

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, ss.

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

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.

Suffragettes made a determined effort on Monday night to break up a meeting in London at which the Rt. Hon. John Burns, President of the Local Government Board, spoke on Home Rule. Three male champions of the enfranchisement of women, strapped to seats and surrounded and piled by suffragettes, tried to howl him down. After a lively scrimmage the men were pitched into the street, still strapped to the seats. Many of the women disturbers were also ejected, but with less violence.

**Yarmouth Should Have A Wireless Station**

(Yarmouth Herald)

Had Yarmouth been equipped with wireless, as it should be, the news of the Cobquid's stranding would have been learned much sooner, and in consequence a steamer could have been sent to her assistance and in passing up to Briar Island, where the disaster was at first reported to have occurred, would in all probability have discovered the wreck and rescued the helpless passengers on board. This would have been a great achievement and if for no other reason than this, a wireless station should be established here without delay. Under existing circumstances much valuable time is lost in getting the announcement of any disaster near this harbor, and in consequence human lives are endangered and much suffering and privation is the result.

While on the subject of coast guards we again urge the erection of a fog alarm on Gannet Rock. We have alluded to this matter before, the last on the occasion of the wreck of the new steamer Gerald Turbul. So far as we are aware nothing has been done to avoid another wreck on these treacherous reefs and it is high time that the department had an official investigation as to what warning can be given to avoid them.

**Hyomei**

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When you use Hyomei, you don't swallow nauseating drugs. You simply breathe in the soothing, pleasant and antiseptic Hyomei through a little pocket inhaler. As this medicated vaporized air passes over the inflamed parts relief comes almost at once and a cure follows.

Your druggist E. W. Mair will sell you a complete outfit for \$1.00 and what is more he will refund you your money if after using Hyomei according to directions, it fails to do all that we claim. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure catarrh, croup, grip, cold in the head, asthma, etc. Hyomei can be obtained from all druggists and dealers, or postpaid on receipt of price from The R T Booth Co, Limited

**HOW THE OLD CHURCH WAS SAVED**

Fisher Ames, in Youth's Companion.

The good people of Fenville believed that, with the exception of the spire of the Park Street Church in Boston, their church had the choicest colonial spire to be found in New England. There was scarcely a farm or homestead from the doorway of which the spire was not visible against the sky. The church stood on an eminence opposite the academy, where the ancient turnpike crossed the state road. That had once been the social center of Fenville, but the town had long grown away from it. Several of the fine old houses in the vicinity had been torn down; of the few that remained, one was used as a hardware store.

The church had been built in the days when the shipyards of Fenville were launching a splendid fleet of bark, brig, and clipper ships, and when every enterprising townsman was either making money or expecting to make it. The people of the town thought that nothing was too good for the new church, they built it as they built the ships that had given Fenville an international reputation; they gave it a framework of the stoutest white oak, floor and sheathing of clear pine, clapboards and shingles of cypress. The big pulpit and sounding-board were of black walnut, and the high-backed pews were trimmed with San Domingo mahogany. The gallery, for such sailors and workmen as might be expected to drift in from "the yard," and from the ships themselves, was as massive as a bridge. The floor lay a full four fathoms below, so that the nautical folk could have the comfortable feeling that there was depth beneath them. For that reason some of the old sea-captains and resident fishermen had preferred to sit in the gallery on Sunday.

The steeple rose out of the soft green of the pines, massive and restrained, yet gracefully proportioned, to the height of 110 feet above the base of the church. The belfry windows, models of architectural skill, gave the spire a touch of airiness; when you saw the sky or the drifting clouds through them, it seemed that the tower itself had a swimming motion.

When the commercial navy of America dwindled and passed away, Fenville sank back into its former obscurity. Some of its citizens had made money, but most of those who had done so migrated to other places. The financial level of the town was left about as it was before the prosperous days; the ambitious hopes of the church founders were never realized. Other churches, more conveniently situated and cozier for small congregations, were built. Summer visitors came, and modern, energetic clergymen made their appearance. The congregation of the old church suffered from desertions; most of the young people entered other folds, where there was more social life.

