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think-1 guess-I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my hoop. I'll give away something else. And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since. - Selected.

### What the Spider Told.

'I was spinning a web on a rose been chestnut in color. Chestnuts vine, 'said the spider, 'and the little girl was sewing parchwork on the doorest number of honors in the show ring. step. Her thread knotted, and her The Arabs, like the dictionary, make needle broke, and her eyes were full but little distinction between the chest- of tears 'I can't do it, 'she cried; 'I can't! I ean't!'

'Then the mother came and told her to look at me. Every time I spun a nice thread, and tried to fasten it to a branch, the wind blew and tore it away. This happened several times, but at last I made one that did not break, and fastened it, and spun other threads to join it. Then the mother smiled.

'What a patient spider!' she said. 'The little girl smiled too, and took up her work. And when the sun went roan color indicates a cold cross some down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine, and a square of beautiful The black horse is, in the American patchwork on the doorstep. '-Baby-

### Wonderful Fireworks

In Nagasaki, Japan, there is a firework-maker who manufactures pyrotechnic birds of great size that, when exploded, sail in a life-like manner through the air and perform many movements exactly like those of living birds. The secret of making these wonderful things has been in possession of the eldest child of the family of each generation for more than 400

#### Where and How Pansies Grow Best

Give them, if possible, a place where they will be sheltered from the hot afternoon sun. Cut off the old flowers as they fade, and keep the ground mellow and free from weeds. They will bloom until the hot days of midsummer. Then their flowers will be small, and there will not be many of them. It is a good plan to cut the old plants back at that time, and allow them to renew themselves for autumn. - May Ladies' Home Journal.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, wri es: "I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaints, and find Parmelee's Pills the best medicine for those diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or grip-At the noon halt the leader again ing, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated, and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste.

> CANNOT BE BEAT.-Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes :- "I have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of croup, several times, and one dose of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medidince, and I would not be without a bottle in my home.'

The breath of the pines is the breath of life to the consumptive. Norway Pine Syrup contains the pine virtues and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, and all throat and lung troubles, which, if not attended to, lead to consumption.

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# The Intelligencer's Jubile

## 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. Tha 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 berent 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 planning, to , to rublish a number of sermons by our own

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 Waman's Mission Scelety; the Children's Page; News of Religious work everywhere; Notes on Current Events; Denominational News; choice selections for family and devotional reading; besides editorials.

# Fiftieth Year Celebration.

and editorial notes covering a wide range of subjects.

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.

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

During the life of the Intelligencer 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 pub lisher, 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 Intelli-GENCER. The conditions are as follows:

1. To every present paid-up subscriber who pays one year in 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 Bap'ist congregation in New Brunswick and Nova-Scotia we hope to have new subscribers.

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 min-

isters 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

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