

State of Ohio, City of Toledo,

Lucas County,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON

NOTARY PUBLIC

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

What is the church's duty in regard to poverty? This is what Principal Forsyth writes in the Westminster Gazette: 'The enemy of the state for the hour is poverty. The nation must find means to fight and master it and the church must help and bless the effort. Poverty can be cured with if the will is there to do so. And that will the Christian Gospel must create in all classes. It must make them revise the things that make poverty, whether privileges, luxuries or vice. Only to do this the church must largely re-read the social implications in its Gospel. It does not abolish poverty, but it creates a public conscience that must.' Is the church doing her share in creating such a public conscience?

Five hundred and forty pounds of blood pass through the heart within a single hour.

Fifty-seven years of continuous service as a weaver is the remarkable record of a woman employed in a cotton mill in Saco, Me.

### Track Laying on Section of Valley off until March.

Saturday, Dec. 20th

Track laying on the St. John Valley Railway south of Woodstock has been finished for the winter.

Messrs. Kennedy & McDonald, who had the contract for the track laying on the section south of Woodstock, completed the work as far down as Shogomoc this week. Their men were paid off at Woodstock on Thursday and Friday and it was then said that operations would be resumed in March, when the Shogomoc bridge will be in position.

The Hibbard Company are continuing their track laying operations north of Fredericton and the steel is now laid to a short distance north of the city. The track laying on this end of the line is in charge of Mr. T. G. Barber, formerly superintendent of construction in the Prince William section. At the company's offices it was said that track laying would go on as long as weather conditions permit.

A number of changes are likely to come into effect the first of the year in the personal officials of some of the contracting firms which have been operating with Fredericton as their headquarters. A. E. Trites & Son's operations on the Gibson & Minto Railway are finished and Mr. James Sargent, who has been superintendent on that work, may enter the Hibbard Company's employ as one of the superintendents the first of the new year. He has been acting as superintendent with Mr. Trites for the past nine years and is leaving this evening for Bangor Me., to spend Christmas with his family.

Mr. J. J. Cullford, who has been connected with the contracting firm of Smith & Merrithew for the past sixteen months, left this week for Derby Junction, where he will take charge of Contractors R. B. Stewart's work on the Derby Junction Nelson division of the Intercolonial Railway. Mr. Stewart's plant reached the scene of operations this week from Whithy, Ont. Mr. Cullford was the superintendent for Smith & Merrithew on their contract of 9 1/2 miles on the St. John Valley Railway above Fredericton, taking charge of the work from its commencement until its completion, and the success achieved on this contract was very largely due to his work. Lately he has been engaged with the same firm on their work at the Dominion Experimental Farm here.

-Gleaner.

## A CHRISTMAS INVITATION.

'I suppose, my dear lady, it would seem like mockery to you if anyone wished you a merry Christmas. But I do, to you and all your household—and may the day bring to you some unlocked for blessing.'

'Don't, doctor, I know you mean well, but it only hurts,' said the lady wearily as she looked into the half-sympathizing, half-censuring face of the elderly man before her. 'De th is the only blessing I can hope for, and you seem determined to deprive me of that. Oh, how I wish people would leave me alone! I am sure I am not hindering them from having what pleasure they want. I told the servants to have what they wished for dinner. And, as for Aunt Jane, she was invited out for the day, so if she wishes to stay here and mope I'm sure I can't prevent it. She acts so childishly eager over Christmas, anyhow, that she nearly drives me mad.'

'Perhaps,' said her guest, 'your aunt is lonely, too.' But an impatient gesture was her only answer. The doctor was in despair. Something must be done to rouse his patient. He went toward the door, but as he opened it to go out he turned suddenly: 'Your heart is cruelly empty of love for the world,' he said, and left.

That did arouse the lady. She called for a cup of coffee and drank it hastily, impatiently refusing the tempting viands placed before her. She then dismissed the maid. 'I'll at least have the day to myself,' she murmured, as she went to the dressing table and smoothed the brown hair streaked all too plentifully with gray. She took from the closet a much worn black dress and a heavily draped black hat. She didn't care for clothes any more. It didn't matter how shabby she looked. Then she sent for her aunt.

'I'm going out, Aunt Jane, and I may be gone all day. Don't worry—I'll be back,' she said, significantly. 'You know I always keep my word. Thomas will take me to the gates and I'll come home in a cab. I won't spoil the day for him. Good-bye.'

