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Four Bedtimes.

luck, cluck, cluck, cluck," said the hen, "Tis time this little chick went to bed, Oryou'll live to be a fowl Which in the night will growl, And be taken for an owl," she said. Then, with a single peep, The chick went off to sleep, Soft tucked up in its warm feather bed.

Purr, purr, purr," said the cat, "Tis time this little kit was in bed, Or you'll grow up to be a cat That cannot catch a rat— And you wouldn't much like that," she said.

Then the kitten in a trice Slept and dreamed of catching mice, Wrapped in fur in her basket bed.

Bow-wow-wow," said the dog, "Tis time this little pup was in bed, For playing in the dark Will take away your bark, And you'll never make your mark," she said.

Then the puppy stopped his play, And went to bed straightway, Curled up on his clean straw bed.

Come, come, come," said mamma "Tis time this little boy went to bed, To sleep through the night, And with the morning light To awaken fresh and bright," she said. But the boy did tease and tease— "Let me sit up this once, please," And at last was carried putting off to bed. —Mary L. Paine.

The Storm's Little Victim.

BY GEORGE E. WALSH.

Willis Boyd trudged manfully through the deep snow, facing the blizzard-like storm as best he could. It was getting late—very late—in the afternoon, and he had promised to be home early. There had been a circus stalled on the railroad, and Willis had yielded to the temptation to see what they would do with the animals. It had grown dark then before he had realized it.

It was a good mile down the road to his home, and, remembering his promise and his mother's anxiety at his lateness, he started on a run. Then, puffing and panting, he stopped a moment, and thought. The snow was so deep and it was so bitterly cold that he began to get a little frightened.

"I'll take the railroad home," he said finally, after he had recovered his breath. "That's shorter than this road." The railroad track ran close to his house, and he knew by following that he would not get lost. He was beginning to feel a little anxious himself, and wondered if there was any danger of his getting lost in the storm. He was only a little mite of a chap, and it would not take very much more to come up to his waist.

"I wish I hadn't stayed so long," he muttered to himself as he once more trudged along. "I suppose I ought to get lost just for not keeping my word."

Willis was somewhat of a little philosopher, and his self-condemnation would have sounded queer and old-fashioned to some; but the boy had been brought up carefully, and his conscience troubled him when he did wrong.

When he reached the railroad track he stopped in dismay. It was almost obliterated. The snow had covered every part of it, and only for the white telegraph poles he would have concluded that he had made a mistake.

"Yes, this is the right way," he said aloud, after he had studied his surroundings a little in silence. "I know I'm right, but things do look a little queer."

Ten minutes of hard walking and floundering through the snow brought him a little nearer his home, but he was still a long way off. His feet and hands were very cold, and his legs tired and heavy. The snow blew in biting clouds in his face, and there was such a great solemn stillness over the landscape that he was awed by it. If there had been stars overhead the boy would have felt less lonely and frightened.

When he had trudged half the distance along the track Willis heard the loud shriek of an engine. He stopped in astonishment, and looked up and down the track. There was no sign of the headlight of any engine in either direction. The boy peered through the snowstorm long and hard, and then said:

"I guess it must have been down at the station. The engine and train couldn't move, and they were blowing the whistle just for fun."

Then in an awed voice he added: "Suppose some of them wild animals got out of the train and came up this track. They might creep up here, and I'd have no chance to run."

In dim fear of some animal appearing the boy actually glanced around on every side. All the objects were covered with snow, and they looked white and solemn in the darkness. A few lights twinkled out of the snow-storm, showing him that he was not very far from the houses.

He was looking rather longingly at some of these when a noise—strange and peculiar in the distance—startled him. "What was that?" he gasped, and his little face turned as white as the snow.

He was thinking of the wild animals in the menagerie which had been snowed under on the train at the station, and when he heard a peculiar swishing noise down the track he was ready to run. Then the snow in that direction seemed to rise up in a great mountain and form a beautiful shower. Willis had only time to gasp some inarticulate words, which expressed his fears, and dashed off the track to find some hiding place in the snow-covered bushes.

