

Loveliness.

Once I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl,
All in vain;
On her cheek no tint of rose
Faded and blushed, or sought repose;
She was plain.

His mother heard his footsteps, as
he entered the kitchen and called him
to her side.
'Coming,' he answered and stood as
if fastened to the floor. He had not
decided yet, though he had been try-
ing all the way from the postoffice,
how best to tell his mother there was
no letter.

Game of Age.

Parents should never become too
old to play games with their young
people. The "Game of Age" rarely
fails to interest old and young. The
questions may be written and distri-
buted to be answered in writing, but
the game is more lively if the questions
are asked by the leader, and as the
game becomes familiar any one may
ask or answer.
Which is the eating age? Sausage.
Which is the healthy age?
Drainage.
Which is the unhealthy age? Garb-
age.
Which is the thieving age? Pillage.
Which is the Indian age? Savage.
Which is the most desirable age?
Marriage.
What age is a proverb? Adage.
What age is riotous? Rampage.
What age is destructive? Breakage.
What age is soup age? Pottage.
Name the agricultural age? Tillage.
Name the cloth age? Bandage.
Which is the battle age? Coinage.
Which is the laborer's age? Cottage.
Which is the profane age? Damage.
Which is the slippery age? Muci-
lage.
Name the vehicle age? Carriage.
What is the minister's age? Express-
age.
Which is the depressing age? Dis-
courage.
Which is the mean age? Average.
Which is the bundle age? Package.
Which is the heathen age? Image.
Which is the age of nobility? Peer-
age.

as well if they are pulled into shape
and tacked down to sheets pinned to
the floor of some unused or spare
room.

The Industrious Danes

The children of Denmark are taught
to knit when but five years old. Even
in the public schools this is quite an
institution, although the private
schools make it an absolute rule, one
hour each day being given to that
industry. The same rule applies in
the home life, one hour being devoted
daily either to sewing, knitting, cro-
chetting, embroidery, or lace-making.
Nor is this considered sufficient. The
young woman of the family is supposed
never to be idle. She must always
have something on hand to take up.
If a chance visitor comes in, or a
friend arrives for the day, both have
their needlework with them.—
Woman's Home Companion.

Chocolate Gingerbread.

Mix in a large bowl one cupful of
molasses, half a cupful of sour milk or
cream, one teaspoonful of ginger; one
of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of
salt. Dissolve one teaspoonful of
soda in a teaspoonful of cold water;
add this and two teaspoonfuls of
malted butter to the mixture. Now,
stir in two cupfuls of sifted flour,
and finally add two ounces of choco-
late and one teaspoonful of butter,
melted together. Pour the mixture
into three well-buttered deep tin
plates, and bake in a moderately hot
oven for about twenty minutes.

"Don'ts" for Young Housekeepers

Don't put butter in your refrigerator
with the wrappings on.
Don't use butter for frying purposes.
It decomposes and is unwholesome.
Don't keep custards in the cellar in
an open vessel. They are liable to
become poisonous.
Don't pour boiling water over china
packed in a pan. It will crack by the
sudden contraction and expansion.
Don't moisten your food with the
idea of saving your teeth. It spoils
the teeth and you will soon lose them.
Don't use steel knives for cutting
fish, oysters, sweetbreads or brains.
The steel blackens and gives an un-
pleasant flavor.
Don't scrub your refrigerator with
warm water. When necessary sponge
it out quickly with two ounces
of formaldehyde in two quarts of cold
water.
Don't put tablecloths and napkins
that are fruit stained into hot soap-
suds; it sets or fixes stains. Remove
the stains first with dilute oxalic acid,
washing quickly in clear water. Mrs.
S. T. Rorer, in the January Ladies'
Home Journal.

Chronic Derangements of the
Stomach, Liver and Blood are speedily
removed by the active principle of the
ingredients entering into the composi-
tion of Parneelee's Vegetable Pills.
These pills act specifically on the de-
ranged organs, stimulating to action
the dormant energies of the system,
thereby removing disease and renewing
life and vitality to the afflicted. In
this lies the great secret of the popu-
larity of Parneelee's Vegetable Pills.