In a short time she was standing alone at the cemetery gates where her coachman, of long service, had unwillingly left her. She started up the winding pathway to the costly vault, where violets blended with the shadows of its walls—and of her soul. How she hated the bright red and green holly on the graves about her!

Someone was walking ahead of her. It was only a boy and he was carrying something carefully in his hands. He heard her coming and turned to see who it was. He saw the sad face. 'Worth' gowns were unknown to him, and he saw only that her clothes were shabby and that she carried no flowers. Perhaps she was out of work and could not afford them. He had had a hard time to get his. Somehow she reminded him of his mother.

Last year they bought a whole wreath of holly for grandfather's grave; this year he could

get only a small bunch for two. He waited until she came closer and, taking a sprig of holly with bright red berries on, held it out to her and smiling brightly, said,

'A Merry Christmas, Lady.'

Lady looked up. People never took such liberties with her. But through the smile on the face before her she could see a glistening tear. So she reached for the holly and said, 'A Merry Christmas, Boy.'

Boy hastily brushed the tears away, but more took their place. 'They ain't all sorry tears,' he said bravely, 'they're partly glad tears. It seems like last year again when mother and me come up here together and we had a whole wreath for grandfather's grave. I tried to get two wreaths this year, but I had so many presents to buy that mother and me had planned for that I couldn't. But I have a piece with berries on for each one. Sometimes its hard to find your own graves. There are so many new ones and they are so close together. This is mother's grandfather's is over there. But you have to go where they put you. The sexton can generally tell you where they are though. He's a friend of mine, he added encouragingly by way of a hint for maybe the lady didn't know just where her grave was: she seemed to follow him aimlessly. The lady looked around and gave a start for she found herself in that part of the cemetery allotted to the poor.

'Oh, yes. I know where mine is she said quickly. 'It is up another path. You go to yours and then wait here for me. I shall want to see you again.' And she turned and left him abruptly, for tears, which for two years had refused to flow; were fast filling her eyes. When she reached the vault she entered and threw herself into a chair and gave vent to her grief. At last she raised her head and for the first time saw the costly emblems of sympathy sent by friends who dared not express their feelings in any other way.

Something fell from her hands. It was the sprig of holly. Then she remembered Boy. She had told him to wait, and now nearly two hours had passed. She kissed the bright berries and placed them carefully in front of a place marked, 'Paul, aged twelve years.' Then taking two bunches of violets she hastened to the place where she and Boy had parted. He was there waiting patiently for her, but she could see that he was cold, though he tried to hide it. She smiled brightly and held out the violets.

'I am sorry I kept you waiting so long. A kind person gave these to me. I put some on mine and saved these for you. I'll stay here until you put them on.'

'Oh, Lady,' was all he could say. Then he placed one on his mother's grave and turned and ran with the other for the tears were coming again. When he returned they walked toward the gate. Boy wished to say something, but he wanted to put it delicately.

'I had so many invitations out for dinner to-day, but I couldn't go because there's Comfort at home. We are going to have a grand dinner. Everybody in the tenement's going to give me some of theirs. I wish you could come with me; it would seem like mother,' he added looking wistfully at her. 'And I want to show you my presents!'

Lady looked at Boy a moment. He was as neat and clean as Paul had always been, and his eyes were like Paul's.

'I wasn't going to have any Christmas dinner and I shall be very glad to go,' she said.

They hailed a car and alighted from it near the poorest section of the city

Their full flavor, delicious quality, and absolute purity — have given them the Leadership of all Teas—

# "SALADA"

Black—For Black Tea Drinkers.

Natural Green—For Those Used to Japans.

UNLEADED LEAD } BEWARE OF IMITATIONS  
PACKETS ONLY } WOLVES in SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

Boy led the way to a tenement and she followed. When they entered the hall a little black dog greeted them joyfully, then led the way to a door where he waited patiently to get into the good things which he knew were there.

'That's Comfort,' said the boy. 'Him and me is all there is in the family.' Then he turned the knob and waited for the lady to enter.

'This is my home,' he said proudly. 'And, Lady, Look!' And he went to a heavily laden box in the centre of the room.

