

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.

Women Born A Slave Now A Voter.

No more striking illustration of the mutability of human affairs, for instance, could be found than in the life of Mrs. Amanda Johnston, now a resident of Albany, in the state of Oregon. Born a slave, she not only enjoyed freedom for 60 years, but on her 80th birthday became a duly qualified voter, with all the rights of citizenship, the adoption of woman suffrage in Oregon last fall having paved the way for this result.

Mrs. Johnston has lived in the State of Oregon in that vicinity for 60 years. She was born in Liberty, Clay county, Miss., August 30th, 1833. A daughter of the family on whose place she was born, was married when she was a little girl of seven years, and she was given as a wedding present to serve as an attendant upon the young married woman. With her newly-found guardians and owners she made the long trip north-westward in pioneer days and received her freedom. This life marks a change in the position of a race and in the attitude of the Government toward slavery and suffrage. When the little black girl was given away as a human chattel, there was in all probability, not one person alive, who would have predicted that she would live to become a qualified voter of the United States. And, all in all, the changes which have reached their climax in this one life have been steadily upward and toward the realization of more perfect ideal.

Our Young Scientists.—"Oh dad, please speak to Bob. He will put his feet on my side of the bed and his toes are below zero!"

Hyomei

The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hyomei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an antiseptic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me).

Hyomei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe it through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day, and in a few days the germs will disappear.

A complete Hyomei outfit, including the inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtainable from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by A. W. Mair.

SEASONABLE WEATHER.

(By B. PAUL NEUMAN, in the "Christian World.")

"Seasonable weather, madam," said Mr. Pendiggle, as he deftly folded and patted and smoothed the paper round the layer of figs which his customer had elected to take away with her.

The lady smiled. "I suppose it is," she answered, "but it doesn't make it any warmer. It's chilblain weather, isn't it, Geoffrey?" She addressed the question to a small boy at her side, a sturdy little chap in a tiny reefer coat, a warm comforter round his neck, and thick woollen gaiters from his boots to his knees.

"I'd forgotten them," he said, stamping his feet: "they're beginning to tickle again."

"Shall I send these with the other things?" asked Mr. Pendiggle, as he tied the knot.

"No, thank you," she answered, "my little boy can take them. Can you let me have the cocoa and the biscuits to-night?"

"Certainly, madam" replied Mr. Pendiggle, but, involuntarily, his eye sought the clock.

She followed his glance. "It is rather late," she said; "if you make one parcel of them I dare say I can manage."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the grocer, as though horrified at the suggestion. "The boy will be back immediately and he'll run over with them in a moment."

As he spoke he bent across the counter and held out the figs to Master Geoffrey. The grocer and the small boy smiled at each other, and Mr. Pendiggle's was quite unlike the facial gymnastics he usually reserved for his customers. He opened a large jar labelled "Peppermint."

"Perhaps you'd like one, sir," he said, "they're comforting this weather."

Just then another boy, several sizes larger, bustled in from the street, a large empty basket on one arm, the other hand buried in the pocket of his knickers.

"Bob," Mr. Pendiggle called out in his loud, professional tone, "twenty-eight Mortimer, and be sharp about it, Good-evening, madam; good-night sir."

And again the unconventional smile lit up Mr. Pendiggle's face.

"You're very slow, Bob," said the grocer, looking at the clock. "You've been nearly half an hour, and you'd only three places to go to. Masters has put up the shutters and had his supper. You can have yours at the back here, I'm going to have a cup of tea myself. You can fetch your supper from downstairs."

Mr. Pendiggle was a lonely man who years before, had lost his wife and only child. Now a half-sister lived with him and looked after his creature comforts, at the expense, it was rumored, of every other kind of comfort. To-night she was at a tea-meeting, so Mr. Pendiggle had to wait for his own supper.

The back of the shop was not a banquet-hall. It narrowed towards the end till it was hardly the width of a self-repenting passage, and it was crowded with boxes and tins and all manner of odds and ends, so that only Masters, jun, behind the counter knew what was there and what wasn't.

To Bob's eyes however, it looked a very comfortable place indeed, for on a big crate stood a lighted gas-ring, and on the gas-ring a kettle was singing and steaming in front of a tea pot and two cups.

