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A Child's Song

God gave me a little light To carry as I go; Bade me keep it elean and bright, Shining high aud low; Bear it steadfast, without fear, Shed its radiance far and near, Make the path before ma clear With its friendly glow.

God gave me a little song To sing upon my way; Rough n.ay be the road, and long, Dark may be the day, Yet a litt e bird can wing. Yet a little flower can spring, Yet a little child can sing, Make the whole wor'd gay.

God gave me a little heart To love whate'er he made; Gave me strength to bear my part, Glad and unafraid. Through Thy world so fair, so bright, Father, guide my steps aright! Thou my song and Thou my light. So my trust is tayed.

- Lau a E Richards.

Frankie's Visit.

BY C. A. PARKER. 'The egg man is coming, mamma! ried Frankie Cla k, rushing into the

oston ever In a few minutes he came back, esk (standar corting an old man who carried a claimed. 'Wasn't I gone a awful long other sparrows.

Time though? I right the exweeks, probably other sparrows. asket on his arm.

p. m. Good morning, twith stead egg-man, bowing politely, and setting St Steph be basket on the table. 'The usual umber, I suppose.'

ounted out of the basket into a pan sick to see ma.' which Mrs. Clark had brought. When his was finished, the man picked up very small egg and handed it to the ittle boy.

hat for you. P. Q. rby Le i Canada

'Oh, thank you!' cried Frankie, in

and admiringly. 'You pick 'em out nests, don't you?' he said.

'Yes,' replied the man, laughing 'I'd like to pick eggs,' said Frankie,

ifts. here, isn't they ?'

'Well, I have only a small place,' relied the man, taking up his basket nd hanging it on his arm. 'There's a ile of chickens and two ca'ves and a lt and six little pigs, cunning as can I don't keep sheep; but Mr. CESS lowe, on the big farm next to m ne, over three hundred. Frankie sighed.

> 'I'd like to go to a farm,' he said istfully.

The egg-man's face lighted up. 'Let me take him home with me, dam,' he said. 'I'll take good care him, and bring him back all safe and

and in a few days.' rankie jumped off the chair. Oh, can I go? he cried, looking up adingly into his mother's face.

ease say yes, mamma. Please do Mamma hesitated. 'Are you sure it would be convenient

your wife?' she asked. Perfectly, madam. She will be dehted. She is very fond of children.

as are all grown up and married. are all alone. Mrs. Clark still hesitated.

He has never been from home over ht,' she said. 'He would be home-I am afraid. No, I wouldn't, mamma,' cried

inkie, earnestly. he egg-man smiled. 'I think we manage about that,' he said.

am going out to look after my ses,' he added. 'Perhaps you would

to speak with your husband about hile I am gone.'

only, of course, the boy would never be told: the string of the red mesick, he said.

Well, I'll get him ready as soon as sible,' said mamma.

et him go just as he is, madam,' the egg-man. 'Those clothes are tree, with the string hanging down. ight for the work he will have on next two or three days.'

mamma wrapped up a nightand another gingham waist, and he said. akie kissed her good-bye and ran o the wagon.

an I drive?' he asked, as he c'anin, without waiting for help. ther vell, I guess I'd better till we get terror or merriment. town,' said the egg man, taking ines. 'Then you may.'

> said that he would like to have drive round by the office. they were still half a block away. you're going to leave us, my boy?'

papa when the wagon stopped.

'Yes, I'm going home with the eggman out to the farm,' cried Frankie, his eyes shining with happy excitement. 'I'm going to drive soon as we get out o' town. I'll be gone a long time, to.

'I'm going to pick egge out o' nests, cry. and feed the shickens and the little piggies. 'Nother man's got a whole

it might rain or be dark 'fore we get | place came to look. there. Good-bye, papa. Don't be homesick.'