But he was too late. The monster was upon him before he could run a dozen feet. There was a flash of something bright, a terrible noise, and then the snow seemed to rise up around him in one great heaving mass. Willis felt himself picked up and carried through the air. He was going so long that he did not know whether he would ever come to earth again. He knew that he was in the midst of a great cloud of snow. It was in his face, ears, and eyes.

Then there came a distinct jar and shock. It seemed so violent that Willis uttered a small scream. But when everything was quiet a moment later he knew that he had reached earth again, and that he was not seriously hurt.

He lay in the snow, while a distant rumbling noise seemed to jar the very earth around him. In a half-dazed way he muttered to himself, "I wonder what it was."

But there was still a good deal for the boy to think about and wonder at, for he was not yet through with his adventure. When he tried to struggle to his feet he found that he was in an immense snow bank. Try as hard as he could, he could not reach the top of the bank with his little hands. On all sides there were walls, of solid snow—walls that were soft and fleecy enough, but nevertheless walls which frightened Willis as much as if they had been made of stone. Thoughts of how sheep and lambs had been snowed under in great storms and buried alive for several days occurred to him. Was he thus to be kept imprisoned in the snow bank until the sun or rain had melted the snow?

The very idea of it brought tears to the little eyes. For a few moments he lost his head and sat down in the snow and cried aloud, but after he had exhausted his tears he stood up again and said bravely: "I won't be such a baby. I'll crawl out of this snow prison. I know I can do it."

With true endeavor and manful effort he then floundered around and pushed and pulled the snow, even building hard snow steps on which to mount higher and reach the surface; but all his work seemed doomed to disappointment. He could not reach the top, nor even punch a hole in the white prison walls above him to the air beyond.

"Then I'll call for help; maybe some one will hear me," he said manfully, but with a little tremble in his voice.

Willis had a good pair of lungs, like most healthy country children, and in this hour of need he used them well. He shouted and screamed until he thought everybody within ten miles must hear him. The silent walls of snow, it is true, muffled the sound a little, but the noise was great.

Then his cries seemed to receive an answer. Once Willis thought he heard voices outside, and he renewed his shouts. He was overjoyed when there came a responsive, "Hallo!"

"Hallo!" shouted Willis. "I'm here!"

"Where's here?" demanded the man's voice.

"Here under the snow bank! I can't get out! Won't somebody help me?"

"Yes, my lad, I'll help you; but keep up shouting until I find you. I can't locate you yet."

It was a long time before the man found the place, and Willis had to keep up such an intermittent calling that he was nearly hoarse when the man finally dropped through the snow in the right place. With a good deal of difficulty he pulled the boy out and stood him up on the track.

"How did you ever get into such a bank?" asked the man.

"I don't know," replied the boy, looking dubiously at the snow heap, which was nearly thirty feet high. "Something came along, and the snow just jumped up in a big heap, and I went up with it."

Suddenly the man began to laugh, and then said, "You were standing on the railroad track when it came along?" Willis answered affirmatively, and the rescuer added: "Why, then, my little man, you were picked up by the snow plow of the engine, and hurled through the air with the snow. See the tracks are all swept clean."

True enough, the railroad was now clean and almost free of all snow. Willis looked up and down it, and then tried to recall the light, the swishing noise, and the sudden upward motion he had experienced. Then he added: "Yes, that must have been it. I thought maybe it was one of the animals."

The two could afford to laugh at it now, and as they trudged homeward Willis told how he felt when buried alive in the snow. Later, when he told his mother the whole story, she saw the serious side of it more than the comical, and said, "We ought to be thankful you are alive, Willis, to tell the story."

"I am!" heartily replied Willis.—N. Y. Advocate.

Boys and Ducks.

"There's ten white ones and two black," declared Tommy, "and that makes twelve! Come on and see, Teddy!" So the two little boys ran off to the brook, and when the ducks saw them, they jumped and flew, and then off they swam in the water.

"Why, they're scared as anything!" exclaimed Teddy. "Our ducks are not. They let you feed and pat them, and one duck I hold in my lap!"

Tommy sniffed. "Do you?" he said, contemptuously.

