

A CASTILE SOAP CHRISTMAS.

When Bertha was only eight years old she first began to earn money. Perhaps some of you would think that Bertha had rather a hard time, but that was not so. It is true that she lived with her father and mother in a very small house, and that her dresses were always made over from old ones belonging to her mother or her aunt or her grandmother. Still that, you know, did not make life at all hard.

Now there was a great deal of talking and planning as to what new work should be found for her. At last it was

SKIN AND BLOOD PURIFICATION

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent

Cleanse the Skin, Scalp and Blood

Of Torturing, Disfiguring Humours with Loss of Hair

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS

Thousands of the world's best people have found instant relief and speedy cure by the use of Cuticura Resolvent, Ointment and Soap in the most torturing and disfiguring of itching, burning and scaly humours, eczemas, rashes, itchings and inflammations.

Thousands of tired, fretted mothers, of skin-tortured and disfigured babies, of all ages and conditions, have certified to almost miraculous cures by the Cuticura remedies when the best medical skill had failed to relieve, much less cure.

Cuticura Treatment is local and constitutional—complete and perfect, pure, sweet and wholesome. Bathe the affected surfaces with Cuticura Soap and hot water to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, dry without hard rubbing, and apply Cuticura Ointment freely to allay itching, irritation and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and lastly take Cuticura Resolvent to cool and cleanse the blood, and put every function in a state of healthy activity.

More great cures of simple, scrofulous and hereditary humours are daily made by Cuticura remedies than by all other blood and skin remedies combined, a single set being often sufficient to cure the most distressing cases when all else fails.

Cuticura Resolvent, liquid and in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap are sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27 Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 2 Rue de la Paix; Australia, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

H. F. McLeod
BARRISTER,
CONVEYANCER, etc.
Chestnut's Building, Opposite City Hall,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

D. McLEOD VINCE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.
Woodstock, N. B.

decided that she should make the two beds in her own home for a salary of five cents a week.

After that she received her salary week; and, when it was near Christmas, she made a wonderful plan. It was so very wonderful that she had to go off by herself to think about it for fear somebody should guess it by looking at her. She made up her mind to buy Christmas presents with the money which she had earned. Now, when one has just exactly twenty cents in the world, and wishes to buy four gifts, it takes a great deal of thinking to plan wisely.

That night she heard her mother say: "I used to be so fond of red Castile soap. Perhaps some day I can afford it again."

Bertha was sure there was no red Castile soap on the five cent counter. She could remember very bright pink cakes there, and some white ones that smelled like sassafras, but none that was red.

That night, while Mrs. Roberts was mixing her bread, Bertha spoke to her father about it. "We must talk fast," said she, "or mamma will catch us. And you mustn't tell. I'm going to have twenty-five cents by Christmas, and mamma wants some red Castile soap like what she had when she was a young lady, and I want to buy her some, and presents for you and uncle and auntie, but I don't know what, and I can't s'prise you because I had to ask you."

"Well," said Mr. Roberts, "If you don't mind giving me the same thing, I would like some of that soap myself. And it will be more fun helping you fix the presents than to be surprised."

Bertha and her father had to do a great deal of whispering after that; but, luckily, they never got caught, although once, when Mrs. Roberts entered, Mr. Roberts picked up his paper and began to read in a hurry.

Bertha decided at last to give some of the same soap to her uncle and aunt. The day before Christmas Mr. Roberts brought home a large piece of red Castile soap, which was sold by the pound, and gave it to Bertha to hide.

After supper Mrs. Roberts said: "I must go in to see your aunt, Bertha. You stay with papa until I return."

Then Mr. Roberts winked at Bertha, and she got the soap out and he got the carving-knife with which to cut it. He laid it on the kitchen table, and squinted at it this way and squinted at it that way. Then he said, "Do you want this in four pieces or do you want it cut the way it will look the best?"

"Why, I want it to look the best," said Bertha. "Won't it look well in four?" "I should like it in five," said Mr. Roberts, "only then you would have a piece left over."

Goody!" cried Bertha. "Then I could use it myself!"

"The very thing!" exclaimed Mr. Roberts. "Now I can cut it in five."

It was cut and wrapped in shining tin-foil and put away when Mrs. Roberts came back and carried Bertha off to bed.

At the Christmas breakfast table there were loud exclamations of surprise and delight over the tin-foil packages! and Mrs. Roberts gave Bertha an extra long hug as she said, "I think this is the best of all, to have such a thrifty and generous little daughter."

Bertha is a truly person, living outside of stories; and she says still, although she is grown up and married, that the happiest holiday of her life was her red Castile soap Christmas.—*The Congregationalist.*

A CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.