Papa laughed and kissed him.

boy, and not cry.' Then they drove away, and papa felt

About nine o'clock that evening familiar little voice was heard, and little rascal works away." familiar steps running up the walk.

the door, reaching it just as it opened | nest.' from the outs de.

time, though ? I picked eggs and fed

got to go again. Then I guess maybe | - Unidentified. Frankie climbed on a chair and I'll stay all night. I didn't this time, watched while the eggs were being cause I was 'fraid you'd be so home-

'Well, well!' exclaimed Mr. Clark. 'This is a great performance.

'I'm very sorry, indeed, that you have been put to so much trouble,' he 'There, sonny,' he said, 'I brought said to the egg-man, who responded with a polite wave of the hand.

'Don't speak of trouble. It is all lelight. 'Isn't it dear! I wish you'd right. I intended to bring him home ring all this kind, won't you, please?' to-night if he really wanted to come. The egg-man laughed. 'I'm afraid He has enjoyed the day great'y, and d lose your mother's custom if I did,' so have we. My wife could hardly let him go; and, as for me, the pleasure Frankie turned the egg round and of his company was worth much more than the extra trip. Don't feel any uneasiness about it.'

Frankie followed him to the door. 'Good-bye!' he called cheerfully. 'Don't forget to feed the shickens. ngingly. 'You live on a farm, don't They'll be lonesome athout me, I ex u?' he added. 'I 'spose they's lots pect. Next time you bring us some shickens and little bossies and sheeps | eggs I'll go home with you again.'-Caris. Register.

The Balloon and the Bird.

'There is a balloon man going by Sure enough there was. Ted and Tony rushed to the front door to see the balloons.

'Blue ones and red ones!' 'Just like a great bunch of grapes 'See 'em bob in the wind!' 'Oh, oh!'

Two pairs of boy eyes gazed in ar agony of longing at the balloons. Uncle Mark was sitting on the porch.

He got up and came toward the boys. 'When I was a small boy I liked bal-

'I guess all boys do,' said Ted, modestly.

'Which color do you want?' he asked, taking some change from his 'Red,' said Ted.

'Red,' said Tony.

'Oh, no,' said Ted; 'we don't want both red. They'll get mixed up. 'But I want red,' persisted Tony 'Well,' said Ted, a little unwillingly,

'then I'll take blue. The man loosened from his bunch the strings belonging to a red and a

blue batloon. 'Ketch hold keerful, now,' he said, 'or they'll get away from ye.'

'Let me,' said Ted. .

'No-let me,' said Tony. Two small hands were stretched out o Mrs. Clark went to the telephone. together to take the strings. And apa did not object. He knew the whose fault it was-whether of either, man very well. It would be all or both, or of the balloon man-can

balloon slipped away. 'Hold on,' screamed Tony. But the balloon sailed away until it stopped against the branches of a tall

Unc'e Mark tried to seize it, but it was just beyond his reach. 'I'll go and bring the step-ladder,'

On the way back with it he heard couch. loud cries from the boys. He dropped the ladder, and ran to them. It was hard to tell whether the cries were of

What had happened?

A dozen or more sparrows had been whined the boy. 'Why can't Sammie pa was on the lookout, for mamma hopping and chirping about, all busy I don't '-But he did, for the goblin looking out for stuff with which to caught him by the shoulders, kicked build their nests. One pair of the him, pushed him blew in his neck, ood-bye, papa! shrieked Frankie bright little eyes had spied the string and sent him flying to the woodpile. hanging from the balloon. A flash of

'Look! Look!' 'It's going off with it !' 'You bring that back !'

'Whose balloon is it?' asked Uncle

'Mine,' said Tony, half inclined to

But it was so funny to see that spar-

shall be a little lonesome; and, if you gable, they could see that he was buildare homesick, you must be a brave ing a nest. Watching him, they saw him begin to weave in the string.

quite lonesome already as he watched he'd let me have my balloon,' whim and quietly do what was required of pered Tony.