EVERY HOUSEKEEPER must often act
as a family physician. Pain-Killer
for all the little ills, cuts and sprains,
as well as for all bowel complaints, is
indispensable. Avoid substitutes,
there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry
Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

"A LITTLE COLD, YOU KNOW" will
become a great danger if it be allowed
to reach down from the lungs to the
throat. Nip the peril in the bud with
Allen's Lung Balsam, a sure remedy
containing no opium.

Milburn's Sterling H-adache Pow-
ders give women prompt relief from
monthly pains and leave no bad after
effects whatever. Be sure you get
Milburn's. Price 10 and 25 cents.
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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.
But through all the aim has been to send to the homes it has been per-
mitted 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 plan-
ning 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 de-
pendent on to introduce it to others.

We ask of all pastors and, also, of all others who believe in the IN-
TELLIGENCER, 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 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
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 INTELLI-
GENCER 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.

How Dick Stood By His Mother.

'We never have pancakes now,
sighed wee Daisy, looking mournfully
across the table at her brother.

'But we have oatmeal, and it's so
nice and hot,' answered Dick, pressing
his fingers to the outside of his bowl
by way of warming them.

'Bessie Warner has pancakes every
morning with lots and lots of maple
syrup. We used to have good things
when daddy was home. I wish he
would come back,' and Daisy drew a
mite of a handkerchief from her apron
pocket and held it to her b' eyes.

'If that's all you want father come
for—' Dick began indignantly. Then
he stopped suddenly. 'We've got
mother,' he added, lowering his voice.

'But she's so sick,'
'Dick come here, please.'
The boy pushed his chair back from
the table and entered an adjoining
room.

'It was such a good breakfast you
brought me, dear, his mother said with
a tender smile as he stood beside her
bed. 'I don't see how you manage it,
Dick.'

'You needn't think I am going to
give you my recipe, ma'am,' laughed
the boy as he lifted the tray from the
coverlet.

'You're such a comfort, Dick,' his
mother answered. Then she added as
he turned away, 'I shall be thankful
when I am able to make things comfy
again for you and Daisy.'

'Maybe I won't think it jolly too,'
Dick declared, his face fairly beaming.
'I am going to ask the doctor if I
may sit up awhile to-day. And, Dick,
you won't forget to go to the post-
office this morning?'

Dick did not answer immediately
But the threshold reached, he paused
and said slowly:
'You won't count too much on get-
ting a letter, mother?'

'No, I won't dear. But I feel we
shall hear from your father to-day,'
and Mrs. Foster's thin, white face
lighted hopefully as her boy left her.

It was something to have a soldier
father! How proudly Dick straight-
ened whenever he thought of it. But
it was more to have a sick mother
depending upon him for certain things.
It was this that made Dick stand by
his mother as loyally as his father was
standing by his country away off in
the Philippines, where he had been
sent a year before.

Several letters, some containing
money, had come from the father to
the cottage on Lincoln street. But
for three months not a word had been
heard from Mr. Foster. But as old
Dr. Hall said, 'where Dick is, sunshine
is.' And the boy's cheery, brave spirit
helped his mother to bear up during
this anxious time far more than he
ever dreamed of.

'No letters for you to-day, Dick.'
Mrs. Thompson at the village post-
office said when the boy asked for mail
that morning.

A lump came suddenly into Dick's
throat and his eyes acquired an un-
wonted dimness. How could he go
back to his mother and watch the light
die out of her face at the news he
bore? She had been so sure there
would be a letter.

'Come on, Dick; we're going nutting,'
said a voice at his elbow.

Dick turned to find a schoolmate
standing beside him.

'There's loads of 'em on Hickory
Hill. Come on.'

For a moment Dick was tempted to
yield. It would be easier going nutting
than facing his mother. Besides, it
would be time enough to tell her the
disappointing news later on. But
only for a moment did Dick hesitate
—Dick came of soldier stock, you will
remember.

'I can't go to-day, Ned,' he said.
And turning, made his way home.

A Real Jack and Jill

'Jack and Jill went up a hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.'

Esther was singing this around the
house.
'Mamma,' she asked, 'was there
ever a really truly Jack and Jill?'