BY MARTHA B. BANKS.

S stands for Sugar-plums, dainty and good.

T for the Toys, made of tin or of wood.

O for the Oranges, yellow and sweet.

C for the Cakes, most delicious to eat.

K is a knife that has six blades in all.

I is India-rubber made into a ball.

N stands for Nuts that are shiny and round.

G for the Goodies that more than abound.

And the whole is the Stocking in which they're all found.

EATING HIS WAY.

Freddie despised the multiplication table. It was easy enough to learn to read and spell, and writing wasn't anything. But it made you ache all over to say your tables. My! how it made you ache! And you couldn't remember. Mamma got up and went out of the room.

When she came back she had the glass jar of tiny colored candies, that you put on birthday cakes, in her hand. She was opening it and pouring out a splendid heap on the tablecloth.

"My!" breathed the boy who could not remember and who didn't like multiplication. "Now," said she, brightly, "here are five little candy dots in a row. Here are eight rows. How many candy dots?" "Forty," promptly. "Yes. Now make seven times five and four times five and the rest. When you have made the whole table, learn it. When you have learned it, eat it!"

"Oh!" It was the most splendid way to learn your tables. Freddie forgot they were tables. They were tiny red and yellow and white candies. He went to work with a will, and when the teacher—that is, mamma—said, "School's out," he had learned his five tables. He didn't eat it till after school.

The next day they went back and reviewed two tables, and the next day after three, and the next day after that four. Freddie had little picnics out in the back yard and shared the multiplication tables—I mean the candy dots—with the next-door twins.

"Don't you go to school, little boy?" the teacher asked him.

"Oh, yes'm," politely.

"Oh, you do? Well, I suppose you think the multiplication tables perfectly dreadful, too?" she asked, smilingly.

"Oh, no'm!" eagerly; "I'm very fond of mine."

"Indeed! How far along are you?"

"I've only eaten as far as seven times seven, yet," said Freddie. And he went home wondering why the next-door twins' teacher had opened her eyes so wide.—*Youth's Companion.*

A good word about the INTELLIGENCER to your neighbor may secure him as a subscriber. Try it.

GRATITUDE.

A patient little boy's leg was pinned under a car in an English accident. A strong man came along and sawed and pried until he got him out. As the lad, his leg badly broken, lay upon the track, he felt in his pocket until he found a ha'penny and feebly held it up. "It's all I have," he said, "but I want you to take it for you deserve it." The man did take it, and valued it always, because the grateful boy had given his all.

CROUPY COUGHS OF CHILDREN

The tendency to croup is a foe that all parents have to fight. Croup comes in the night, when the help must be right at hand if it is to be help at all. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is a blessing to all families where there are children subject to attacks of croup or any mean cough. It has a wonderful reputation for its efficiency and fully deserves it.

You cannot tell what night your child may wake up choking to death with croup. In such a case what do you do? Send for a doctor and wait an hour, or perhaps two hours, while the child is gasping for breath? How much simpler were the true specific for croupy coughs and all throat troubles is right at hand. Indeed, no other way is safe with young children in the house.

Adamson's Cough Balsam is a most delicate medicine for children, relieving the little throats at once. Its action is soothing and certain. It clears out the phlegm, which produces the croupy condition, and is a safeguard which no mother who knows about it will dispense with. All coughs and inflammation of the throat or Bronchial tubes are cured by the balsam with promptness that surprises. All druggists sell it, 25 cents. The genuine has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

JOHN G. ADAMS
UNDERTAKER

AND FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

COFFINS and CASKETS, ROBES and MOUNTINGS.

First class work at low prices. Special rates for country orders.

TELEPHONE 26

COURT HOUSE SQUARE.

Opposite Court House,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

CHURCH BELLS
Chimes and Peals,
Best Superior Copper and Tin. Get our price
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY
Baltimore, Md.

PROBABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826
HAVE FURNISHED 25,000 BELLS
FOR CHURCHES, SCHOOLS & OTHER
G. MEN BELLY & CO. PUREST BEST
WEST-TROY, N. Y. GENUINE BELL-METAL
ONLY 1/2 Cts. CATALOGUE FREE

LYMYER
CHURCH BELLS
UNLIKE OTHER BELLS
SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE
OUR FREE CATALOGUE
TELLS WHY.
100 Church Bell Foundry Co. West Troy, N. Y.

B
BB
AT
THE TOP
Burdock
Blood Bitters

holds a position unrivalled by any other blood medicine as a cure for

DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, BOILS, PIMPLES, RINGWORM, or any disease arising from a disordered state of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood. When you require a good

BURDOCK B1