As the minister of the old church looked down from the pulpit upon his followers, he saw few heads that were not either grizzled or, like his own, snow-white. But he was a vigorous old man, from the soundest of country stock, and when the church began to show unmistakable signs of decay, he

had no idea of folding his hands in resignation. He put a note-book and a pencil into his pocket, and visited his parishioners one and all, until every name in his list had its contribution jotted down opposite it.

The amount fell pitifully short of the estimate given by the carpenter and the painter. The minister knew as well as his congregation that each member had pledged all that it was possible for him to pledge. So, courageous in his cause of the old church, he went forth among the other folds.

That was a sad awakening for him. He had never regarded the old church as his church; he held it merely in trust for the time being. The church belonged to Fenville; it was the oldest and most beautiful building there, the one most intimately connected with the history of the town. He had not expected to find sectarian lines drawn in the case of a building that was an object of local pride.

The young Episcopal clergyman was the first to put the case before him:

"Really, my dear Mr. Soule, you can hardly expect us to assume the burdens of your church when our own is still in need of improvements. Moreover,—I am sorry to say it,—the Centre Church seems to have outlived some of its usefulness. The young people can hardly be counted on. In making investments, one must consider the future, my dear sir."

In effect, the other ministers said the same thing, and the townspeople shook their heads regretfully. They had too many other demands on their pocket-books. It was a pity, of course, that the old church should be allowed to fall into decay, but sentiment cannot pass certain limits.

The old minister realized that he was the champion of an utterly hopeless cause. He paused in his round of calls, and with a puzzled frown on his honest face, strode home abruptly. Had he been viewing the church with fatuous sentiment all these years? Was he the only one that loved it for the spirit of its founders, who had given so generously to the town? Was he the only one who remembered its part in peace and war, in thanksgiving and grief?

On his way home, he met the Episcopal clergyman mounted on motor-cycle. It was more like an encounter than a meeting, for the machine came charging round a curve in the road, and sped by, shattering the quiet of the country with its volley of sharp explosions.

The only supplement to "shank's mare" that the study minister had ever designed to use was his ash cane. He swung that old friend thoughtfully in his hand now, as he reflected on the analogy between the incident and the progress of the two churches. Must religion hustle to keep up with the times? Must youth and freshness be served at the expense of age?

Enoch Merton came jogging along in a buggy that creaked in every joint. Enoch, who was a member of the Centre Church, pulled up instantly at sight of the minister; not a difficult feat, since the old white horse was in little better shape than the vehicle behind it.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Soule!" said Enoch. "I suppose I'll see you at the Improvement Society fair to-night."

"No, I'm afraid not. I am in sympathy with the plans, but I feel out of sorts, and besides I must go over

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those estimates again immediately. It is possible that with a little shoving here and there, something can be done."

"It will be a great turnout I guess," said Enoch. "That professor from Boston is going to read a paper on 'Historic Fenville,' and there'll be other addresses, and a spread. Sorry you can't come."

The minister felt sorry, too, but he reflected with a bitterness foreign to his nature that he would not be missed; he and his church were out of date.

In that however, he was mistaken. Many besides his parishioners looked for the hale old man, and wondered why he who had always lent a willing shoulder to the work of town improvement was absent. They regretted that he could not hear Professor Van Duzee's paper. The minister was full of local lore, and would certainly have relished the appreciative criticisms of that kindred spirit. The professor had a great deal to say about the beauty and the historical association owing to our Signal Square, and the declared, lent an air of distinction to the whole town.

After the speeches, there was a supper and the most agreeable kind of social intercourse. The affair had been successful. Not a jarring note interrupted its harmony until the appearance of an uninvited small boy who had created a flurry near the door by crying out, "Fire!"

Luckily, he was in a breathless state, and two or three cool-headed persons suppressed him before the crowd had time to become panic-stricken. He was instantly led outside and sternly questioned. He maintained that he had not given a false alarm. There was a fire; not in the town hall, but in the old Centre Church. He had seen it as he came down the turnpike on his bicycle.

