

A Chicken Story.

Once there was a little chicken, And he used to go a-pickin' All among the biddy hens to get his food.

He would bitterly complain Whenever it did rain, Or if the grass was very wet with dew.

So the other little chicks Thought they'd put him in a fix, And they said, 'We will no longer play with you.'

So they left him all alone, Sitting perched upon a stone, And they would not speak to him a single word.

Rags and Tags and Velvet Gowns.

'N there was a new boy at school yesterday, 'n he had great patches on his knees; 'n when we choosed up the boys didn't choose him; 'n his face got red, oh! as red as fire; 'n he walked away 'n stood lookin' off over the water at the ships.

Ted had been rattling on in this fashion for at least fifteen minutes: and mamma, who was reading up for her next club paper, hardly heard a word; but this last caught her attention, and she looked over the top of the book with a little start.

'Perhaps he was watching for his ship to come in,' said she quietly.

His ship! 'Tisn't likely a boy like him would have a ship,—is it now? Course he can't help the patches, p'raps,' said Ted, condescendingly, 'but he oughtn't to come to a pay school with us.

Mamma's eyebrows went up in a fashion that would have alarmed Ted if he had happened to look at her, but he was stroking the spotless knees of his own velvet trousers.

'I used to know a boy who wore patches.'

'Yes, mamma? cried Ted. 'Yes, I used to play with him every day. Patches and bare brown feet, and a hat without any brim.'

'Was he a nice boy?' asked Ted doubtfully.

'I think, taking everything into consideration, he was the nicest boy I ever knew,' said mamma, with an emphatic little nod. 'And I ought to know, for I went to school with him for years.'

'N when the boys choosed up did they leave him out?' asked Ted.

'Oh, dear me, no!' said mamma, decidedly. 'They wouldn't for the world have done anything so impolite.'

'Ted looked blank for a moment. Then his face grew red, oh! as red as fire.

'His ship hadn't come in then, continued mamma; 'but it has since. He owns a big factory now.'

'W-w-hat's his name?' spluttered Ted.

'John Hartley Livingston.'

'Mamma nodded. 'All boys who wear patches—and bare brown feet—don't become rich men; but I fear they are more apt to become something worth while than boys who wear velvet suits, because they are used to hardships and dirt, and disagreeable things. Men who amount to something have a great deal of hard, disagreeable work to do.'

'This is my best suit, anyway' cried Ted, twisting in his chair. 'I don't always wear velvet. You knew I wore it 'cause it was Friday and speakin' day.'

Mamma went back to her book, and Ted stole away and lay down on a fluffy white rug with his feet on the seat of the sofa,—a favorite position of his when he wanted to think.

Monday night he came home greatly excited and stood before his mother with his feet crossed.

'The boys choosed again, 'n I choosed the patched boy, 'n they wouldn't let him play, 'n we went off 'n played numblety-peg by our two selves,' he cried, the words fairly tumbling over each other. Then he uncrossed his feet and swung the under one forward.

There was a jagged hole in the knee of his trousers. 'N I want that patched,' he cried, with a defiant ring in his voice. 'If you please, mamma,' he added, in gentler tones.

but her mouth was smiling behind the book.

'The boys have all come 'round, mamma,' Ted announced, cheerfully, a week late. 'Harold Winston came 'round to-day. He held out two days longer 'n any of the rest, 'n he did hate to give in, but he got tired of walkin' 'round all by himself.'—S. S. Times.

The Police Dogs of Ghent.

Most people know how prominent a part is played by the dog in Belgium, where he acts as the poor man's horse. By ones, by twos, by threes, and by fours, dogs may be seen drawing the milk carts, hauling the vegetables, bringing home the washing—doing anything and everything in fact that falls in other countries to the lot of horse or donkey. What is more, the dog even takes his owner for an airing, and what stands in Belgium for 'the little donkey shay' of London's White-chapel, or the classic Old Kent road is drawn by a team of dogs who move along at a great pace and who generally seem willing, happy and well cared for. But the Belgian dog has not stopped here. He is an ambitious creature. He is not content to do naught but slave: He has in fact aspired to the law with such good effect that he has become one of its limbs, and now plays the part of policeman, and with such good results, too, that crime in that particular district patrolled by him is said to have diminished by two-thirds since his entry into the force.

It is at Ghent that the dog has become a recognized member of the regular town constabulary. His introduction was the outcome of a particularly happy thought of Monsieur van Wesemael, chief commissioner of police there, who has trained his dogs to a very high pitch of efficiency. The dogs are taught by means of dummy figures made up as much as possible to represent the thieves and dangerous characters they may be likely to meet. How much patience is needed by him who undertakes this particular form of education only those who have tried to train animals will properly appreciate. The dog must be taught to seek, to attack, to seize and to hold, but without hurting seriously! The first step is to place the dummy in such a position that it shall represent a man endeavoring to conceal himself. The dog soon understands that it is an enemy whom he must hunt, and enters into this part of his lesson with alacrity, but it is not so easy to teach him not to injure it. The teacher lowers the figure to the ground, and the dog learns that although he may not worry his prey, he must not allow his fallen foe to stir so much as a finger until the order is given. After the dummy, a living model is used, and as this process is obviously not entirely without danger, the person chosen for this purpose is usually he who ministers to the pupil's creature comforts, and for whom the canine detective is sure to entertain a grateful affection. Nevertheless he is prevented at first, by means of a muzzle, from an exhibition of too much zeal. Afterward, the experiment is tried on other members of the force, and in four months the dog's education as a policeman is considered complete, and he takes his place with the rest. The animals are also taught to swim, and to seize their prey in the water; to save life from drowning; to scale steel walls, and to overcome all obstacles; so that any enterprising burglar who goes 'a-burgling' in Ghent has a lively time of it if he meets with one of these four-footed 'bobbies.'

