

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. 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 benefit 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, 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 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.

Do What You Can.

We're on the committee of 'Do What You Can,' said bright little Dan, 'I appointed myself, and Jip held up his paw: He's chairman, a good one as ever you saw, for he sits in a chair and he speaks, when my fingers tell him to wake from his nap.

This useful committee has all it can do, & the nothing, of course, that's specially new, There's the cows and the hens, and the woodchucks—Oh, my!

You ought to see Jip when he sees one go by.

'Bring in the firewood [with Jip at my heels: He thinks that he helps, and I know how he feels, For when he goes hunting, it's my turn to tag, So you see we have neither much reason to brag.

A dog and a boy—two can have lots of fun That would be only work if there wasn't but one.

A boy and a dog are as good as a man, When on a committee of 'Do What You Can.'

—ANNIE A. PRESTON.

A Brave Little Newsboy.

The following is a sketch, full of touching interest, of a bit of a ragged newsboy, who had lost his mother. In the tenderness of his affection for her he was determined that he would raise a stone to her memory. His mother and he had kept house together, and they had been all to each other, but now she was taken, and the little fellow's loss was irreparable. Getting a stone was no easy task, for his earnings were small; but love is strong. Going to a cutter's yard, and finding that even the cheaper class of stones were far too expensive for him, he at length fixed upon a broken shaft of marble, part of the remains of an accident in the yard and which the proprietor kindly named at such a low figure that it came within his means. There was much yet to be done, but the brave little chap was equal to it. Next day he conveyed the stone away on a little four-wheeled cart, and managed to have it put in position. The narrator, curious to know the last of the stone, visited the cemetery one afternoon, and he thus describes what he saw and learned:

'Here it is,' said the man in charge, and, sure enough, there was our monument, at the head of one of the larger graves. I knew it at once. 'Just as it was when it left our yard,' I was going to say, until I got a little nearer to it and saw what the little chap had done. I tell you, boys, when I saw it there was something blurred my eyes, so I couldn't read it at first. The little man had tried to keep the lines straight, and evidently thought that capitals would make it look better and bigger, for nearly every letter was a capital. I copied it, and here it is; but you want to see it on the stone to appreciate it:

My MOTHER
SHEE DIED LAST WEAK.
SHEE WAS ALL I HAD. SHEE
SEED SHEAD Bee WAITING FuR—

And here, boys, the lettering stopped. After awhile I went back to the man in charge, and asked him what further he knew of the little fellow who bought the stone.

'Not much,' he said; 'not much. Didn't you notice a fresh little grave near the one with the stone? Well, that's where he is. He came here every afternoon for some time, working away at that stone, and one day I missed him, and then for several days. Then the man came out from that church that had buried the mother, and ordered the grave dug by her side. I asked if it was for the little chap. He said it was. The boy had sold all his papers one day, and was hurrying along the street out this way. There was a runaway team just about the crossing, and—well—he was run over, and lived but a day or two. He had in his hand, when he was picked up, an old file, sharpened down to a point, that he did all the lettering with. They said he seemed to be thinking only of that until he died, for he kept saying, 'I'd n't get it done; but she'll know I meant to finish it, won't she?' I'll tell her so, for she'll be waiting for me,' and, boys, he died with those words on his lips.'

When the men in the cutter's yard heard the story of the boy, the next day they clubbed together, got a good stone, inscribed upon it the name of the boy (which they succeeded in getting from the superintendent of the Sunday-school which the little newsboy attended), and underneath in the touching, expressive words: 'Beloved mother.' When the stone was put up, the little fellow's Sunday-school mates, as well as others, were present, and the superintendent, in speaking to them, told them how the little fellow had loved Jesus and tried to please

him, and gave utterance to this high encomium: 'Children,' said he, 'I would rather be that brave, loving, little newsboy, and lie there with that on my tombstone, than to be a king of the world, and not love and respect my mother. That little newsboy has left a lesson for the world.—New York City Mission Monthly.

Bessie's Playmate.

Upon returning from one of his voyages Captain Horton brought home a tame monkey as a pet for Bessie, his little six-year-old daughter.