However slow he might have been on his errands, he was quick enough in fetching up his plate with a big piece of red Dutch cheese and two thick slices of bread and butter.

When he came back, the two cups were filled, and the grocer was cautiously sipping at the edge of one. He pointed to the other and then to a small pile of boxes.

"There's your table and chair in one," he said, and Bob set the cup and plate on one end and himself on the other. He looked cheerful, yet apprehensive. Mr. Pendiggle, though by no means an ill-natured man, had distinct gifts as an exhorter and rebuker of youth, and Bob was conscious that half an hour for three places was rather a tall order.

His employer, however, seemed in no hurry to begin, and Bob was never one to meet trouble. So he munched his bread and cheese and blew the heat

off his tea, conscious, all the time, of a pair of eyes fixed steadily upon him.

"Bob," said Mr. Pendiggle, "The boy looked up quickly. The boss's voice sounded 'queer.'"

"Yes sir."

"Did you ever have chilblains?"

"I don't think!" cried the hoy, surprised into shrill irony and sacrificing manners and emphasis. "Feet's thick with 'em," he went on plunging into details to cover his confusion; "two on this, and three on the other, but the feet's the wust. They do itch 'n' burn somethink cool. Ears, too," he added as an afterthought.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Pendiggle, and took a drink from his cup, an example which Bob thought it only polite to follow.

Quite a long pause followed, during which Bob ate steadily, and Mr. Pendiggle looked at him with a curiously abstracted gaze as though he saw something through and on the other side of him.

"Bob,"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you notice that little boy in the shop when you came in, just before we closed?"

Bob nodded. "Yes, sir. I see 'im."

"How old should you think he is?"

Bob considered, swallowing a big lump as a sort of clearing for action. When the last crumb was accounted for, he said, "E was just about my Dick's size, an' 'e's turn' eight last August."

The grocer nodded. "That's just what he was," he said.

"Oo, sir?" asked the boy, puzzled.

"A boy I used to know a long time back." As Mr. Pendiggle said this, he turned his back on Bob, took off his glasses and rubbed them with the lapel of his coat. After a moment or two he twisted round again and refilled the cups. Bob smacked his lips appreciatively. This was very different tea from his usual supper brew.

"Bob,"

"Yes sir."

"What do you do for your chilblains?"

Again the boy considered. "Taller's a fine thing," he said at last.

"I used to rub them with spirits of wine," said Mr. Pendiggle, softly.

"You, sir?" cried Bob in great astonishment; "did you used to 'ave 'em?"

"No, no," answered Mr. Pendiggle, with some embarrassment; "It was the boy I spoke of."

"Oh," said Bob, and buried his nose in his cup. He had been startled at the idea of chilblains venturing to attack Mr. Pendiggle.

Another pause followed. Bob conscientiously hunted every crumb and drained his second cup, while his employer still looked at him attentively. He was not much to look at. Thirteen still at school in the daytime, short, bow-legged, his small, sharp face crowned with a rare tangle of red-brown hair, his skin rough and red, too, with exposure to the wind and rain and frost, his clothes darned and patched, and even then, bursting, like over-ripe fruit, at the knees and elbows and other protuberances. The redeeming point was a very attractive smile which the smallest encouragement would call forth, and which triumphed even over chilblains.

"Bob,"

"Yes sir."

"Yes sir."

"Turn your feet up!"

Bob lay back on his box and held up a truly deplorable pair of boots, the uppers gaping in wide cracks, one sole half off, the other showing a great mud-filled hole.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Pendiggle, startled for once into reverence and a pun. "No wonder you have chilblains. Why, your feet must be wet through."

"Swimmin'," said Bob, simply, as he sat up again.

"Put the things away tidily, I shall be down in two or three minutes," said the grocer. Before they were over, he was back, overcoat on and bowler hat.

"Run out and see whether Parminter's is shut."

Bob put his head out, and announced that Parminter's was shut.

"Is their a light over the door?"

"Yes sir."

"Come along, then," said the grocer, and Bob, much mystified, followed at his heels.

Parminter's was a big clothing em-

The New Price—  
All Competition Defied.

"SALADA"  
Per 25 Pound cents

Delicious in flavor, absolutely pure. No other firm has ever dared to offer the Tea consuming public, anything approaching such value.

