

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.
'Twas a pretty little fellow,
Plump and downy, soft and yellow,
But he never thought that anything was
good.

He would bitterly complain
Whenever it did rain,
Or if the grass was very wet with dew.
He didn't like the cold,
And, if the truth be told,
He just found fault with everything that
grew.

So the other little chicks
Thought they'd put him in a fix,
And they said, 'We will no longer play
with you.
You're so very grumpy and sour
We have never a happy hour,
When we might be a jolly, happy crew.'

So they left him all alone,
Sitting perched upon a stone,
And they would not speak to him a single
word.
But they were very kind
When he did make up his mind
That he would really be a better bird.
—Child Garden.

Rags and Tags and Velvet Gowns.

BY MARY MARSHALL PARKS.

'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. Served him
right, I say.'

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.

If Ted could have seen the rest of
her face, he would have done some
thinking before he said any more.

'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. Harold Winston said it wasn't
—suitable; and so did all the other
boys. He ought to go to the public
school where the other patches are.'

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.'

'You, 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 con-
sideration, 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, con-
tinued mamma; 'but it has since. He
owns a big factory now.'

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

'John Hartley Livingston.'

'Uncle John Livin'ston!'

'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 some-
thing have a great deal of hard, dis-
agreeable 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
mumblety-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.

'Very well,' said mamma, soberly,

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 gener-
ally seem willing, happy and well
cared for. But the Belgium 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
policemen, and with such good results,
too, that crime in that particular dis-
trict 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 be-
come a recognized member of the
regular town constabulary. His intro-
duction was the outcome of a particu-
larly 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 con-
 amore, 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 minis-
ters 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 exhibi-
tion 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 con-
sidered 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-burg-
ling' 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 con-
scientiously that their number is to
be increased, and there is every pro-
bability 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, in-
cluding 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 after-
noon, 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 danger-
ously 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 any-
thing '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 philo-
sopher 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 aston-
ishment, 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 nothing. 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.—Michi-
gan Advocate.

A Case Of Luck.

Richard West was a lucky fellow,
the other boys said. He seemed al-
ways 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 includ-
ed 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 de-
clared 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
s'ray 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 step-
ped aside and made way for a lad

of a gentlemen. He saw him al-
ways remove his hat when he spoke to
a lady. He noticed that he was neat
and clear; and he visited the pub-
lic library and took home the best class
of books; that he was courteous in
answering when any one make an in-
quiry; 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 com-
fort, her brother's inspiration, and her
sister's ideal—which girl we should
all try to be.

No family living in a bilious country
should be without Parnee's Vegeta-
ble Pills. A few doses taken now and
then will keep the Liver active, cleanse
the stomach and bowels from all bilious
matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L.
Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes:
'I have tried a box of Parnee's Pills
and find them the best medicine for
Fever and Ague I have ever used.'

"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 Balm, a sure remedy
containing no opium.

"THE D. & L." EMULSION OF COD
LIVER OIL taken in cases of general
debility and loss of appetite, is sure to
give the best results. It restores health
and renews vitality. Davis & Lawrence
Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

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

STREET CAR ACCIDENT.—Mr. Thos.
Sabin, says: "My eleven-year-old boy
had his foot badly injured by being
run over by a car on the Street Rail-
way. We at once commenced bathing
the foot with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil,
when the discoloration and swelling
was removed, and in nine days he
could use his foot. We always keep a
bottle in the house ready for any emer-
gency."

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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 this 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, 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 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.

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The present is a good time to work for the INTELLIGENCER.

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Will the pastors kindly direct attention to the claims of the INTEL-
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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
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