Mamma laughed as she disappeared
into the pantry, where she was making
some cakes for Esther's birthday party
that afternoon. Five little girls were
coming to help Esther celebrate her
birthday and have supper out under
the trees. Mamma looked back into
the kitchen and said: 'Ask Robert.'

As Esther's big brother Robert
came into the house, she ran to him
and whispered:
'Was there a Jack and Jill, really
and truly, and did they go up a hill to
get a pail of water?'

'Mother Goose said there was—
didn't she?' said Robert.

Still Esther was not satisfied; but
just then her mother called to her:
'Esther, will you and Eddie find
some eggs in the barn for me? I want
some for your cake.'

Esther went to find Eddie. And he
was not far off, for where one was the
other was sure to be. They were
always together, from morning to
night. The family called them 'The
Two E's.'

They ran gladly to the barn, and up
the ladder on to the hay-mow, for they
thought it the greatest fun to hunt
eggs in the hay. The old hens did
find such out-of-the-way places, you
would never think of looking, until,
with a loud cackle, old Biddie would
fly off, if you came too near.

Eddie's basket was soon full, and he
was looking for E ther, when, right
beside him, she sprang up from under
the hay, where she was hiding. Some-
how he slipped, and went over the
edge of the mow. Esther tried to
catch him; but she too lost her bal-
ance, and went tumbling after him,
down on a lower hay-mow, where fly-
ing hay, the basket, eggs, and children
were a confused heap.

As they struggled to their feet, a
burst of laughter came from Robert,
standing in the barn door. Seeing
they were not hurt, he laughed and
laughed till he could laugh no
more, while Eddie and Esther
looked ruefully at each other, with
wisps of hay sticking in their hair,
and broken eggs plentifully bespat-
tered over Eddie, who looked as if he
had unwilling taken the share that be-
longed to the cake.

'Now, Esther, you can believe there
is a Jack and Jill, because I myself
have seen Jack fall down, and Jill
come tumbling after. Only this, Jack
went after eggs instead of water.'

At first in fun, and then all the
time, Eddie and Esther were called
Jack and Jill, so that now they are
'The Two J's,' instead of 'The Two
E's.'—M. Ethel Joslin, in Sunday
School Times.

THE COUGHING and wheezing of
persons troubled with bronchitis or
the asthma is excessively harassing to
themselves and annoying to others.
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil obviates all
this entirely, safely and speedily, and
is a benign remedy for lameness,
sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal
troubles.

The Truth in Three Parts

While it is always right to tell the
truth, the telling of the whole truth
may sometimes be accompanied by un-
pleasant results, and leave the person
who desires information in a predicament. This happened in the case of
a school superintendent who was ex-
amining a class in grammar, and at-
tempted to explain the relation of
adjectives and nouns. He thought he
could elucidate the matter by introduc-
ing an example:
'Now, for instance,' said he, 'what
am I?' That was an easy question, and
all the children shouted:
'A man!' and then looked around
triumphantly, as much as to say, 'Ask
another.'

'Yes; but what else?' said the super-
intendent. This was not so easy, but
after a pause a boy ventured to sug-
gest:
'A little man.'

'Yes; but there is something more
than that.' This was a poser for the
youngsters, but after a moment's
puzzled silence an infant phenomenon
almost leaped from his seat in his
eagerness, and cried to the superin-
tendent: 'Please, sir, I know—an
ugly little man!'

YOUR CURTAINS.—Kerosene is ex-
cellent to help whiten the lace curtains
when then they are laundered. After
shaking the curtain carefully, to re-
move the dust, soak them for ten or
fifteen minutes in a tub half full of
warm soft water. While they are soak-
ing, add to half a boiler of warm water
one-fourth of a teacupful of clear
kerosene and one half of a small box
of pearlina. Lift the curtains from the
tub, allow the water to drain from
them, and without ringing, put them
in the boiler. Lift and stir them
often, and when they seem clear, rinse
thoroughly in clear water; and again
in water in which a little boiled starch
has been stirred. Add blueing for all
white curtains, or strained coffee for
an ecur tint. They are now ready to
be passed through the wringer and
pressed to the frames; or they look