'I wouldn't mind a bit if it was as though shot from a gun. there was the sound of wheels stopping mine, said Ted. 'It's so comical to

'I don't mind,' said Tony. 'You Mr. and Mrs. Clark both started for never had a balloon built into a bird's

An hour later the string was much | called him. Frankie ru hed at them throwng shorter. Before night the balloon was house. 'He's m st here!' Then he his arms first around one and then the bound down to w thin a foot or two of the nest. And there it stayed for

> squealed just like this, we-ee-eee?' dab of red hung down fr m the nest, 'But I didn't see the sheeps, so I've which was the last of Tony's balloon. water until his mother pulled him out.

Johnnie's Goblin

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

Miles and miles away, in the land of the fairies, there lived the most accommodating boy ever known. His name was Johnnie Jump-up, and there was a time when he wouldn't willingly do anything for anybody. His father often said there never had been such a lazy boy in the Jump-up family. If his mother wanted him to do an errand, she had to punish him before he would move, which made it unpleasant for both of them. His school-teacher gave him a switching whenever she wanted him to stir.

Fortunately for Johnnie, the fairie in the neighborhood were fond of him. Though no one knew it, they had attended his christening, and anybody who knew Johnnie Jump-up when he was a baby was sure to remember him always, and to hope he would be good man when he grew up.

had tried to make Johnnie a better boy by putting it into his heart to mind his mother; yet even they could it was his duty to answer the questions do nothing with him.

As the days went by, and Johnnie possible. grew worse and worse, it happened that a goblin fell into the power of the fairies. He was a mischiev us, merryhearted fellow, and loved to play tricks on the fairies. He used to break their toadstools, tear their spider-webs, and empty all the dew out of the butter-

One night, when he was too tired to keep awake after his pranks, a fairy managed to touch him with her magic wand, and, as every one knows, if a fairy can touch a goblin with her wand, he becomes her prisoner immediately, and must do as she bids him.

Not wishing to harm the goblin, the 'Two red men,' said Uncle Mark to fairies put him in a green bower with a rose-leaf carpet, where the poor fel low almost died of homesickness. He wanted to go back to his cave and live with the goblin folks, but the fairies were afraid to set him free. Finally ve'ope they thought that his love of mischief might be turned to account, and he was summoned to appear before the Fairy Queen. She told him about Johnnie Jump-up, and promised him his liberty if he could teach the child to mind. The goblin, forgetting how to behave in the presence of a queen, tossed his pointed cap high in the air and turned a somersault.

'Y ur Royal Highness,' said he, boss. bowing low, 'I give you my word as a The Boss' came in, and seeing the goblin that Johnnie Jump-up, under my care, shall obey his parents, and be lively as a jumping-Jack inside of a week, or I will return to my prison. 'You may go,' said the Fairy Queen,

well pleased. Nob dy ever saw a goblin, so, of course, Johnnie Jump-up didn't know when his goblin slid down the chimney, and snuggled up beside him on the

The goblin had been in the house but a few minutes, when Johnnie's mother called him to bring her some wood.

'Oh! I don't want to, -I'm reading," 'Why, Johnnie!' said his mother, bake cookies, and must have the wood. box full.'

'Oh, dear !' began the boy, 'I don't -But he did, for the goblin sent him with such a force he bumped his nose on the woodpile. The goblin laughed, and so did Johnnie's mother.

All day long, whenever any one row hauling away the balloon that even asked poor Johnnie Jump-up to do an let o' sheeps', more'n a fousand. I'm Tony could not keep sober. They errand he did it His mother and laughed and screamed and clapped father couldn't understand the change • Well, I guess we better go. Maybe their hands until every one about the in him, and his teacher was amazed. He kept the scho l-children in a roar He meant business, that bird. They of laughter, -though he, poor child followed as he flew with the string felt sad enough, and was punished around the side of the house. There, three times in one day for minding too 'Good-bye,' he said. 'I suppose we on a le ge just under the eaves of the sud lenly when he had first said he wouldn't

It wasn't long before Johnnie stopped saying that he didn't want to do things. 'He's welcome to the string if only It was so much pleasanter to get up, him, than to go flying through the ai

Unless Johnnie started the minute at Mr. Clark's gate; and very soon a see it bobbing in the wind while that he was spoken to, the goblin was sure to help him.