Bessie has neither brother nor sister, and Judy, as the monkey is called, makes a very good playmate.

Both Bessie and Judy enjoy warm weather most, and have grand times playing outdoors in the summer. Judy helps make mud pies, patting the mud into little cakes with her hands. She loves to swing in the hammock and climb up into the trees in the yard.

Children think it a treat to be asked by Mrs. Horton to spend the day at her house and play with Bessie and Judy. To them the monkey is the most wonderful pet in the world.

Judy has a great affection for Bessie's doll; in fact, I think she cares even more for it than does her mistress.

'Come, Judy, and go to ride with Dolly,' Bessie will say, and Judy will jump into the little go-cart and hold out her arms for the doll, and Bessie will wheel her about the yard with Dolly tightly clasped in her arms.

Bessie has a doll's chair that is painted bright red. It is just the right size for Judy, and she considers it her property and carries it about the house to sit in.

There is nothing that pleases Judy more than to have a party. She helps set the table, then sits in her chair and eats what is put upon her plate, and drinks out of the tiny china cup, passing it again and again to be filled.

'Why, Judy, you musn't pass your cup so often. I don't get a chance to eat a thing,' Bessie will say; but Judy chatters away as though telling what a good time she is having, and her little wrinkled face looks so pleased that Bessie stops scolding and keeps on filling the cup in the little brown hand.

Judy loves candy, nuts, and fruit as much as her mistress does, and always has a share of the good things.

She is very curious and wants to examine every new thing that is brought into the house, and is anxious to have every parcel undone and every box opened to see if it contains something that she likes.

If there is any one thing in this world that Judy detests it is a cat, and she will not allow one on the premises. Let a cat jump upon the fence, or poke his nose inside the yard, and Judy is after him in a minute, and at sight of the enraged monkey the way the cat hustles for home is a caution.

Judy does not like cold weather, and although Mrs. Horton has made some warm woollen dresses for her to wear, she sits by the fire shivering most of the time in winter, and looks so miserable that one would not suppose she was the merry little monkey of the summer.

She sleeps in a box behind the stove, and no child ever hated to go to bed more than Judy does. When Bessie says, 'Come, Judy, it is bedtime,' the monkey cries and pleads in every way she knows how to stay up longer, but Bessie is a firm little mistress, and always sees that Judy is abed before she herself goes.

Every time Captain Horton comes home he asks Bessie if he had not better take the monkey back with him and bring her some other pet. He only does it to tease her, for he knows what her answer will be; and when he sees Judy's affection for his little daughter, he thinks that she would object as strongly as does Bessie at the idea of their parting.—R. R. Fitch, in Child's Hour.

The Lad With the Snow Shovel.

'Want yer sidewalk shoveled off, ma'am? I'll have the snow all off in a jiffy, if you say the word to go ahead, ma'am.'

'No, I guess not,' said Mrs. Maxwell, smiling down at the small boy and the big snow shovel before her. 'My servants always attend to clearing off the snow, and I wouldn't care to hire any one else.'

'You needn't pay me, ma'am. I'll do it for nothin', seein' I ain't busy, jest to show you how much better I c'n do it than anybody else. Then maybe you'll hire me the next time.'

'All right. Work away, if you wish to do it for nothin',' said Mrs. Maxwell jokingly as she closed the door and returned to the supervision of her household.

'Well, I declare, if that persistent little scamp hasn't taken me at my word!' she exclaimed as she looked out of the window a few minutes later.

supposed, of course, he would go away when I accepted his offer to do it for nothin'; but there he is, hard at work, and I suspect I shall have to give him a half dollar when he gets through, even if the servants do growl about having their favorite job taken away from them.'

Half an hour later there was a ring at the bell, and Mrs. Maxwell took her purse in her hand and went to the door. She opened it, and, as she expected, there stood the lad with the snow shovel. Removing his cap, with a scrape and a low bow, he said: 'I've got my job done, an' I hope it'll suit you, ma'am. I would've gone on without botherin' you ag'in when I got it done, but I found this shiny breastpin on one of yer doorsteps, ma'am right up next to the railin', where some one dropped it, an' I thought maybe it might be yourn, ma'am.'