"Yes," answered Teddy, slowly. "That's just what I can do!"

"H'm!" sniffed Tommy again.

Teddy laughed. "It's my sister Belle's motto: 'thamakes theso tame,'" he said, smiling; "and it's a very good motto. It's 'Do unto ducks just what you'd like a duck to do to you!'"

"He! he!" laughed Tommy. "Ho! ho!"

"We never throw stones or sticks at our ducks," continued Teddy, solemnly; "and we never shout or say 'Sh!' to them; and we feed them and treat them just as if we—we were ducks, too?"

"Whew!!" whistled Tommy. "I fire stones at my duck every day!"

"Then," declared Teddy, decidedly, "hat's why your ducks flew so!"

But the next summer Teddy went to see Tommy's ducks again. There were ten white ones and two that were black. And when the little boys came running down the bank to see them, not one of the twelve either jumped or flew. They sat on the grassy shore and plumed their feathers, and blinked their shiny eyes, first one blink, and then another. "We're not a'raid," they seemed to say.

"And it's your sister's motto did it!" exclaimed Tommy, happily; and that was all he said.—F. Margaret Bremner in Youth's Companion.

Lesson for a Boy

I had overheard a conversation between Karl and his mother. She had work for him to do, which interfered with some of his plans for enjoyment, and, though Karl obeyed her, it was not without a good deal of grumbling. He had much to say about never being allowed to do as he pleased, and that it would be time enough for him to settle down to work when he was older. While the sense of injury was strong upon him, I came out on the piazza beside him and said, "Karl, why don't you try to break that colt of yours?"

The boy looked up in surprise. "Why, I want him to be good for something."

"But he likes his own way," I objected. "Why shouldn't he have it?" By this time Karl was staring at me in perplexity. "I'd like to know the good of a horse that always has his own way!" he said, as if rather indignant at my lack of common sense.

"And as for working," I went on, "I should think there was time for that when he gets to be an old horse."

"Why, don't you see, if he doesn't learn when he's a colt—" Karl began. Then he stopped, blushed and looked at me rather appealingly. I heard no more complaints from him that day.—Church Record.

A Fine Hiding-Place.

"Shut your eyes and hold your ears," said Baby Bess. "We're going to play hunt the handkerchief. Only I can't find my handkerchief, and I'll hide my ribbon instead." So she tiptoed across the room, and laid the ribbon on the window-sill behind the flower-pots.

Edna and Harold had a long hunt for it; and, when they gave it up, Baby Bess herself could not find it. There was the window-sill, there the flower-pots; but the ribbon was not to be seen. Where had it gone?

Now it happened that morning that Mrs. Oriole was hunting for a string; and, when she spied the baby's ribbon in the open window, she thought, "Ah, that is just what I want!" So she took it in her bill, and carried it away.

When autumn came, and the leaves fell, the children saw an empty Oriole's nest in the elm-tree; and Harold climbed up and brought it down. And what do you think he found in it? How the children all laughed! For there, in the bottom of the nest, was Baby Bess's blue ribbon, just where Mrs. Oriole wove it in to make a soft bed for the children.—Our Little People.

Home Hints

It is said that a drop or two of camphor added to the water with which the face is washed prevents the skin from becoming shiny.

To clean a zinc-lined bath tub, mix to a smooth paste ammonia and whitening. Apply it to the zinc and let it dry. Then rub off until no dust remains.

Dusters should be made, as far as possible, of soft stuff, and should always be hemmed—which is easily done with a sewing machine—for ravelings are a nuisance.

When an oiled floor is soiled it may be cleaned by rubbing with crude petroleum or kerosene. It may also be washed with hot soap-suds. It should always be rubbed perfectly dry.

The following is a splendid liniment for chilblains: One ounce of camphor gum, four fluid ounces of olive oil. Dissolve together by a gentle heat, and apply to the afflicted parts.

TELL THE DEAF.—Mr. J. F. Ke'lock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION is occasioned by the want of action in biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of Headache. Parnee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parnee's Pills have taken the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

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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 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, to, 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. Hatley 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.