Saturday afternoon Mrs. Jump-up wanted to give Johnnie a bath. She got the water all ready before she

'Oh, d-ar!' said Johnnie, 'I don't' - That was too much for the goblin, who was quite out of patience with a 'I'm so glad to see you!' he ex- weeks, probably to the envy of all boy who wouldn't learn to do as his mother wanted him to. He lifted At last, in a windstorm, it burst; Johnnie right off his feet, and threw Good morning, madam,' said the the shickens. The little piggies and for the rest of the summer a little him into the bath tub, clothes and all. The boy splashed and struggled in the

> claimed, 'what ever makes you act so You ought to be severely punished. Oh, dear!' wailed Johnnie, 'I couldn't help what I d d. Unless I mind everybody quick, it seems as if something gets behind me and makes me mind so

'Why, Johnn'e Jump-up!' she ex-

fast I can't hardly breathe.' 'Then why don't you mind, little

'I am always going to after this,' sobbed Johnnie. And ever since that time Johnnie Jump-up has been so accommodating the neighbors say he seems fu'l of springs.

The goblin went up the chimney with a roar one day, and never troubled Johnnie or the fairies again.

Some stories are true, and some are not -S. S. Tines.

Bad Breeding

Of all forms of bad breeding, the pert, smart manner affected by boys and girls of a certain age is the most offensive and impertinent. One of these so-called smart boys was once Many and many a time the fairies employed in an office of the treasurer of a Western railroad. He was usually alone in the office between the hours of 8 and 9 in the morning, and of all callers as clearly and politely as

> One morning a plainly dressed old gentleman walked quietly in, and ask-

ed for the cashier. He's out, said the boy, without ooking up from the paper he was

'Do you know where he is?' 'When will he be in?' "Bout 6 o'clock.

'It's near!y that now isn't it? I aven't Western time. 'There's the clock, said the boy, smartly, pointing to the clock on the wall.

'Oh, yes; thank you, said the gentleman. 'Ten minutes to 9- Can I wait here for him? I s'pose so, though this isn't a

public hotel. The boy thought this was smart and he chuckled aloud over it. He did not offer the gentleman a chair, or lay down the paper he held. 'I would like to write a note while

I wait, ' said the caller ; 'will you please get me a piece of paper and en The boy did so, and as he handed them to the old gentleman, he coolly

'Anything else?' 'Yes, 'was the reply. 'I would like to know the name of such a smart boy as you are.

The boy felt flattered by the word smart, and wishing to show the full extent of his smartness, replied :

'I'm one of John Thompson's kids, William by name, and I answer to the call of 'Billy.' But here comes the

stranger, cried out: 'Why, Mr. Smith, how do you do I'm delighted to see you. We-

But John Thompson's 'kid' heard no more. He was looking for his hat. Mr. Smith was the president of the road, and Billy heard from him, later, to his sorrow. Any one needing a boy of Master Billy's peculiar "smartness" might secuee him. as he is still out of employment.-Youth's Companion.

A SHORT ROAD to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catharrh, lumbago, rumors, rheumatism. excor ated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

The essential lung-healing principle of the pine tree has finally been successfully separated and refined into a perfect cough medicine Dr. Wood's the brown wings—and the balloon was 'you don't need to rush like that. Now dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction. Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all don't sit down again; I am going to Price 25 cents.

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The Intelligencer's Jubilee

A PREMIUM.

This is the Intelligencer's fiftieth year-its jubilee year.

We are arxious 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. 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 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 planning, to , to rublish 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

arg e increase of circulation. There is room for it. There are hundreds of homes of Free Buptist

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 ethers who believe in the In-

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

TELLIGENCEE, and the cause for which it stands, to make an earnest and

it is needed now. Those who are in arrears will be doing the paper a kindness by remitting at once. Prompt advance payments. These th ngs 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 for 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 Inmelligencer 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 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 INTELLE-

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 INTEDITGENCER. 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 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,-

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.

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Let us make the Intelligencer's fiftleth year a Jubilee year indeed