'And so it is!' exclaimed Mrs. Maxwell, eager y grasping the pin. It is my diamond brooch. I missed it last night upon returning from a drive in the park, and I have sent a notice to the papers offering a reward of twenty dollars for its recovery. Though the notice has not been published, yet I consider that you are clearly entitled to the money, and if you will step inside a moment I will get it for you.'

'No, ma'am. I don't want any pay for being honest,' said the lad with a shake of the head. 'I'd n't want yer reward; but if you're a mind to pay me suthin' for cleanin' yer walk, se in' I found yer di'mon' breastpin while I was workin' at it, you c'n do it.'

'Certainly I will pay you. Here is a dollar for your work. And now, my boy, wouldn't you like something better to do than carrying that big shovel around looking for odd jobs at cleaning walks of snow? Don't you think you could make yourself useful in a store?'

'I'd try hard if I had the chance, ma'am.'

'You shal' have it. Come right in and take a seat in the hall until I write you a recommendation. Mr. Maxwell has a big store down town, and I am going to ask him to give you a chance to earn a living in it.'

An hour later a sturdy, independent looking lad, accompanied by a snow shovel taller than himself, marched into the store and presented his note from Mrs. Maxwell and secured a position and in the eighteen years that have passed since he entered the establishment he has steadily risen from one position of trust to another, and to-day he is Mr. Maxwell's right-hand man and trusted adviser in all his vast business enterprises.—Children's Visitor.

'Go It, Tom.'

Tom belonged to a settlement school, and the school had furnished most, if not all, the real happiness he had ever known.

He was a sturdy little athlete and won most of the races and other contests of strength. Through various winsome traits he had found his way to the heart of the teacher, and she was always interested in his success. One day arrangements had been made for a foot race. Several boys were to run, although everybody was sure that Tom would win.

The preliminaries were settled, the race was started, and the boys were off over the course. Tom led clear and free for about half the distance; then, to the surprise of everyone, Johnny began to gain on him. Jim was just behind Johnny, and running vigorously. Tom's feet seemed to grow heavy, and John steadily decreased the distance between them, until finally he shot past Tom, and, with a sudden spurt, gained fully five yards in advance. Jim was close behind, and he, too, sped over the line a little ahead of Tom, but enough to give him second place and to leave Tom out of the race.

'Why, Tom, what was the matter?' asked the teacher, as the defeated boy came toward her with tears streaming down his face. His answer was a sob. 'Tell me what happened, Tom.'

Tom dug his knuckles into his eyes to dry his tears and tried to tell his story.

'I started off all right you know— Yes, you led them all.'

'But when I got half way the boys began to call, 'Go it, Johnny; you're second.' 'Hurry, Jim, you're gaining.' 'Run, Johnny, run; you're most to him.' But nobody said, 'Go it, Tom,' and somehow it got into my legs and they wouldn't go; and Tom, dropping to the ground in a heap, cried as though his heart would break.—The American Boy.

How to Sew on Buttons

It is probable that the average woman thinks she knows how to sew buttons on the right way, but the chances are that she never heard of the

best way, so this little story, from an exchange, is given to enlighten her:

'When I get a bright idea I always want to pass it along,' said a thrifty housewife, as she sat watching a young girl sewing. 'Do your buttons ever come off?'

'Ever? They're always doing it. They are ironed off, washed off, and pulled off until I despair. I seem to shed buttons at every step.'

'Make use of these two hints when you are sewing them on, then, and see if they make any difference. When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth, put the thread through so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button and prevents it being worn or ironed away and thus beginning the loosening process. Then, before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button, so that all your threads will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread, draw out your pin and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the button-hole. It is no exaggeration to say that my buttons never come off, and I'm sure yours won't if you use my method of sewing.'

The man who has begun to live more seriously within begins to live more simply without.—Phillips Brooks.

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YOU MAY NEED Pain-Killer at any time in case of accident. Cures cuts, bruises and sprains, as well as all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

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

SORE FEET.—Mrs. E. J. Neil, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: 'For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure.'

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