The dogs work so well and so conscientiously that their number is to be increased, and there is every probability that the plan will be adopted in other centers. Their keep comes to about 3 pence a day, and they cost the town altogether about £60 a year, including their doctor's and their tailor's bills.—Modern Culture.

How Dorothy Had Her Own Way.

'I do not like to live where I can't have pie twice times,' said Dorothy, at dinner one day. 'I think I'd love to live at Mrs. Gray's little girl's papa's house, 'cause we are chums, and she tells me this morning when she was over here that she could do excisely as she wanted to.'

'Very well, Dorothy,' said mamma, 'you may go to Mrs. Gray's this afternoon, and make a little visit if you wish. She asked me recently if you could not come over and visit Annie for a little while, as she is an only child, and gets very lonely.'

'Ah, won't that be good? and I'll have a little peace.'

'I thought it was a big piece of pie you wanted,' said papa.

'Twice pieces, papa,' said Dorothy, 'but it isn't that kind; it's letting you do your own way kind.'

That night as Dorothy's papa and mamma were about getting ready for bed, and feeling lonely enough with out their little maid, the door opened and in she walked, very sober and red about the eyes.

She walked straight to mamma's arm's, and by and by said, 'I'm glad enough to get home, 'cause I'm dangerously sick with having my own way. We had ice cream and pie and cake till you couldn't rest, and I couldn't bear another thing but being cuddled by mamma. Mrs. Gray had gone to the concert and Annie and I fussed, till by and by I just said 'I'm going straight home, Miss; and I hope my mamma will spank me,' and I've come.'

'Did you come alone?' asked papa. 'Yes, papa, I wasn't afraid of anything 'cept staying in that eaty house—Are you going to punish me, Mamma Bates?'

'No, Dorothy,' said mamma, gently rocking her backward and forward, 'you are punished enough by your sleepy eyes and overloaded stomach, so I'll get you undressed while papa goes over to tell the Grays that you are here all right.'

'You're such a comfort, Mamma Bates,' half whispered sleepy Dorothy. —Christian Work.

Be Observant

A child may know more than a philosopher about some things. A little girl entered the study of Mezera, the celebrated historian, and asked him for a coal of fire.

'But you haven't brought a shovel,' he said.

'I don't need any,' was the reply.

And then, very much to his astonishment, she filled her hand with ashes and put the live coal on top. No doubt the learned man knew that ashes were a bad conductor of heat, but he had never seen the fact verified in such a practical manner.

Two boys of my acquaintance one morning took a walk with a naturalist.

'Do you notice anything peculiar in the movement of those wasps?' he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the middle of the road.

'Nothing, except they seem to come and go,' replied one of the boys.

The other was less prompt; in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose.

'I noticed they fly away in pairs,' he said. 'One has a little pellet of mud, the other nothin'g. Are there drones among wasps, as among bees?'

'Both were alike busy, and each went away with a burden,' replied the naturalist. 'The one you thought a 'do nothing' had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together; the one deposits his pellet of mud, and the other ejects the water upon it, which make it of the consistency of mortar. Then they paddle it upon the nests and fly away for more materials.'

You see, one boy observed a little, and the other a good deal more, while the naturalist had something to tell them that surprised them very much.

Boys, be observant. Cultivate the faculty. Hear sharply. Look keenly. Glance at a shop window as you pass it, and then try how many things you can recall you noticed in it.—Michigan Advocate.

A Case Of Luck.

Richard West was a lucky fellow, the other boys said. He seemed always to fall on his feet. When old Mr. Carr wanted a boy in his office after school hours, he didn't give any one else a chance, but sent straight for Richard. When Mrs. Lidyard wanted some one to take care of her pony during her absence through the summer, again it was Richard who had the delightful work, which included a daily ride for the pony's exercise.

'I want some one who I was sure would be kind to the pony,' Mrs. Lidyard had said to Richard's mother.

When the boys heard this they declared one and all that they would have been kind to it, and perhaps they would.

But Mr. Carr and Mrs. Lidyard would have given you another view of Richard's luck.

Mrs. Lidyard had watched from her window for weeks as the boys played outside, and she soon learned that Richard was the boy who defended stray dogs and cats that came into the square. She also saw that he never stoned the birds, and that the small boys and girls were not afraid of him. So it was quite natural that she should select Richard to take care of her pet pony through the summer.

Mr. Carr too, had been watching for some time, and as he was a sharp-eyed old gentleman, he saw some things that escaped many people. He saw that Richard was a boy who didn't jostle people on the streets, but stepped aside and made way for a lady

of a gentlemen. He saw him always remove his hat when he spoke to a lady. He noticed that he was neat and clear; and he visited the public library and took home the best class of books; that he was courteous in answering when any one make an inquiry; that he was punctual; that he was cheerful and good-natured, as well as kind-hearted. So he decided this was the boy he wanted. How many boys might have Richard's good luck if they tried!—Chris. Standard.

Girls Should Remember

That the home kitchen, with mother for teacher, and a loving, willing daughter for pupil, is the best cooking school on earth.

That "the most excellent thing in woman"—a low voice—can only be acquired by home practice. That true beauty of face is only possible where there is beauty of soul manifested in a beautiful character.

That the girl everybody likes is not affected, and never whines, but is just her sincere, earnest, helpful self.

And, finally, that one of the most beautiful things on earth is a pure, modest, true young girl, one who is her father's pride, her mother's comfort, her brother's inspiration, and her sister's ideal—which girl we should all try to be.

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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 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.

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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.

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Let us make the INTELLIGENCER's fiftieth year a Jubilee year indeed