Lady did look. She had never seen such a room before. In one corner was a cheap white bed. A dressing table made of boxes stood against the wall and there was a small stove in which a fire gleamed brightly. There was also a tub into which water dripped from a leaking pipe in the room above. Everything was clean.

Boy had forgotten her for a moment. She went over and stood by his side. On the box was a small plate of turkey, a bowl of soup, a little pie, an orange and other things which indicated what the various families in the tenement had for dinner.

'All this, and some presents besides. Ain't people good?' And he led the way to the dresser on which was a pair of mittens, a book, some Christmas cards and a knife.

'Uncle Peter gave me this knife. It was his when he was a boy. He couldn't hardly see, but he said if he had glasses he could. So me and mother planned to get him some, but it most seemed as though I couldn't. But one day a man who lives near here said he had a pair he didn't want and he sold them to me for a quarter. I shined them up and gave them to Uncle Peter for Christmas and he's so pleased he won't wear them. He says he just likes to look at them. He can see the shine.'

'I have a pair I don't need,' said Lady, 'and to-morrow we will have them fitted on Uncle Peter. Then he can keep one pair to look at and use the others.'

Then Boy turned all his attention to making his guest comfortable while he prepared the dinner. Noticing the absence of chairs she sat on the bed.

'Are you hungry, Lady?' he asked anxiously.

'Hungrier than I have been for two years. May I help you?' But the boy declined her offer and gave her the book and cards to look at while he got the table ready and warmed the meal.

'I am afraid you will have to sit on the floor, Lady,' he said, as he took the pillow from the bed and placed it at the end of the box. 'You see Riley's—the people who have a turkey—are having company for dinner and I lent them the table and chairs and most of the dishes.'

'O, never mind that; I am sure I shall enjoy this much more,' said the guest as she seated herself on the pillow. Boy sat opposite and Comfort came up and stood at the side and bowed his head. Boy bowed his head, too, and asked grace.

'He always eats with me for company,' said Boy as he put a bone on a pan at the dog's place.

Then how they all did eat. Boy divided the orange between him and Lady, but he put the pie on the dog's pan. 'Some people are nice even if they ain't clean,' he said.

'Now,' said Lady, as they finished, 'won't you tell me all about your father and mother, and your name.'

'Well,' replied the boy, 'ever since I can remember there was mother and me, and grandfather. Mother sewed for the factory and we all lived here together. She was pretty, like you, and she played with me and laughed an awful lot, and grandfather was old. I never saw father and when I

asked mother about him tears would come into her eyes and her lips would shake and she'd say, 'He went away before you came. He was a gentleman and I loved him with all my heart. Always remember that.' Mother never said 'die,' she always said, 'went away.' She learned me all she knew because she wanted me to be a gentleman like father. She said he knew an awful lot. I have half father's name, Arthur, and the last half is like grandfather's, Case, because grandfather didn't like father's name. Then grandfather went away and mother couldn't eat and she said she was lonesome and if I didn't mind she'd like to go away, too. At first I wouldn't let her, but she coaxed and coaxed, and one day I said she could, and she smiled and went away pretty soon after. And I was awful lonesome and one night when I came home he was here,' and Boy pointed to the dog. 'There was a hole in the door and Comfort got in, and I nailed it up so he couldn't get out. And he's always glad to see me. They need an extra hand at the factory to sew like mother,' finished Boy.

'Now I shall tell you about my family,' said Lady. 'There was a little girl, a boy like you and their father, and they were all killed in an accident and I was hurt and was ill a long time. And this is the first day I have felt at all comforted since it happened,' and she leaned over and lovingly patted the dog. Boy swallowed hard and leaped toward her. 'You can have him, Lady,' he said.

Lady drew Boy close and put her arms about him. 'Yes, I will have Comfort, if I may have Boy, also, to love and educate and to give my name.'

'But, oh, Lady, can you afford it?' asked Boy fearfully.

'Yes, Boy, I can afford it.' And then both turned their attention to the tub which had overflowed.

### NORTHERN MESSENGER.

CANADA'S RELIGIOUS AND ILLUSTRATED STORY PERIODICAL OF LARGEST CIRCULATION

Our good old Sunday 'story-teller' friend, the 'Northern Messenger,' has been for nearly fifty years a favorite with the Canadian people. It gives splendid value for the money, and contributes largely to a Sunday so well spent as to bring a week of content. A strong ally to the temperance cause and every other moral reform, and truly a character builder.

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