The bell of the fire company burst out at that moment into a wild peal, and several men came running along the street. Shouting to the group on the steps of the town hall, they confirmed the small boys news. Some of the volunteer firemen were in the hall. They put down their plates of ice-cream and cake, and disappeared with an impressively official air.

During the lull in the gaiety Professor Van Duzee was heard to lament the catastrophe that threatened "one of the most interesting public buildings in all New England." The Episcopal minister was within ear-shot, and his face suddenly lighted. He ran up the steps of the little stage, and held up his hand:

"I move that this meeting adjourn," he said, in a voice that carried it to every part of the hall, "and that it adjourn to the Centre Church."

There was a spontaneous hurrah and a unanimous running for hats and coats. The Episcopal minister was one of the first to reach the street, but the Baptist minister was close behind him. Together they hurried along the road, which stretched out white under the full moon.

"It's our most interesting building," said the Rev. Henry Porter, unconsciously plagiarizing Professor Van Duzee's remarks.

"It's more than a building; it's the cradle of much of our town history," said the Rev. Noah Tuttle.

"They say that as many as fifty sea-captains worshipped there when we were great," replied the Episcopal minister. "We do not always remember that they are the men to whom we owe our Engal Square, and the beauty of our water-front."

"Yes; and through you were not born then I am old enough to remem-

ber that when our men marched away to the Civil War, they and the town met in prayer at the old church. It was the only one that could hold us all. And after the war, services for the dead and thanksgiving for the good fortune of those who returned were given there. I recall that solemn day well: the people outside on the porch—for there were not seats for us all—the old bell tolling; a flag flying at half-mast from the east belfry window; the flowers and the sad black cloth that marked so many pews. Yes, the old church has seen history. Webster spoke there, and Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison."

The turnpike was dotted with running people. Every cross street contributed a few more to the throng. Ahead of them, above the black tops of the pines, rose the pale spire, ethereal in the moonlight; and now a warmer light that began to illumine its base sent a thrill through the runners. Without being quite conscious why they did so, they began to raise their voices, and soon a good many of them were shouting, as if trying to encourage those who were already at the fire, and whose cries were now audible above the purring of the chemical engine.

A tremendous crowd had gathered on the eminence, not to look on, but to work. Every man and boy was doing some useful thing, and even the women, dressed in the clothes they had worn at the fair, brought splashing buckets of water from the brook near by. The hardware store had opened its doors, and was dispensing pails and ladders. The tree-warden had driven up with his long extension ladders, and was directing his corps of expert climbers. But the circumstance that most inspired the crowd, perhaps, was the presence of the four clergymen, eager for action.

The Episcopal minister, who was an athlete, found himself ascending two ladders, lashed together, the upper one of which rested against the eaves of the church. He had kicked off his low shoes, and when he reached the roof, he climbed nimbly to the base of the spire, where the defective insulation of an electric-light wire had started the blaze.

A line of men formed behind him and passed the water-buckets upward from hand to hand. The fire had eaten its way among the shingles on both sides of the spire, and had run nearly to the ridge-pole. The chemical company were on the roof with axes and hose; so were the tree-warden and his men; and those on the ladders and on the ground below were doing their utmost to keep the fighters supplied with water.

By sheer force of numbers and rapidity of action, the volunteers checked the fire and then beat it down inch by inch. Coatless, hatless, and hardly recognizable from the stains of smoke and water, the Episcopal minister finally reached the last stronghold of the flames. As his head rose above the ridge-pole, another head, whose white hair was scorched and darkened with cinders, rose on the other side, and the old minister and the young one faced each other.

"We have saved our church, Brother Soule!" said the Episcopal minister, triumphantly.

He held out his sooty hand, and

"Yes, brother, thanks to Providence, clasp of friendship.

The old minister was still on the charred roof when all others had left it. The deeply stirred townspeople,

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