BLACK OR SEALED LEAD PACKETS ONLY.  
MIXED. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

porium, with two entrances, both now closed. Mr. Pendiggle stopped at the second door and gave three sharp raps. It opened almost instantly.

"Why, Mr. Pendiggle," exclaimed the portly manager, "what can I do for you this cold night? Seasonable weather, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed it is, Mr. Rammedge, when you're clad for it," answered the grocer, looking at Bob. The manager's eyes followed the lead.

"Ah, yes," he said, "it does make a difference."

"Well," Mr. Pendiggle went on, "it's a shame after business hours, but I thought for once you wouldn't mind. Could you let me have a pair of boots for this youngster?"

"With all the pleasure in life," answered the manager, heartily. "Leather, or best brown paper?" he inquired, facetiously.

"Something strong and serviceable; something that'll keep the wet out and the warmth in."

So a good stout pair was soon chosen and paid for. Then another idea occurred to Mr. Pendiggle.

"What are your socks like, Bob?"

"No 'eels and not much toes, sir. Mother calls 'em foot-mittens. She's goin' to mend 'em when she gits the time."

The grocer turned to his friend.

"Two pairs of warm socks, please, Mr. Rammedge; and a pair of woolen gloves," he added, as he caught sight of the little hands rough and red with chaps.

Two or three minutes later Mr. Pendiggle recrossed the road, Bob trotting beside him, a parcel held tight in each well-gloved hand. A heavy white frost lay on the ground, and the bleak wind was keen as a knife-edge. A big policeman passed them, stamping his feet and rubbing his hands.

"Sharp night," said Mr. Pendiggle, who felt on good terms with all the world.

"Yes, sir," answered E2 in a deep gruff voice, "but its seasonable weather."

"What do you think of the weather?" asked the grocer, looking down at his errand-boy.

"Seems a lot warmer, sir, I think," answered Bob, each several feature of his upturned face merged in one expansive and ecstatic smile.

A Deep African Lake.

(Boston Transcript.)

Soundings in Lake Tanganyika, as reported in the Geographical Journal, are among the most striking of inverse mountain measurements. It has been realized that the lake lies in a trough that is very deep, but precise data have been wanting. Capt. Jacobs, of the Mowe, has recently spent six weeks on the lake primarily for the purpose of determining whether there are serious obstacles to navigation. In this matter he reports favorably, and at the same time notes that soundings reach a depth of 4,189.6 feet, which is much greater than previously estimated. Livingstone recorded

depths a little more than 2,000 feet. This new measurement places Lake Tanganyika second in point of depth among the fresh water lakes of the world, Balika, at almost 5,000 feet, being first. The bottom of the African lake lies at about 1,600 feet below sea level.

Married Women Owning Property

Glencoe, Ont., Jan. 9.—J. C. Elliott, M. P. P., for West Middlesex, is going to reintroduce into the legislature at the beginning of the session his bill to grant the municipal franchise to married women owning property, if otherwise entitled to vote.

"I was naturally pleased with the success of the referendum in Toronto," said Mr. Elliott yesterday, "and I believe the result is indicative of the general feeling throughout the province. I shall propose my bill again, and I hope in view of the Toronto vote that it will not meet with any opposition, but will carry unanimously."

Last session two bills dealing with this matter, were introduced, one by Mr. Elliott, and the other by F. G. Macdormid, government member for West Elgin. The latter did not go as far as the former, but was at any rate, withdrawn by its mover. Mr. Elliott's bill was voted down by a party division.

Maine Shows Decrease In Cows And Sheep.

AGUSTA, Me., Jan. 6.—An increase of \$13,134,198 the past year in the valuation of the cities, towns and plantations of Maine was shown in the annual report to-day of the Board of State Assessors, the total being \$430,025,462.

"The increase in the number of cattle, as well as the increase in the total valuation of all live stock is satisfactory," the assessors reported, "but the decrease in cows and sheep is a feature to be deplored."

Announcement of a subsidiary company, which will own the properties of the bank and the election of a new director, were the chief features of the annual meeting of the Royal Bank of Canada at Montreal on Thursday.

"I am absolutely opposed to the principle of abolishing the bar and opening the wholesale houses for the sale of liquor, all over the province," was the reply Thursday morning of Premier Roblin of Manitoba to a public deputa-